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A RECORD OF THE GREAT THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN SAID AND THOUGHT AND DONE FROM THE BEGINNING OF HISTORY.

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PLUTARCH.

PLUTARCH, the most eminent biographer and moralist of ancient times, and unsurpassed in all ages; born at Chæronea, Bœotia, some time in the first century of the Christian Era. The precise dates of his birth and death are unknown. We learn from himself that in 66 he was a student of philosophy at Delphi. He was living at Chæronea in 106. He is best known by his "Parallel Lives," a series of biographical sketches of forty-six Greeks and Romans, arranged in groups of two, a Greek and a Roman, the biographies of each pair being followed by a comparison between the two characters. Plutarch's other works, embraced under the general title, "Morals," consist of more than sixty essays, and, apart from their own merit, valuable on account of numerous quotations from other Greek authors, else lost to posterity. Among these essays are "On Bashfulness;" "On the Education of Children;" "On the Right Way of Hearing;" "On Having Many Friends;" "On Superstition;" "On Exile;" "On the Genius of Socrates;" "On the Late Vengeance of the Deity."

FABIUS AND HANNIBAL.

OUR Fabius, who was fourth in descent from that Fabius Rullus who first brought the honorable surname of Maximus into his family, was also, by way of personal nickname, called Verrucosus, from a wart on his upper lip; and in his childhood they in like manner named him Ovicula, or The Lamb, on account of his extreme mildness of temper. His slowness in speaking, his long labor and pains in learning, his deliberation in entering into the sports of other children, his easy submission to everybody, as if he had no will of his own, made those who judge superficially of him, the greater number, esteem him insensible and stupid; and few only saw that this tardiness proceeded from stability, and discerned the greatness of his mind and the lionlikeness of his temper. But as soon as he came into employments, his virtues exerted and showed themselves; his reputed want of energy then was recognized by people in

general as a freedom of passion; his slowness in words and actions, the effect of a true prudence; his want of rapidity and his sluggishness, as constancy and firmness.

Living in a great commonwealth, surrounded by many enemies, he saw the wisdom of inuring his body (nature's own weapon) to warlike exercises, and disciplining his tongue for public oratory in a style conformable to his life and character. His eloquence, indeed, had not much of popular ornament, nor empty artifice, but there was in it great weight of sense; it was strong and sententious, much after the way of Thucydides.

He was five times consul, and in his first consulship had the honor of a triumph for the victory he gained over the Ligurians, whom he defeated in a set battle, and drove them to take shelter in the Alps, from whence they never after made any inroad or depredation upon their neighbors. After this, Hannibal came into Italy, who, at his first entrance, having gained a great battle near the river Trebia, traversed all Tuscany with his victorious army, and, desolating the country round about, filled Rome itself with astonishment and terror. Besides the more common signs of thunder and lightning then happening, the report of several unheard-of and utterly strange portents much increased the popular consternation. . . . But these prodigies had no effect upon the impetuous and fiery temper of the consul Flaminius, whose natural promptness had been much heightened by his late unexpected victory over the Gauls, when he fought them contrary to the order of the senate and the advice of his colleague. Fabius, on the other side, thought it not seasonable to engage with the enemy; not that he much regarded the prodigies, which he thought too strange to be easily understood, though many were alarmed by them; but in regard that the Carthaginians were but few, and in want of money and supplies, he deemed it best not to meet in the field a general whose army had been tried in many encounters, and whose object was a battle, but to send aid to their allies, control the movements of the various subject cities, and let the force and vigor of Hannibal waste away and expire, like a flame, for want of the aliment.

These weighty reasons did not prevail with Flaminius, who protested he would never suffer the advance of the enemy to the city, nor be reduced, like Camillus in former time, to fight for Rome within the wall of Rome. Accordingly he ordered the tribunes to draw out the army into the field; and though

he himself, leaping on horseback to go out, was no sooner mounted but the beast, without any apparent cause, fell into so violent a fit of trembling and bounding that he cast his rider headlong on the ground, he was no ways deterred; but proceeded as he had begun, and marched forward up to Hannibal, who was posted near the Lake Thrasymene in Tuscany. At the moment of this engagement, there happened so great an earthquake, that it destroyed several towns, altered the course of rivers, and carried off parts of high cliffs, yet such was the eagerness of the combatants, that they were entirely insensible of it.

In this battle Flaminius fell, after many proofs of his strength and courage, and round about him all the bravest of the army; in the whole, fifteen thousand were killed, and as many made prisoners. Hannibal, desirous to bestow funeral honors upon the body of Flaminius, made diligent search after it, but could not find it among the dead, nor was it ever known what became of it. Upon the former engagement near Trebia, neither the general who wrote, nor the express who told the news, used straightforward and direct terms, nor related it otherwise than as a drawn battle, with equal loss on either side; but on this occasion, as soon as Pomponius the prætor had the intelligence, he caused the people to assemble, and, without disguising or dissembling the matter, told them plainly, "We are beaten, O Romans, in a great battle; the consul Flaminius is killed; think, therefore, what is to be done for your safety." Letting loose his news like a gale of wind upon an open sea, he threw the city into utter confusion: in such consternation, their thoughts found no support or stay. The danger at hand at last awakened their judgments into a resolution to choose a dictator, who by the sovereign authority of his office, and by his personal wisdom and courage, might be able to manage the public affairs. Their choice unanimously fell upon Fabius, whose character seemed equal to the greatness of the office; whose age was so far advanced as to give him experience, without taking from him the vigor of action; his body could execute what his soul designed; and his temper was a happy compound of confidence and cautiousness.

Fabius, being thus installed in the office of dictator, in the first place gave the command of the horse to Lucius Minucius; and next asked leave of the senate for himself, that in time of battle he might serve on horseback, which by an ancient law

amongst the Romans was forbid to their generals; whether it were, that, placing their greatest strength in their foot, they would have their commanders-in-chief posted amongst them, or else to let them know, that, how great and absolute soever their authority were, the people and senate were still their masters, of whom they must ask leave. Fabius, however, to make the authority of his charge more observable, and to render the people more submissive and obedient to him, caused himself to be accompanied with the full body of four-and-twenty lictors; and, when the surviving consul came to visit him, sent him word to dismiss his lictors with their fasces, the ensigns of authority, and appear before him as a private person.

The first solemn action of his dictatorship was very fitly a religious one: an admonition to the people, that their late overthrow had not befallen them through want of courage in their soldiers, but through the neglect of divine ceremonies in the general. He therefore exhorted them not to fear the enemy, but by extraordinary honor to propitiate the gods. . . .

In this manner Fabius, having given the people better heart for the future, by making them believe that the gods took their side, for his own part placed his whole confidence in himself, believing that the gods bestowed victory and good fortune by the instrumentality of valor and of prudence; and thus prepared he set forth to oppose Hannibal, not with intention to fight him, but with the purpose of wearing out and wasting the vigor of his arms by lapse of time, of meeting his want of resources by superior means, by large numbers the smallness of his forces. With this design, he always encamped on the highest grounds, where the enemy's horse could have no access to him. Still he kept pace with them; when they marched he followed them; when they encamped he did the same, but at such a distance as not to be compelled to an engagement, and always keeping upon the hills, free from the insults of their horse; by which means he gave them no rest, but kept them in a continual alarm.

But this his dilatory way gave occasion in his own camp for suspicion of want of courage; and this opinion prevailed yet more in Hannibal's army. Hannibal was himself the only man who was not deceived, who discerned his skill and detected his tactics, and saw, unless he could by art or force bring him to battle, that the Carthaginians, unable to use the arms in which they were superior, and suffering the continual drain of lives

and treasure in which they were inferior, would in the end come to nothing. He resolved, therefore, with all the arts and subtilties of war, to break his measures, and to bring Fabius to an engagement; like a cunning wrestler, watching every opportunity to get good hold and close with his adversary. He at one time attacked, and sought to distract his attention, tried to draw him off in various directions, and endeavored in all ways to tempt him from his safe policy. All this artifice, though it had no effect upon the firm judgment and conviction of the dictator, yet upon the common soldier, and even upon the general of the horse himself, it had too great an operation: Minucius, unseasonably eager for action, bold and confident, humored the scldiery, and himself contributed to fill them with wild eagerness and empty hopes, which they vented in reproaches upon Fabius, calling him Hannibal's pedagogue, since he did nothing else but follow him up and down and wait upon him. At the same time, they cried up Minucius for the only captain worthy to command the Romans; whose vanity and presumption rose so high in consequence, that he insolently jested at Fabius's encampment upon the mountains, saying that he seated them there as on a theatre, to behold the flames and desolation of their country. And he would sometimes ask the friends of the general, whether it was not his meaning, by thus leading them from mountain to mountain, to carry them at last (having no hopes on earth) up into heaven, or to hide them in the clouds from Hannibal's army? When his friends reported these things to the dictator, persuading him that, to avoid the general obloquy, he should engage the enemy, his answer was, "I should be more faint-hearted than they make me, if, through fear of idle reproaches, I should abandon my own convictions. It is no inglorious thing to have fear for the safety of our country, but to be turned from one's course by men's opinions, by blame, and by misrepresentation, shows a man unfit to hold an office such as this, which, by such conduct, he makes the slave of those whose errors it is his business to control."

An oversight of Hannibal occurred soon after. Desirous to refresh his horse in some good pasture-grounds, and to draw off his army, he ordered his guides to conduct him to the district of Casinum. They, mistaking his bad pronunciation, led him and his army to the town of Casilinum, on the frontier of Campania which the river Lothronus, called by the Romans Vulturnus, divides in two parts. The country around is enclosed by moun-

tains, with a valley opening towards the sea, in which the river overflowing forms a quantity of marsh land with deep banks of sand, and discharges itself into the sea on a very unsafe and rough shore. While Hannibal was proceeding hither, Fabius, by his knowledge of the roads, succeeded in making his way around before him, and despatched four thousand choice men to seize the exit from it and stop him up, and lodged the rest of his army upon the neighboring hills, in the most advantageous places; at the same time detaching a party of his lightest armed men to fall upon Hannibal's rear; which they did with such success, that they cut off eight hundred of them, and put the whole army in disorder. Hannibal, finding the error and the danger he was fallen into, immediately crucified the guides; but considered the enemy to be so advantageously posted, that there was no hope of breaking through them; while his soldiers began to be despondent and terrified, and to think themselves surrounded with embarrassments too difficult to be surmounted.

Thus reduced, Hannibal had recourse to stratagem; he caused two thousand head of oxen which he had in his camp to have torches or dry fagots well fastened to their horns, and lighting them in the beginning of the night, ordered the beasts to be driven on towards the heights commanding the passages out of the valley and the enemy's posts; when this was done, he made his army in the dark leisurely march after them. The oxen at first kept a slow, orderly pace, and with their lighted heads resembled an army marching by night, astonishing the shepherds and herdsmen of the hills about. But when the fire had burnt down the horns of the beasts to the quick, they no longer observed their sober pace, but, unruly and wild with their pain, ran dispersed about, tossing their heads and scattering the fire round about them upon each other and setting light as they passed to the trees. This was a surprising spectacle to the Romans on guard upon the heights. Seeing flames which appeared to come from men advancing with torches, they were possessed with the alarm that the enemy was approaching in various quarters, and that they were being surrounded; and, quitting their post, abandoned the pass, and precipitately retired to their camp on the hills. They were no sooner gone, but the light-armed of Hannibal's men, according to his order, immediately seized the heights, and soon after the whole army, with all the baggage, came up and safely marched through the passes.

Fabius, before the night was over, quickly found out the

trick; for some of the beasts fell into his hands; but for fear of an ambush in the dark, he kept his men all night to their arms in the camp. As soon as it was day, he attacked the enemy in the rear, where, after a good deal of skirmishing in the uneven ground, the disorder might have become general, but that Hannibal detached from his van a body of Spaniards, who, of themselves active and nimble, were accustomed to the climbing of mountains. These briskly attacked the Roman troops, who were in heavy armor, killed a good many, and left Fabius no longer in condition to follow the enemy. This action brought the extreme of obloquy and contempt upon the dictator; they said it was now manifest that he was not only inferior to his adversary, as they had always thought, in courage, but even in that conduct, foresight, and generalship, by which he had proposed to bring the war to an end.

And Hannibal, to enhance their anger against him, marched with his army close to the lands and possessions of Fabius, and, giving orders to his soldiers to burn and destroy all the country about, forbade them to do the least damage in the estates of the Roman general, and placed guards for their security. This, when reported at Rome, had the effect with the people which Hannibal desired. Their tribunes raised a thousand stories against him, chiefly at the instigation of Metilius, who, not so much out of hatred to him as out of friendship to Minucius, whose kinsman he was, thought by depressing Fabius to raise his friend. The senate on their part were also offended with him for the bargain he had made with Hannibal about the exchange of prisoners, the conditions of which were, that, after exchange made of man for man, if any on either side remained, they should be redeemed at the price of two hundred and fifty drachmas a head. Upon the whole account, there remained two hundred and forty Romans unexchanged, and the senate now not only refused to allow money for the ransoms, but also reproached Fabius for making a contract, contrary to the honor and interest of the commonwealth, for redeeming men whose cowardice had put them in the hands of the enemy. Fabius heard and endured all this with invincible patience; and, having no money by him, and on the other side being resolved to keep his word with Hannibal and not to abandon the captives, he despatched his son to Rome to sell land, and to bring with him the price, sufficient to discharge the ransoms; which was punctually performed by his son and delivery accordingly

made to him of the prisoners, amongst whom many, when they were released, made proposals to repay the money; which Fabius in all cases declined.

About this time, he was called to Rome by the priests, to assist, according to the duty of his office, at certain sacrifices, and was thus forced to leave the command of the army with Minucius; but before he parted, not only charged him as his commander-in-chief, but besought and entreated him not to come, in his absence, to a battle with Hannibal. His commands, entreaties, and advice were lost upon Minucius, for his back was no sooner turned but the new general immediately sought occasions to attack the enemy. And notice being brought him that Hannibal had sent out a great party of his army, to forage, he fell upon a detachment of the remainder, doing great execution, and driving them to their very camp, with no little terror to the rest, who apprehended their breaking in upon them; and when Hannibal had recalled his scattered forces to the camp, he, nevertheless, without any loss, made his retreat, a success which aggravated his boldness and presumption, and filled the soldiers with rash confidence. The news spread to Rome, where Fabius, on being told it, said that what he most feared was Minucius's success; but the people, highly elated, hurried to the forum to listen to an address from Metilius the tribune, in which he infinitely extolled the valor of Minucius, and fell bitterly upon Fabius, accusing him for want not merely of courage, but even of loyalty; and not only him, but also many other eminent and considerable persons; saying that it was they that had brought the Carthaginians into Italy, with the design to destroy the liberty of the people; for which end they had at once put the supreme authority into the hands of a single person, who by his slowness and delays might give Hannibal leisure to establish himself in Italy, and the people of Carthage time and opportunity to supply him with fresh succors to complete his conquest.

Fabius came forward with no intention to answer the tribune, but only said, that they should expedite the sacrifices, that so he might speedily return to the army to punish Minucius, who had presumed to fight contrary to his orders; words which immediately possessed the people with the belief that Minucius stood in danger of his life. For it was in the power of the dictator to imprison and to put to death, and they feared that Fabius, of a mild temper in general, would be as hard to be ap-

peased when once irritated, as he was slow to be provoked. Nobody dared to raise his voice in opposition; Metilius alone, whose office of tribune gave him security to say what he pleased (for in the time of a dictatorship that magistrate alone preserves his authority), boldly applied himself to the people in the behalf of Minucius: that they should not suffer him to be made a sacrifice to the enmity of Fabius, nor permit him to be destroyed, like the son of Manlius Torquatus, who was beheaded by his father for a victory fought and triumphantly won against order; he exhorted them to take away from Fabius that absolute power of a dictator, and to put it into more worthy hands, better able and more inclined to use it for the public good. These impressions very much prevailed upon the people, though not so far as wholly to dispossess Fabius of the dictatorship. But they decreed that Minucius should have an equal authority with the dictator in the conduct of the war; which was a thing then without precedent, though a little later it was again practised after the disaster at Cannæ; when the dictator, Marcus Junius, being with the army, they chose at Rome Fabius Buteo dictator, that he might create new senators, to supply the numerous places of those who were killed. But as soon as, once acting in public, he had filled those vacant places with a sufficient number, he immediately dismissed his lictors, and withdrew from all his attendance, and mingling like a common person with the rest of the people, quietly went about his own affairs in the forum.

The enemies of Fabius thought they had sufficiently humiliated and subdued him by raising Minucius to be his equal in authority; but they mistook the temper of the man, who looked upon their folly as not his loss, but like Diogenes, who, being told that some persons derided him, made answer, "But I am not derided," meaning that only those were really insulted on whom such insults made an impression, so Fabius, with great tranquillity and unconcern, submitted to what happened, and contributed a proof to the argument of the philosophers that a just and good man is not capable of being dishonored. His only vexation arose from his fear lest this ill counsel, by supplying opportunities to the diseased military ambition of his subordinate, should damage the public cause. Lest the rashness of Minucius should now at once run headlong into some disaster, he returned back with all privacy and speed to the army; where he found Minucius so elevated with his new dignity, that, a joint-authority not contenting him, he required by turns to have the command

of the army every other day. This Fabius rejected, but was contented that the army should be divided; thinking each general singly would better command his part, than partially command the whole. The first and fourth legions he took for his own division, the second and third he delivered to Minucius; so also of the auxiliary forces each had an equal share.

Minucius, thus exalted, could not contain himself from boasting of his success in humiliating the high and powerful office of the dictatorship. Fabius quietly reminded him that it was, in all wisdom, Hannibal, and not Fabius, whom he had to combat; but if he must needs contend with his colleague, it had best be in diligence and care for the preservation of Rome; that it might not be said, a man so favored by the people served them worse than he who had been ill-treated and disgraced by them.

The young general, despising these admonitions as the false humility of age, immediately removed with the body of his army, and encamped by himself. Hannibal, who was not ignorant of all these passages, lay watching his advantage from them. It happened that between his army and that of Minucius there was a certain eminence, which seemed a very advantageous and not difficult post to encamp upon; the level field around it appeared, from a distance, to be all smooth and even, though it had many inconsiderable ditches and dips in it, not discernible to the eye. Hannibal, had he pleased, could easily have possessed himself of this ground; but he had reserved it for a bait, or train, in proper season, to draw the Romans to an engagement. Now that Minucius and Fabius were divided, he thought the opportunity fair for his purpose; and, therefore, having in the night-time lodged a convenient number of his men in these ditches and hollow places, early in the morning he sent forth a small detachment, who, in the sight of Minucius, proceeded to possess themselves of the rising ground. According to his expectation, Minucius swallowed the bait, and first sends out his light troops, and after them some horse, to dislodge the enemy; and, at last, when he saw Hannibal in person advancing to the assistance of his men, marched down with his whole army drawn up. He engaged with the troops on the eminence, and sustained their missiles; the combat for some time was equal; but as soon as Hannibal perceived that the whole army was now sufficiently advanced within the toils he had set for them, so that their backs were open to his men whom he had posted in the hollows, he gave the signal; upon which they rushed forth from various

quarters, and with loud cries furiously attacked Minucius in the rear. The surprise and the slaughter was great, and struck universal alarm and disorder through the whole army. Minucius himself lost all his confidence; he looked from officer to officer, and found all alike unprepared to face the danger, and yielding to a flight, which, however, could not end in safety. The Numidian horsemen were already in full victory riding about the plain, cutting down the fugitives.

Fabius was not ignorant of this danger of his countrymen; he foresaw what would happen from the rashness of Minucius, and the cunning of Hannibal; and, therefore, kept his men to their arms, in readiness to wait the event; nor would he trust to the reports of others, but he himself, in front of his camp, viewed all that passed. When, therefore, he saw the army of Minucius encompassed by the enemy, and that by their countenance and shifting their ground, they appeared more disposed to flight than to resistance, with a great sigh, striking his hand upon his thigh, he said to those about him, "O Hercules! how much sooner than I expected, though later than he seemed to desire, hath Minucius destroyed himself!" He then commanded the ensigns to be led forward, and the army to follow, telling them, "We must make haste to rescue Minucius, who is a valiant man, and a lover of his country; and if he hath been too forward to engage the enemy, at another time we will tell him of it." Thus, at the head of his men, Fabius marched up to the enemy, and first cleared the plain of the Numidians; and next fell upon those who were charging the Romans in the rear, cutting down all that made opposition, and obliging the rest to save themselves by a hasty retreat, lest they should be environed as the Romans had been. Hannibal, seeing so sudden a change of affairs, and Fabius, beyond the force of his age, opening his way through the ranks up the hillside, that he might join Minucius, warily forbore, sounded a retreat, and drew off his men into their camp; while the Romans on their part were no less contented to retire in safety. It is reported that upon this occasion Hannibal said jestingly to his friends: "Did not I tell you, that this cloud which always hovered upon the mountains would, at some time or other, come down with a storm upon us?"

Fabius, after his men had picked up the spoils of the field, retired to his own camp, without saying any harsh or reproachful thing to his colleague; who, also, on his part, gathering his army together, spoke and said to them: "To conduct great

matters and never commit a fault is above the force of human nature; but to learn and improve by the faults we have committed is that which becomes a good and sensible man. Some reasons I may have to accuse fortune, but I have many more to thank her; for in a few hours she hath cured a long mistake, and taught me that I am not the man who should command others, but have need of another to command me; and that we are not to contend for victory over those to whom it is our advantage to yield. Therefore in everything else henceforth the dictator must be your commander; only in showing gratitude towards him I will still be your leader, and always be the first to obey his orders." Having said this, he commanded the Roman eagles to move forward, and all his men to follow him to the camp of Fabius. The soldiers, then, as he entered, stood amazed at the novelty of the sight, and were anxious and doubtful what the meaning might be. When he came near the dictator's tent, Fabius went forth to meet him, on which he at once laid his standards at his feet, calling him with a loud voice his father; while the soldiers with him saluted the soldiers here as their patrons, the term employed by freedmen to those who gave them their liberty. After silence was obtained, Minucius said: "You have this day, O dictator, obtained two victories; one by your valor and conduct over Hannibal, and another by your wisdom and goodness over your colleague; by one victory you preserved, and by the other instructed us; and when we were already suffering one shameful defeat from Hannibal, by another welcome one from you we were restored to honor and safety. I can address you by no nobler name than that of a kind father, though a father's beneficence falls short of that I have received from you. From a father I individually received the gift of life; to you I owe its preservation not for myself only, but for all these who are under me." After this, he threw himself into the arms of the dictator; and in the same manner the soldiers of each army embraced one another with gladness and tears of joy.

The Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra.

The last and crowning mischief that could befall Antony came in the love of Cleopatra, to awaken and kindle to fury passions that as yet lay still and dormant in his nature, and to stifle and finely corrupt any elements that yet made resistance in him of goodness and a sound judgment. He fell into the

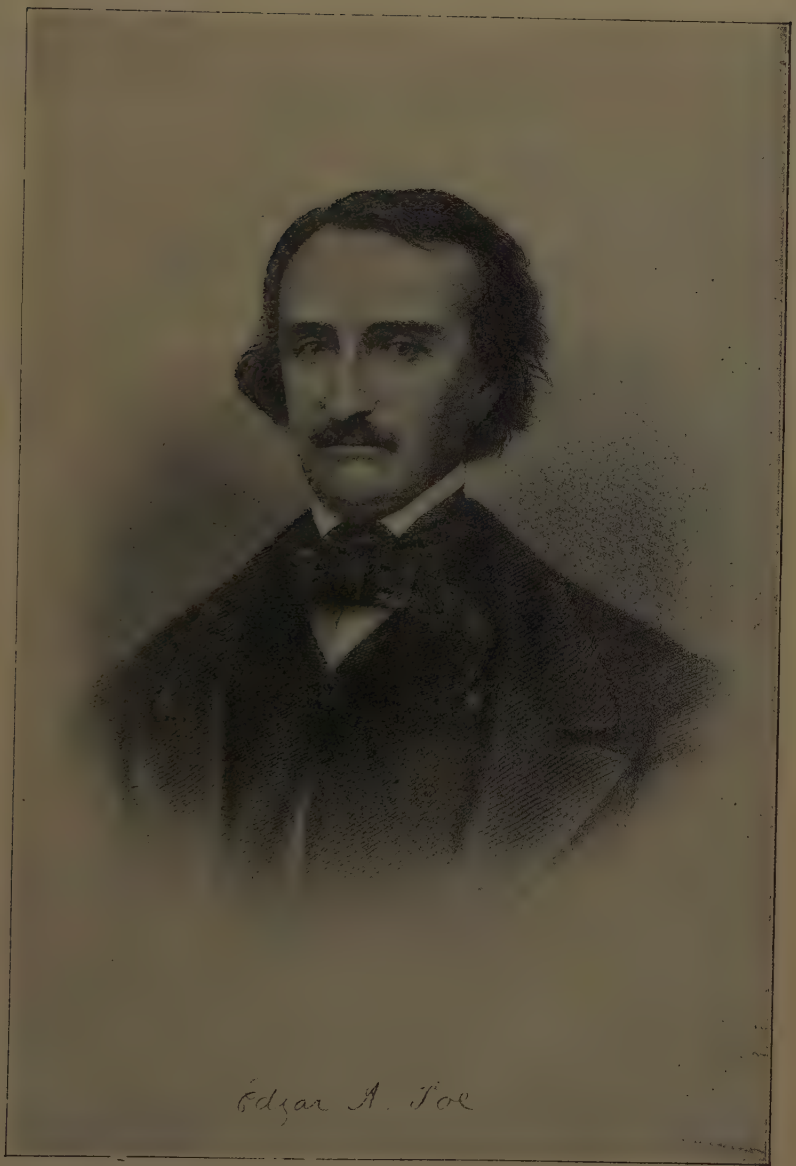
snare thus. When making preparation for the Parthian war, he sent to command her to make her personal appearance in Cilicia, to answer an accusation, that she had given great assistance, in the late wars, to Cassius. Dellius, who was sent on this message, had no sooner seen her face, and remarked her adroitness and subtlety in speech, but he felt convinced that Antony would not so much as think of giving any molestation to a woman like this; on the contrary, she would be the first in favor with him. So he set himself at once to pay his court to the Egyptian, and gave her his advice, "to go," in the Homeric style, to Cilicia, "in her best attire," and bade her fear nothing from Antony, the gentlest and kindest of soldiers. She had some faith in the words of Dellius, but more in her own attractions; which, having formerly recommended her to Cæsar and the young Cnæus Pompey, she did not doubt might prove yet more successful with Antony. Their acquaintance was with her when a girl, young and ignorant of the world, but she was to meet Antony in the time of life when women's beauty is most splendid, and their intellects are in full maturity. She made great preparation for her journey, of money, gifts and ornaments of value, such as so wealthy a kingdom might afford, but she brought with her her surest hopes in her own magic arts and charms.

She received several letters, both from Antony and from his friends, to summon her, but she took no account of these orders; and at last, as if in mockery of them, she came sailing up the river Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay all along under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes, part following the galley up the river on either bank, part running out of the city to see the sight. The market-place was quite emptied, and Antony at last was left alone sitting upon the tribunal; while the word went through all the multitude, that Venus was come to feast with Bacchus, for the common good of Asia. On her arrival, Antony sent to invite her to supper. She thought it fitter he should come to her; so, willing to show his good humor and courtesy,

he complied, and went. He found the preparations to receive him magnificent beyond expression, but nothing so admirable as the great number of lights; for on a sudden there was let down altogether so great a number of branches with lights in them so ingeniously disposed, some in squares, and some in circles, that the whole thing was a spectacle that has seldom been equalled for beauty.

The next day, Antony invited her to supper, and was very desirous to outdo her as well in magnificence as contrivance; but he found he was altogether beaten in both, and was so well convinced of it, that he was himself the first to jest and mock at his poverty of wit, and his rustic awkwardness. She, perceiving that his raillery was broad and gross, and savored more of the soldier than the courtier, rejoined in the same taste, and fell into it at once, without any sort of reluctance or reserve. For her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another; so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Æthiopians, Troglodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians, and many others, whose language she had learnt; which was all the more surprising because most of the kings, her predecessors, scarcely gave themselves the trouble to acquire the Egyptian tongue, and several of them abandoned the Macedonian.

Antony was so captivated by her, that, while Fulvia his wife maintained his quarrels in Rome against Cæsar by actual force of arms, and the Parthian troops, commanded by Labienus (the king's generals having made him commander-in-chief), were assembled in Mesopotamia, and ready to enter Syria, he could yet suffer himself to be carried away by her to Alexandria, there to keep holiday, like a boy, in play and diversion, squandering and fooling away in enjoyments that most costly, as Antiphon says, of all valuables, time.



Edgar A. Poe

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Poe, Edgar Allan, an American poet and story-writer; born at Boston, January 19, 1809; died at Baltimore, Md., October 7, 1849. Left an orphan in early childhood, he was adopted by John Allan of Richmond, Va., and at the age of nineteen left this home and published his first volume of verse at Boston. He was a cadet at the United States Military Academy, 1830–31; and subsequently was editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," 1835–37; of the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1839–40; of "Graham's Magazine," 1841–42; and of the "Broadway Journal," 1845. He also contributed to the "Evening Mirror," "Godey's Lady's Book," "The Whig Review," and other periodicals. He projected a magazine to be called "Literary America," and to aid it, lectured in New York city and through the South, 1848–49. He died under distressing conditions at Baltimore in 1849. A complete list of his works in book form includes: "Tamerlane and Other Poems" (Boston, 1827); "Al Aaraf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (Baltimore, 1829); "Poems" (2d ed., including many poems now first published, New York, 1831). The "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, of Nantucket" (New York, 1838); "The Conchologist's First Book" (Philadelphia, 1839); "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque" (Philadelphia, 1840); "The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe" (Philadelphia, 1843); "The Raven and Other Poems" (New York, 1845); "Mesmerism: In Articulo Mortis" (London, 1846); "Eureka, a Prose Poem" (New York, 1848). After his death there were republished "The Literati: Some Honest Opinions about Autorial Merits and Demerits, with Occasional Words of Personality," etc., edited by R. W. Griswold (New York, 1850); "Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Humor; and Poems," edited by Henry Vizetelly (London, 1852). A collected edition was issued in 3 vols., 1850, 4th vol. 1856. The definitive edition is the one edited by E. C. Stedman and G. E. Woodberry (10 vols., Chicago, 1894–95.)

The Raven.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping — rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore, —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me — with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer, —
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door —
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice:
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore, —
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'T is the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he:

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door,—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door —
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered:
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before!
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before!"
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store;
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never — nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er, —
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted, —
On this home by horror haunted, — tell me truly, I implore,
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me! tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, — by that God we both adore, —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting,
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

The Bells.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells, —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells, —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells, —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells, —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone, —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human:
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls,
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls a pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells, —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, —
To the tolling of the bells.
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, —
Bells, bells, bells, —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee:
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love, —
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me:
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we:
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Ulalume.

The skies they were ashen and sober,
The leaves they were crispèd and sere, —
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid-region of Weir, —
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titantic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul, —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.

These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll —
As the lavas that restlessly roll —
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole, —
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek,
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere, —
Our memories were treacherous and sere, —
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year; —
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down here), —
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn, —
As the star-dials hinted of morn, —
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn, —
Astarte's bediamonded crescent,
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said, "She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs, —
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies, —
To the Lethean peace of the skies, —
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes, —
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said, "Sadly this star I mistrust, —
Her pallor I strangely mistrust, —
Oh, hasten! oh, let us not linger!

Oh, fly! — let us fly! — for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust, —
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust, —
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied, "This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibylic splendor is beaming
With Hope and in Beauty to-night;
See! it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright.
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche, and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom, —
And conquered her scruples and gloom:
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb —
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied, "Ulalume! — Ulalume! —
'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,
As the leaves that were withering and sere:
And I cried, "It was surely October, —
On *this* very night of last year,
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here, —
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night, of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know now this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid-region of Weir, —
Well I know now this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

To Helen.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

A Descent into the Maelström.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th of July, 18—; a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us — my two brothers and myself — had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock P. M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish; which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind at our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger; for, indeed, we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend it. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual; something that had never

happened to us: and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies; and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime the breeze that had headed us off fell away; and we were dead becalmed, drifting about in every direction. This state of things, however, did not last long enough to give us time to think about it. In less than a minute the storm was upon us; in less than two the sky was entirely overcast; and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew, it is folly to attempt to describe. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us; but at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawed off — the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow; and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, by way of precaution against chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once; for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done; for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, I say; and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself in some measure of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor

that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, — and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, — for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word '*Moskoe-ström!*'

"No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough — I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us!

"You perceive that in crossing the Ström *channel*, we always went a long way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack; but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a hurricance as this! 'To be sure,' I thought, 'we shall get there just about the slack, — there is some little hope in that;' but in the moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew pretty well that we were doomed, had we been ten times a ninety-gun ship.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch; but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky, — as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue, — and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness — but O God, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother; but in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say, '*Listen!*'

"At first I could not make out what he meant; but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moon-

light, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her — which appears very strange to a landsman; and this is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose — up — up — as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain-top in a dream. But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around; and that one glance was all-sufficient. I saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead; but no more like the every-day Moskoe-ström than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill-race. If I had not known where we were, and what we had to expect, I should not have recognized the place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves together as if in a spasm.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterward until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek; such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water pipes of many thousand steam-vessels, letting off their steam all together. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss — down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim like an air bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard side was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, — but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were

only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you is truth: I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity — and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self-possession; and this was the cessation of the wind, which could not reach us in our present situation — for as you saw yourself, the belt of surf is considerably lower than the general bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have never been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind and spray together. They blind, deafen and strangle you, and take away all power of action or reflection. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of these annoyances; just as death-condemned felons in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden them while their doom is yet uncertain.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water cask which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this and made for the ring, from which in the agony of his terror he endeavored to force my hands, as it was not large enough to

afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it — a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all; so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel — only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them; while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel, — that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an

angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold and footing in this situation than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom; but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe.

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our further descent was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept; not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow but very perceptible.

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I perceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious, for I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this

nature, and being deceived in all, — this fact, the fact of my invariable miscalculation, set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-ström. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way, — so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now, I could not account for this difference except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed;* that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or from some reason had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, — or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might be thus whirled up again to the level of the ocean without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made also three important observations. The first was, that as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me — although I have forgotten the explanation — how what I observed was in fact the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments; and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty, than an equally bulky body of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious

to turn them to account: and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of the vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay: and so with a bitter struggle I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale, — as you see that I *did* escape, and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour or thereabout after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momently less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-ström *had been.*

It was the hour of the slack; but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Ström, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up, — exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions; but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say too that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story; they did not believe it. I now tell it to *you;* and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden."

The Pit and the Pendulum.

Impia tortorum longas hic turba furores
Sanguinis innocui, non satiata, aluit.
Sospite nunc patria, fracto nunc funeris antro,
Mors ubi dira fuit vita salusque patent.

[Quatrain composed for the gates of a market to be erected upon the site of the Jacobin Club House at Paris.]

I was sick — sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence — the dread sentence of death — was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ear. After that the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy, indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution*, perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Yet, for a while, I saw; but with how terrible an exaggeration! I saw the lips of the black-robed judges. They appeared to me white, — whiter than the sheet upon which I trace these words, — and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with the intensity of their expression of firmness, of immovable resolution, of stern contempt of human torture. I saw that the decrees of what to me was Fate were still issuing from those lips. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution. I saw them fashion the syllables of my name; and I shuddered because no sound succeeded. I saw, too, for a few

moments of delirious horror, the soft and nearly imperceptible waving of the sable draperies which enwrapped the walls of the apartment. And then my vision fell upon the seven tall candles upon the table. At first they wore the aspect of charity, and seemed white slender angels who would save me; but then, all at once, there came a most deadly nausea over my spirit, and I felt every fibre in my frame thrill as if I had touched the wire of a galvanic battery, while the angel forms became meaningless spectres, with heads of flame, and I saw that from them there would be no help. And then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave. The thought came gently and stealthily, and it seemed long before it attained full appreciation; but just as my spirit came at length properly to feel and entertain it, the figures of the judges vanished, as if magically, from before me; the tall candles sank into nothingness; their flames went out utterly; the blackness supervened; all sensations appeared swallowed up in a mad rushing descent as of the soul into Hades. Then silence and stillness and night were the universe.

I had swooned; but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber — no! In delirium — no! In a swoon — no! In death — no! Even in the grave all *is not* lost. Else there is no immortality for man. Arousing from the most profound of slumbers, we break the gossamer web of *some* dream. Yet in a second afterward (so frail may that web have been), we remember not that we have dreamed. In the return to life from the swoon there are two stages: first, that of the sense of mental or spiritual, secondly that of the sense of physical, existence. It seems probable that if, upon reaching the second stage, we could recall the impressions of the first, we should find these impressions eloquent in memories of the gulf beyond. And that gulf is — what? How at least shall we distinguish its shadows from those of the tomb? But if the impressions of what I have termed the first stage are not at will recalled, yet, after long interval, do they not come unbidden, while we marvel whence they came? He who has never swooned is not he who finds strange palaces and wildly familiar faces in coals that glow; is not he who beholds floating in mid-air the sad visions that the many may not view; is not he who ponders over the perfume of some novel flower — is not he whose brain grows bewildered

with the meaning of some musical cadence which has never before arrested his attention.

Amid frequent and thoughtful endeavors to remember; amid earnest struggles to regather some token of the state of seeming nothingness into which my soul had lapsed, there have been moments when I have dreamed of success; there have been brief, very brief, periods when I have conjured up remembrances which the lucid reason of a later epoch assures me could have had reference only to that condition of seeming unconsciousness. These shadows of memory tell, indistinctly, of tall figures that lifted and bore me in silence down — down — still down — till a hideous dizziness oppressed me at the mere idea of the interminableness of the descent. They tell also of a vague horror at my heart, on account of that heart's unnatural stillness. Then comes a sense of sudden motionlessness throughout all things; as if those who bore me (a ghastly train!) had outrun, in their descent, the limits of the limitless, and paused from the wearisomeness of their toil. After this I call to mind flatness and dampness; and then all is *madness* — the madness of a memory which busies itself among forbidden things.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound — the tumultuous motion of the heart, and, in my ears, the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch — a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought — a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, *thought*, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavor to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul, and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed; of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavor have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and *what* I could be. I longed yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be *nothing* to see. At length, with a wild desperation at

heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts then were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed; and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence; but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the *auto-da-fés*, and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon, to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and for a brief period I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a *tomb*. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumors of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated — fables I had always deemed them; but yet strange, and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper. Was I left to perish of starvation in this subterranean world of darkness? or what fate, perhaps even more fearful, awaited me? That the result would be death, and a death of

more than customary bitterness, I knew too well the character of my judges to doubt. The mode and the hour were all that occupied or distracted me.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry — very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up, stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon; as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact, so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket when led into the inquisitorial chamber; but it was gone: my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe, and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought; but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate; and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher of water. I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward I resumed my tour around the prison, and with much toil came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell, I had counted fifty-two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, I had counted forty-eight more — when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault, for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object — certainly no hope — in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seem-

ingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly, endeavoring to cross in as direct line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, a few seconds afterwards, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips, and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapor, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen on the brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry, just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length there was a sudden plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment there came a sound resembling the quick opening, and as rapid closing, of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more. And the death just avoided was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter. By long suffering my nerves had been unstrung, until I trembled at the sound of my own voice, and had become in every respect a fit subject for the species of torture which awaited me.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall, resolving there to perish, rather than risk the terror of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind I

might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits, — that the *sudden* extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged, for scarcely had I drunk before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me — a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted of course I know not; but when, once again, I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild, sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. For some minutes this fact occasioned me a world of vain trouble; vain indeed, for what could be of less importance, under the terrible circumstances which environed me, than the mere dimensions of my dungeon! But my soul took a wild interest in trifles, and I busied myself in endeavoring to account for the error I had committed in my measurement. The truth at length flashed upon me. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell. I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge; in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept; and, upon awakening, I must have returned upon my steps, — thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way, I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep! The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to

which the charnel superstition of the monks had given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colors seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effects of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly, and by much effort, for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent, that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say to my horror, for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate, for the food in the dish was meat pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly upward at it (for its position was immediately over my own), I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and, looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time), before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly *descended*. I now observed — with what horror it is needless to say — that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole *hissed* as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture. My cognizance of the pit had become known to the inquisitorial agents — *the pit*, whose horrors had been destined for so bold a recusant as myself — *the pit*, typical of hell and regarded by rumor as the Ultima Thule of all their punishments. The plunge into this pit I had avoided by the merest of accidents, and I knew that surprise, or entrapment into torment, formed an important portion of all the grotesqueries of these dungeon deaths. Having failed to fall, it was no part of the demon-plan to hurl me into the abyss; and thus (there being no alternative) a different and a milder destruction awaited me. Milder! I half smiled in agony as I thought of such application of such a term.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel! Inch by inch — line by line — with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages — down and still down it came! Days passed — it might have been that many days passed — ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed — I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief: for, upon again lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been

long — for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very — oh, inexpressibly — sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period, the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy — of hope. Yet what business had *I* with hope. It was, as I say, a half-formed thought — man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy — of hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect — to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile — an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe — it would return and repeat its operations — again — and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigor of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that, for several minutes, it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go further than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention — as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest *here* the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment — upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down — steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right, to the left — far and — with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of the tiger! I alternately laughed and howled, as the one or the other idea grew predominant.

Down — certainly, relentlessly down. It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently — furiously — to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther. Could I have broken the fastenings above the elbow, I would have seized and

attempted to arrest the pendulum. I might as well have attempted to arrest an avalanche!

Down — still unceasingly — still inevitably down! I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep. My eyes followed its outward or upward whirls with the eagerness of the most unmeaning despair; they closed themselves spasmodically at the descent, although death would have been a relief, oh, how unspeakable! Still I quivered in every nerve to think how slight a sinking of the machinery would precipitate that keen, glistening axe upon my bosom. It was *hope* that prompted the nerve to quiver — the frame to shrink. It was *hope* — the hope that triumphs on the rack — that whispers to the death-condemned even in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe — and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours — or perhaps days — I *thought*. It now occurred to me, that the bandage, or surcingle, which enveloped me, was *unique*. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last, hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions — *save in the path of the destroying crescent.*

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, than there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present — feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite — but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay had been literally swarming with rats.

They were wild, bold, ravenous — their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I thought, "have they been accustomed in the well?"

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. I had fallen into an habitual see-saw, or wave of the hand about the platter; and, at length, the unconscious uniformity of the movement deprived it of effect. In their voracity, the vermin frequently fastened their sharp fangs in my fingers. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it, then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

At first, the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change — at the cessation of the movement. They shrank alarmedly back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment. I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without emotion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the framework, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood — they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed, — they swarmed, — upon me in ever-accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half-stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution I lay *still*.

Nor had I erred in my calculations — nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was *free*. The surcingle hung in ribbons from my body. But the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement — cautious, sidelong, shrinking, and slow — I slid

from the embrace of the bandage and beyond the reach of the scimitar. For the moment, at least, I *was free*.

Free! — and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. My every motion was undoubted watched. Free! — I had but escaped death in one form of agony, to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual — some change, which at first I could not appreciate distinctly — it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction, I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were, completely separated from the floor. I endeavored, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I arose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colors seemed blurred and indefinite. These colors had assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and more intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal! — Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapor of heated iron! A suffocating odor pervaded the prison! A deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agonies! A richer tint of crimson diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted! I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors — oh! most unrelenting! oh! most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the

idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm. I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet for a wild moment did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced — it wrestled its way into my soul — it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak! oh! any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands — weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell — and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavored to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my two-fold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute — two, consequently, obtuse. The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here — I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might not I have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glows? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and of course, its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back — but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink — I averted my eyes —

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of a thousand thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell fainting into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.

ROBERT POLLOK.

Pollok, Robert, a Scottish clergyman and poet; born at North Moorhouse, in Renfrewshire, October 19, 1799; died at Southampton, England, September 18, 1827. He was graduated at the University of Glasgow, and in 1827 became a licentiate of the United Secession Church. A pulmonary affection had already begun, and he set out for Italy, hoping for benefit from a milder climate, but died just before he was to have sailed. While a student he published anonymously three tales, which were in 1833 republished under the title "Tales of the Covenanters." His literary reputation rests wholly upon "The Course of Time" (1827), a poem in blank verse, which at the time was widely popular, being placed by some quite as high as "Paradise Lost," to which it bears a general resemblance, the best passages being imitations of Milton.

Opening Invocation.

(From "The Course of Time.")

Eternal Spirit! God of truth! to whom
All things seem as they are; Thou who of old
The prophet's eye unsealed, that nightly saw,
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
In holy vision tranced, the future pass
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
Burdens which made the pagan mountains shake,
And Zion's cedars bow: inspire my song;
My eye unscale; me what is substance teach,
And shadow what; while I of things to come,
As past rehearsing, sing the Course of Time,
The Second Birth, and final Doom of Man.
The Muse that soft and sickly wooes the ear
Of love, or chanting loud in windy rhyme
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not; such
A strain befits not argument so high.
Me thought and phrase, severely sifting out

The whole idea, grant; uttering as 't is
The essential truth: Time gone, the righteous saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved.

True Happiness.

(From "The Course of Time.")

True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went; with Justice went;
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love,
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish:—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where happiness, descending, sat and smiled.

Holy Love.

(From "The Course of Time.")

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss;
Gives and receives all bliss, fullest when most
Thou givest! Spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! Emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!
Essence that binds the uncreated Three!
Chain that unites creation to its Lord!
Centre to which all being gravitates!
Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law;
Entirely blessed, because it seeks no more;
Hopes not, nor fears; but on the present lives,
And holds perfection smiling in its arms!
Mysterious, infinite, exhaustless love!

On earth mysterious, and mysterious still
In heaven! Sweet chord, that harmonizes all
The harps of Paradise! The spring, the well,
That fills the bowl, and banquet of the sky!

The Genius of Byron.

(From "The Course of Time.")

He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced;
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles;
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks:
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked as friend to friend:
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear,
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest-withered leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,

Robert Pollok

And now dissolved the heart in tenderness;
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.

OCEAN.

(From "The Course of Time.")

GREAT Ocean! strongest of creation's sons,
Unconquerable, unreposed, untired,
That rolled the wild, profound, eternal bass
In nature's anthem, and made music such
As pleased the ear of God! original,
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity!
And unburlesqued by mortal's puny skill;
From age to age enduring, and unchanged,
Majestic, inimitable, vast,
Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
Succeeding race, and little pompous work
Of man; unfallen, religious, holy sea!
Thou bowedst thy glorious head to none, fearedst none,
Heardst none, to none didst honor, but to God
Thy Maker, only worthy to receive
Thy great obeisance.

MARIA LOUISE POOL.

Pool, Maria Louise, an American journalist, and novelist; born in Rockland, Massachusetts, in 1845; died there May, 7, 1898. For a number of years she was connected with the "New York Tribune." Her writings include "A Vacation in a Buggy" (1887); "Tenting at Stony Beach" (1888); "Dolly;" "Roweny in Boston" (1892); "Mrs. Keats Bradford" (1892); "The Two Salomes" (1893); "Katharine North" (1893); "Out of Step" (1894); "Against Human Nature" (1895); "In Buncombe County" (1896); "Mrs. Gerald" (1896); "In a Dike Shanty" (1896); "In the First Person" (1896); "Bess and other Dogs;" "The Red Bridge Neighborhood" (1898).

Some Salesladies.[1]

(From "Roweny in Boston.")

Rowena tried to look interested in the fact that a Browning Club was, as her father would have put it, "bein' wed out," like a bed of parsnips. The country girl could not have believed it possible that that great man's name could be mentioned so flippantly, not to say disrespectfully. She did not know how to make any response to such a remark. She did not know that in Boston nothing is so great but one may become familiar with it.

She had once belonged to the book-club which led a struggling and doubtful existence in Middle Village. She had then taken out a volume of poems called "Men and Women." She had read "One Word More" with ardent eyes and beating heart. She should always remember the author's name.

"They were getting insufferable," went on Miss Phillipps. "Several of them pretended to understand him. I decided to form a new club and drop those creatures."

"Why should n't they understand him?" asked Rowena, calmly. "I think he is real easy."

[1] Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.

Miss Phillipps suddenly sat upright. She turned a confounded face towards her companion.

"Well, you are delicious!" she said, more slowly than she usually spoke.

Rowena reddened with anger. For some reason she did not find it agreeable to be called delicious.

Miss Phillipps seemed to wish she had some kind of a glass with which to examine the girl. At last she became conscious of what she was doing. She withdrew her eyes. She laughed, noiselessly, but with intense enjoyment. She put out her hand and took Rowena's reluctant, cold fingers.

"Do forgive me!" she said, pleadingly. "But what can I do before one who finds Browning 'real easy?' What have you read of his?"

Rowena told her, stiffly.

Miss Phillipps suddenly became warmly caressing, and the girl's anger melted before that manner.

"I always think of what Jo Gargery said about reading, 'When you do come to a J and a o, how interestin' readin' is!' When you do understand Browning, he is divine. And what should we do here in Borston without him? We can have a go at Psychic Research, Christian Science, and no end of things; you think you can see your way into them, but there 's always Browning. No, we could n't get along here without him. Mr. Herndon said at our last meeting that he did n't think life would be worth living when he was once convinced that he understood 'Sordello.' There would be no object. I don't feel precisely like that, but still—"

Miss Phillipps's gaze came back from what she would have called "the all-where," and rested on Rowena for a moment in silence. Her next remark was so unexpected that the girl felt helpless before it.

"I have the dearest little seal-skin jacket," said she. Then she added, "But it does n't fit me across the shoulders."

As she spoke her eyes rested on Rowena's shoulders in an interrogative manner. She went on. "How did you get a dress to look like that? It is really chic. That must be a miraculous country from which you came. Who is your dress-maker?"

Rowena laughed.

"Marthy S. is the dress-maker in our deestrict," she answered, with a drawl. "She can cut coats and pantaloons, too. She 's bound to git a fit."

The girl laughed again, and then grew suddenly sober, as the picture of the lonely, snow-covered fields, the narrow sleigh-track, the melancholy houses, came vividly to her mind.

As for Miss Phillipps, she felt as if she had an entirely new specimen of humanity before her; and she exulted accordingly. This was not her idea of a country girl at all; and yet she was keen enough to take in, as if it were a delightful odor, the innocence, the utterly unsophisticated nature with which she was now in contact. She also felt that she had discovered Rowena, and she had a pleasing and decided consciousness that, so far as the girl proved interesting, she was in some sense not only the discoverer, but the author, the proprietor.

"Marthy S. not only got a fit, she got more — an air — in this instance," said Miss Phillipps. "She ought to come to Borston. If there is anything Borston needs it is style. She has brains enough. If we can only combine brains and style, we shall have the most delightful result in the world. Now I know a New York woman if I only catch a glimpse of the hem of her gown; there 's a something about that hem that tells the whole story. But the chances are that the owner of the gown has never heard of Madame Blavatsky, or if she has, she thinks madame is some kind of a milliner."

Miss Phillipps resumed her lounging position in the very unadaptable chair furnished by Mrs. Jarvis to her top-story lodgers.

Rowena blushed as she said that she did not employ Marthy S.; she cut and made her own dresses. She found she had kind of a knack, and so she had saved some money that way.

"Oh," said the other, "it is what you call a knack, is it? And that soft hat you wear? Is that a knack, too?"

"I guess 't is. Do you like it?" timidly.

"I adore it."

There was silence after this. There was a somewhat beatified expression on the elder woman's face as she rested her head on the back of her chair. Perhaps she explained this by saying, presently, with a deep drawn breath: —

"I knew I should like your atmosphere."

Rowena had never had her atmosphere praised by any one else, and she felt somewhat confused. She did not attempt any response.

In a moment Miss Phillipps said: —

"Did I mention my seal-skin jacket?"

"Yes," responded Rowena, wonderingly. She even thought there was some embarrassment now in her guest's manner.

"May I show it to you?"

"Why, of course," still more wonderingly.

Miss Phillipps rose.

"How do you ring here?"

"We don't ring; we go out in the hall and scream down the stair-way. It is like calling down a well, for nobody hears."

"I certainly should n't scream down this stairway just for amusement."

Rowena had opened the door, and the two stood in the gloom of the upper hall. Miss Phillipps thought she could feel her garments becoming saturated with the combined odors of the place. She wondered what her lungs thought of the air, and how long they would take it in before, in the language of the day, "they went on strike?"

"Where is the jacket?" asked Rowena, innocently.

"In a box in the carriage. Can't you get a servant to go out and get it?"

The girl disappeared down the stairs. The lady left standing there felt a sense of unreasonable disappointment at Rowena's alacrity; and when the girl came back with the box in her hand and a sprinkling of storm on her face and hair, Miss Phillipps was suddenly very cold indeed in her manner.

Rowena felt the change instantly. The two entered the room in silence. Miss Phillipps took the jacket from the box. She said it was too loose for her; she had a curiosity to see it on Rowena; and she helped the girl to put it on.

An irrepressible exclamation of pleasure came from Rowena as she saw a portion of herself in the little mirror. Miss Phillipps seemed to stiffen still more.

"Would you like to wear it?" she asked, icily.

Rowena turned towards her with a radiant face.

"I would like to wear one like it," she said, eagerly; "it fits exactly."

She seemed loath to take it off.

"It will give me pleasure if you will wear this one," remarked Miss Phillipps, in a stately manner.

It was now Rowena's turn to stiffen. She removed the garment and laid it on the bed.

It was odd that Miss Phillipps should look relieved. She

had brought the jacket expressly that she might give it to this girl.

"Will you not oblige me?" she asked. There was something almost dramatic in the way in which Rowena turned to her companion.

"You meant it as a present?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"Thank you very much. I am sorry you thought that way of me. I have — a shawl — " here the proud young voice began to tremble. "I know it is n't pretty, but it keeps me warm, and I've got to wear it. I shan't take your jacket. I do wish you had n't offered it to me. I do wish — "

Here the voice stopped altogether. Rowena stood very straight. But she hung her head.

Miss Phillipps put her hands behind her. She seemed to put them there to be sure that they should not touch Rowena. It was plainly no time to touch her now.

"The moths will eat the jacket," said she smiling.

"Let them," responded the other, still with her head down.

"But I also am not without New England thrift; I hate to see things destroyed."

No answer. Rowena gave a side glance at the jacket. Then she turned her back more decidedly upon it.

"What if I should leave it here while you think about it?" suggested Miss Phillipps. "Where is the disgrace in your acting as a sort of package of camphor and tobacco in regard to this fur jacket? Consider yourself merely as an animated anti-moth packet."

"No."

A deep sigh followed this monosyllable.

Miss Phillipps's spirits were rapidly rising.

"Why not oblige me?"

But Rowena did not feel that she could command her voice sufficiently to try to say anything.

The owner of the garment now rapidly returned it to the box. The odor of camphor was very strong in the little room.

Miss Phillipps went close to the girl. She looked at her a moment in silence, and the high-bred, somewhat mocking face softened a good deal.

"Since you will not wear that, will you do something else for me?"

Rowena lifted her eyes to the face before her. She clasped her hands and said, fervently: —

"Oh yes!"

"Will you join our new Browning Club?"

The moment she made this request Miss Phillipps did not know how she was going to live up to it; but she would not be so weak as to withdraw it.

Rowena's first emotion was one of thankfulness that she could know something further of the man who wrote "One Word More." So she said "Yes," with effusion.

But when her visitor was gone and she sat alone, and the wind and sleet beat on the window, she wondered at herself that she had obeyed any such impulse. Of course she could not go. She wished she had never seen Miss Phillipps. It was horrible to have a glimpse of lovely things. No, she would not go. What a wretch she must be, that she could not help thinking of that jacket! She found it so difficult to put it out of her mind that she resorted to the desperate remedy of going down into the parlor to see Mrs. Jarvis.

The supper hour was long since over. She was greatly astonished to find Ferdinand Foster and three or four girls engaged in shrill laughter. Mrs. Jarvis was not there. Rowena made a quick backward movement and would have retreated up the stairs, but one of the girls ran forward and caught her hand, crying out in the sharp voice that one hears so much in the east wind here — perhaps it is the east wind which makes the voice: —

"Now don't you go to runnin' right away, 's if you was too good to stay here. Lemme introduce ye to the rest. We 've got an off night. 'T was so horrid stormy we finally concluded to stay here 'n' try high jinks in this old parlor. Mr. Foster got Mrs. Jarvis to say we might have the room. I 'm sure I d' know what we should do without Mr. Foster. There ain't hardly any gentlemun that 's ever at leisure. They 're jest bound up in business. We ladies have to git along with precious little of gentlemun's society. I tell the other ladies I guess I shall go West. They say ladies are so scarce out there that the gentlemun crowd up to the deepo when the trains come in, and jest pop the question as the ladies step out the cars. So you see they 're engaged before they leave the deepo. Now that 's what I call an interestin' country to live in. What 's Borston to that?"

Shrieks of laughter greeted these words, which were so rapidly spoken that they almost seemed one long word of many

syllables. Rowena could not help laughing, though she felt shy and indefinably disgusted. She reproved herself for being disgusted. These were working-girls. She was a working-girl herself.

She was introduced quickly by the girl who had appointed herself her guide, and who was attired in a black dress so tight that it was only by a constantly renewed miracle she could breathe. She had a small face, that made Rowena think of a weasel her father had caught in a trap set near a chicken-coop. She gave the country girl an impression that she would say something decidedly vulgar the next time she opened her lips, and she was continually opening her lips. But there was a kind of good-humor about her which prevented Rowena from positively hating her.

One of the company patronizingly asked if Rowena were learning to color photographs, and if she were going to be paid by the hour or the piece, advising strongly that she try to be paid by the piece. She herself had tried the "touching-up business," as she called it. She had tried 'most everything. She was now in R. H. Black's dry-goods. She 'd about as lives be a saleslady 's anything. If you felt cross you could snub folks no end.

Here some one across the room, who had been examining the speaker with the greatest interest, suddenly shouted: —

"Mattie, seems to me you 've been trimming your bangs, ain't you?"

The girl who had been talking with Rowena quickly put her hand to her forehead.

"No, I ain't trimmed um; I ain't combed um half out. I was kind of saving um; I did n't know but somebody might ask me to the theatre to-night."

Here she gave such a look at young Foster that there was another universal shriek of laughter. Some one clapped her hands and cried: —

"That 's right! Give it to him!"

Foster looked irritated. He had looked so ever since Rowena's entrance. He did not come near her, but he appeared to find it difficult to keep his eyes from her face.

He was standing by the mantel in front of the register. His face was almost sulky. His hands were thrust far down in his pockets. He was wondering what kind of an ass Miss Tuttle would think he was. Perhaps she would not think of him at all; that would be worse still.

"Ain't there no other gentlemun coming?" asked a new voice. "I thought you said you had two friends that were coming to-night, Mr. Foster. I might just as well have stayed in my own room and had a nap."

Again every one laughed. There were peals of laughter apparently every time anybody spoke. Mr. Foster grinned. He replied that perhaps his friends had found a place where the girls were prettier.

In the hilarity excited by this remark the door-bell rang violently. The girl who had welcomed Rowena ran to open it. She admitted two young men in rough ulsters with the great collars turned up above their ears. A burst of laughter immediately filled the narrow hall.

Mr. Foster remained in the parlor. He turned towards Rowena, who was looking on in a kind of benumbed attention.

"I s'pose you think we 're a set of wild beasts, don't you, Miss Tuttle?"

She smiled at her questioner. He appeared so depressed that she wished to cheer him. And it was quite remarkable how much cheered he was immediately.

"Only wild beasts don't laugh," she said.

He laughed now so delightedly that she was surprised. He became animated.

"A set of idiots, then," he said. "But we 're really rather of a good sort, only not deep, you know. Don't you go and run away from us. We ain't going to have a sea-ants. Major Stanger won't be here. My aunt 's got a sea-ants up on Harrison Avenoo to-night, and I guess the major 'll be there. Anyway, he won't be here. Do stay; we fellows have ordered some oysters 'n' ice-cream to be brought in about ten. I wanted awfully to ask you, but I could n't get a glimpse of you, for all I 've tried so hard. I thought my aunt would have called on you before this. She was quite taken with you. She said" — here young Foster stopped to laugh again — "she said she thought you 'd develop into the best medyum there was in Borston. And that is saying a good deal, for Borston is just stuffed with medyums. What ain't Christian Scientists and Buddhists, and all that, don't you know, are medyums. You 've got to be one or the other if you live here. Which shall you choose?"

Ferd Foster's appearance had become so cheerful, not to say happy, that he did not look like the same youth Rowena had

seen when she first came downstairs that evening. She did not say she would stay, but she lingered until the oysters and cream were brought in from a "caperer's" on Washington Street. This was Foster's joke, and it was laughed at with an abandon that renewed itself and began afresh; and when Foster said gravely that he knew they'd find the oysters good, for he was very particular as to who capered to him, the girl with the wasp waist went into such convulsions of laughter that Rowena was really alarmed. She had known one girl at home who, in the neighborhood parties, had become celebrated as a "trainer," but secretly Rowena was convinced that this Miss Martin was the greatest trainer she had ever seen.

It was after eleven o'clock before the salesladies went to their lodging-rooms. These rooms were close by. Poor, little, chilly rooms they were, too. The young men walked away with them. Rowena could still hear them training, as they went along the narrow sidewalk; their piercing laughter came back to her on the cold air.

Mrs. Jarvis came out of the back parlor, where she had just pulled out her folding-bed and spread the sheets on it. She looked so weary that again Rowena helped her "trig up" the parlor.

The landlady did not seem to think there had been any unusual noise. She made the startling remark that young folks would be young folks, and she s'posed they must take their good times when they could get 'em.

I hope no one will think any the less of Rowena if I record that the last clear image in her mind before she fell asleep was the image of herself in that seal-skin jacket.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Pope, Alexander, a famous English poet; born at London, May 21, 1688; died at Twickenham, on the Thames, May 30, 1744. He early manifested unusual capacity, especially in versifying. His "Ode on Solitude" was written before he had reached the age of twelve. Before he had reached the age of sixteen he had come to be known among the literati as a poet of genius. His first considerable work, "The Pastorals," was published when he was twenty-one, but was probably written some years earlier. His "Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue," first appeared in 1712 in Addison's "Spectator." In 1714 he issued proposals for publishing a translation of the "Iliad" in six volumes. The first volume appeared in 1715, the last in 1720. His later days were mainly devoted to the preparation of a complete edition of his works, of which, however, he lived only to supervise the "Essay on Criticism," the "Essay on Man," and "The Dunciad." He was buried at Twickenham. The following is a list of Pope's principal works, with the approximate date of their composition: "The Pastorals" (1709); "Essay on Criticism" (1711); "The Messiah" (1712); "The Rape of the Lock" (1714); translation of the "Iliad" (1715–18); "Epistle of Eloise to Abelard" (1717); edition of Shakespeare (1725); translation of the "Odyssey" (1726); "The Dunciad" (1728, but considerably modified and much enlarged in 1742); "Epistle to the Earl of Burlington" (1731); "Of the Use of Riches" (1732); "Essay on Man" (1733); "Imitations of Horace" (1733–38); "Epistle to Lord Cobham" (1733); "Epistle to Arbuthnot" (1735).

From the "Essay on Criticism."

'T is hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

A fool might once himself alone expose:
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'T is with our judgments as our watches, — none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share:
Both must alike from heaven derive their light, —
These born to judge as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
  Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill coloring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools;
In search of wit these lose their common-sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence;
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or a eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write. . . .
  Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, — the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful pride.
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind;
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense:
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend — and every foe.
  A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthened way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults one quiet tenor keep,
We cannot blame indeed — but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'T is not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise, —
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length, appear:
The whole at once is bold and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors must the less commit, —
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays;
For not to know some trifles is a praise.

Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice. . . .
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing 's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dressed, —
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still, — The style is excellent;
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spread on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey, —
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court. . . .
But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse, though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire,
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) "with sleep;"
Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

. . . . . .

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'T is not enough no harshness gives offence:
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

. . . . . .

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of author's names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men. . .
The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft the learned by being singular:
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used, —
This hour she 's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. . . .

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings:
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gayly blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy:
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please:
'T is what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 't is hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning, too, commence its foe!
Of old those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavored well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus's lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost!
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive — divine. . . .

'T is not enough your counsel still be true:
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved. . . .

'T is best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.

What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
E'en to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 't is true
There are as mad abandoned critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learnèd lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's "Fables" down to Durfey's "Tales."
With him most authors steal their works, or buy:
Garth did not write his own "Dispensary."
Name a new play and he 's the poet's friend;
Nay, showed his faults, but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to altars, there they 'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

The Game of Cards.

(From "The Rape of the Lock.")

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.
  Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court:
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes:
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand;
And particolored troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears:
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed;
The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
And mowed down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye:
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered State)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen;
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected and too soon elate.
Sudden these honors shall be snatched away,
And cursed forever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide;

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 't is too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus's injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear:
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought:
As, on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' enclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again),
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.

Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine"
(The victor cried): "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!"
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

From the "Essay on Man."

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun,
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas! what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

Two principles in human nature reign,
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all;
And to their proper operation still
Ascribe all good, to their improper — ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man but for that no action could attend,
And but for this were active to no end;
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot;
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention habit and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.
Modes of self-love the passions we may call
'T is real good or seeming moves them all.
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those that imparted court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 't is fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:

These 't is enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man can man destroy?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise;
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses different objects strike;
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion, came;
Each vital humor, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this in body and in soul;
Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
As the mind opens and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As Heaven's bless'd beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, though to lawful sway
In this weak queen some favorite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:

So when small humors gathers to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'T is hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 't is follow'd, e'en at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.
Th' eternal art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'T is thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind.
As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear,
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger zeal and fortitude supply;
E'en avarice prudence, sloth philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue male or female can we name,
But what will grow on pride or grow on shame.
Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? — the God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'T is to mistake them costs the time and pain.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north?—at York 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland at the Orcades; and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbor further gone than he;
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And e'en the best by fits what they despise.
'T is but by parts we follow good or ill;
For vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice;
That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind!
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,

Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests to resign;
Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more:
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king,
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd, the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend;
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days,
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride.
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain:
E'en mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess one comfort still must rise;
'T is this, — Though man 's a fool yet God is wise.

JANE PORTER.

PORTER, JANE, an English novelist; born at Durham in 1779; died at Bristol, May 24, 1850. She wrote several novels, two of which, "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803) and "The Scottish Chiefs" (1810), had a high reputation in their day, and are still read. They may properly be considered as the beginning of the English "historical novels."

THE THAMES.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

ON the evening of the fourteenth day from the one in which Helen had embarked, the little ship of Dundee entered upon the bright bosom of the Nore. While she sat on the deck watching the progress of the vessel with an eager spirit, which would gladly have taken wings to have flown to the object of her voyage, she first saw the majestic waters of the Thames. But it was a tyrannous flood to her, and she marked not the diverging shores crowned with palaces; her eyes looked over every stately dome to seek the black summits of the Tower. At a certain point the captain of the vessel spoke through his trumpet to summon a pilot from the land. In a few minutes he was obeyed. The Englishman took the helm. Helen was inclined on a coil of ropes near him. He entered into conversation with the Norwegian, and she listened in speechless attention to a recital which bound up her every sense in that of hearing. The captain had made some unprincipled jest on the present troubles of Scotland, now his adopted country from his commercial interests, and he added with a laugh, "that he thought any ruler the right one who gave him a free course for traffic." In answer to this remark, and with an observation not very flattering to the Norwegian's estimation of right and wrong, the Englishman mentioned the capture of the once renowned champion of Scotland. Even the enemy who recounted the particulars showed a truth in the recital which shamed the man who had benefited by the patriotism he af-

North, or inside, view of TRAITOR'S GATE,

being the principal entrance of the Tower of London, from the River, and through which, state prisoners of rank and dignity were formerly conveyed to the Tower.

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fected to despise, and for which Sir William Wallace was now likely to shed his blood.

"I was present," continued the pilot, "when the brave Scot was put on the raft, which carried him through the Traitor's Gate into the Tower. His hands and feet were bound with iron: but his head, owing to faintness from the wounds he had received at Lumloch, was so bent down on his breast as he reclined on the float, that I could not then see his face. There was a great pause, for none of us, when he did appear in sight, could shout over the downfall of so merciful a conqueror. Many were spectators of this scene whose lives he had spared on the fields of Scotland; and my brother was amongst them. However, that I might have a distinct view of the man who has so long held our warlike monarch in dread, I went to Westminister Hall on the day appointed for his trial. The great judges of the land, and almost all the lords besides, were there, and a very grand spectacle they made. But when the hall door was opened, and the dauntless prisoner appeared, then it was that I saw true majesty. King Edward on his throne never looked with such a royal air. His very chains seemed given to be graced by him as he moved through the parting crowd with the step of one who had been used to have all his accusers at his feet. Though pale with loss of blood, and his countenance bore traces of the suffering occasioned by the state of his yet unhealed wounds, his head was now erect, and he looked with undisturbed dignity on all around. The Earl of Gloucester, whose life and liberty he had granted at Berwick, sat on the right hand of the Lord Chancellor. Bishop Beck, the Lords de Valence and Soulis, with one Monteith (who it seems was the man that betrayed him into our hands), charged him with high treason against the life of King Edward and the peace of his Majesty's realms of England and Scotland. Grievous were the accusations brought against him, and bitter the revilings with which he was denounced as a traitor too mischievous to deserve any show of mercy. The Earl of Gloucester at last rose indignantly, and in energetic and respectful terms, called on Sir William Wallace by the reverence in which he held the tribunal of future ages, to answer for himself!

"'On this adjuration, brave earl!' replied he, 'I will speak!' Oh! men of Scotland, what a voice was that! In it was all honesty and nobleness! and a murmur arose from some who

feared its power, which Gloucester was obliged to check by exclaiming aloud with a stern voice; 'Silence, while Sir William Wallace answers. Him who disobeys, sergeant-at-arms, take into custody!' A pause succeeded, and the chieftain, with godlike majesty of truth, denied the possibility of being a traitor where he never had owed allegiance. But with a matchless fearlessness, he avowed the facts alleged against him, which told of the havoc he had made of the English on the Scottish plains, and the devastations he had afterward wrought in the lands of England. 'It was a son,' cried he, 'defending the orphans of his father from the steel and rapine of a treacherous friend! It was the sword of restitution gathering on that false friend's fields the harvest he had ravished from theirs!' He spoke more and more nobly — too nobly for them who heard him. They rose to a man to silence what they could not confute; and the sentence of death was pronounced on him — the cruel death of a traitor! The Earl of Gloucester turned pale on his seat, but the countenance of Wallace was unmoved. As he was led forth I followed and saw the young De le Spencer, with several other reprobate gallants of our court, ready to receive him. With shameful mockery they threw laurels on his head, and with torrents of derision told him, it was meet they should so salute the champion of Scotland! Wallace glanced on them a look which spoke pity rather than contempt, and, with a serene countenance, he followed the warden toward the Tower. The hirelings of his accusers loaded him with invectives as he passed along; but the populace who beheld his noble mien, with those individuals who had heard of — while many had felt — his generous virtues, deplored and wept his sentence. To-morrow at sunrise he dies."

Helen's face being overshadowed by the low brim of her hat, the agony of her mind could not have been read in her countenance had the good Southron been sufficiently uninterested in his story to regard the sympathy of others; but as soon as he had uttered the last dreadful words, "To-morrow at sunrise he dies!" she started from her seat; her horror-struck senses apprehended nothing further, and turning to the Norwegian, "Captain," cried she, "I must reach the Tower this night!" "Impossible!" was the reply; "the tide will not take us up till to-morrow at noon." "Then the waves shall!" cried she, and frantically rushing towards the ship's side, she would have thrown herself into the water, had not the pilot caught her arm.

"Boy!" said he, "are you mad? your action, your looks—" "No," interrupted she, wringing her hands; "but in the Tower I must be this night, or—oh! God of mercy, end my misery!" The unutterable anguish of her voice, countenance, and gesture, excited a suspicion in the Englishman that this youth was connected with the Scottish chief; and not choosing to hint his surmise to the unfeeling Norwegian, in a different tone he exhorted Helen to composure, and offered her his own boat, which was then towed at the side of the vessel, to take her to the Tower. Helen grasped the pilot's rough hand, and in a paroxysm of gratitude, pressed it to her lips, then forgetful of her engagements with the insensible man who stood unmoved by his side, sprung into the boat. The Norwegian followed her, and in a threatening tone demanded his hire. She now recollected it, and putting her hand into her vest, gave him the string of pearls which had been her necklace. He was satisfied and the boat pushed off.

The cross, the cherished memorial of her hallowed meeting with Wallace in the chapel of Snawdown, and which always hung suspended on her bosom, was now in her hand pressed close to her heart. The rowers plied their oars, and her eyes, with a gaze as if they would pierce the horizon, looked intently onward, while the men labored through the tide. Even to see the walls which contained Wallace seemed to promise her a degree of comfort she dared hardly hope herself fated to enjoy. At last the awful battlements of England's state prison rose before her. She could not mistake them. "That is the Tower," said one of the rowers. A shriek escaped her, and instantly covering her face with her hands, she tried to shut from her sight those very walls she had so long sought among the clouds. They imprisoned Wallace! He groaned within their confines, and their presence paralyzed her heart.

"Shall I die before I reach thee, Wallace?" was the question her almost flitting soul uttered, as she, trembling, yet with swift steps, ascended the stone stairs which led from the water's edge to the entrance of the Tower. She flew through the different courts to the one in which stood the prison of Wallace. One of the boatmen, being bargeman to the governor of the Tower, as a privileged person, conducted her through every ward till she reached the place of her destination. There she dismissed him, with a ring from her finger as his reward; and passing a body of soldiers, who kept guard before a large porch that led to the dungeons, she entered and found herself in an

immense paved room. A single sentinel stood at the end, near to an iron grating, or small portcullis: there, then, was Wallace! Forgetting her disguise and situation, in the frantic eagerness of her pursuit, she hastily advanced to the man: "Let me pass to Sir William Wallace," cried she, "and treasures shall be your reward." "Whose treasures, my pretty page?" demanded the soldier; "I dare not, were it at the suit of the Countess of Gloucester herself." "Oh!" cried Helen, "for the sake of a greater than any countess in the land, take this jewelled bracelet, and let me pass!"

The man, misapprehending the words of this adjuration, at sight of the diamonds, supposing the page must come from the good queen, no longer demurred. Putting the bracelet into his bosom, he whispered Helen that, as he granted this permission at the risk of his life, she must conceal herself in the interior chamber of the prisoner's dungeon should any person from the warden visit him during their interview. She readily promised this; and he informed her that, when through this door, she must cross two other apartments, the bolts to the entrances of which she must withdraw; and then, at the extremity of a long passage, a door, fastened by a latch, would admit her to Sir William Wallace. With these words, the soldier removed the massy bars, and Helen entered.

The Tower of London.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

Helen's fleet steps carried her in a few minutes through the intervening dungeons to the door which would restore to her eyes the being with whose life her existence seemed blended. The bolts had yielded to her hands. The iron latch now gave way; and the ponderous oak, grating dismally on its hinges, she looked forward, and beheld the object of all her solicitude leaning along a couch. A stone table was before him, at which he seemed writing. He raised his head at the sound. The peace of virtue was in his eyes, and a smile on his lips, as if he had expected some angel visitant.

The first glance of his pale but heavenly countenance struck to the heart of Helen; veneration, anguish, shame, all rushed on her at once. She was in his presence! but how might he turn from consolations he had not sought! The intemperate passion of her step-mother now glared before her: his contempt

of the countess's unsolicited advances appeared ready to be extended to her rash daughter-in-law; and with an irrepressible cry, which seemed to breathe out her life, Helen would have fled, but her failing limbs bent under her, and she fell senseless into the dungeon. Wallace started from his reclining position. He thought his senses must deceive him — and yet the shriek was Lady Helen's. He had heard the same cry on the Pentland Hill; in the chamber of Château Galliard! He arose agitated; he approached the prostrate youth, and bending to the inanimate form, took off the Norman hat; he parted the heavy locks which fell over her brow, and recognized the features of her who alone had ever shared his meditations with his Marion. He sprinkled water on her face and hands; he touched her cheek; it was ashy cold, and the chill struck to his heart. "Helen!" exclaimed he; "Helen, awake! Speak to thy friend!"

Still she was motionless. "Dead!" cried he, with increased emotion. His eye and his heart in a moment discerned and understood the rapid emaciation of those lovely features — now fearing the worst. "Gone so soon!" repeated he: "Gone to tell my Marion that her Wallace comes. Blessed angel!" cried he, clasping her to his breast, with an energy of which he was not aware, "take me, take me with thee!" The pressure, the voice, roused the dormant life of Helen. With a torturing sigh she unsealed her eyes from the death-like load that oppressed them, and found herself in the arms of Wallace.

All her wandering senses, which from the first promulgation of his danger had been kept in a bewildered state, now rallied; and, in recovered sanity, smote her to the soul. Though still overwhelmed with grief at the fate which threatened to tear him from her and life, she now wondered how she could ever have so trampled on the retreating modesty of her nature, as to have brought herself thus into his presence, and in a voice of horror, of despair, believing that she had forever destroyed herself in his opinion, she exclaimed, "Oh, Wallace, how came I here? I am lost — and innocently; but God — the pure God! can read the soul!"

She lay in hopeless misery on his breast, with her eyes again closed, almost unconscious of the support on which she leaned. "Lady Helen," returned he, "was it other than Wallace you sought in these dungeons? I dared to think the Parent we both adore had sent you hither to be His harbinger of consolation!" Recalled to self-possession by the kindness of these

words, Helen turned her head on his bosom, and in a burst of grateful tears, hardly articulated: "And will you not abhor me for this act of madness? But I was not myself. And yet where should I live but at the feet of my benefactor?" The steadfast soul of Wallace was subdued by this language, and the manner of its utterance. It was the disinterested dictates of a pure though agitated spirit, which he now was convinced did most exclusively love him, but with the passion of an angel; and the tears of a sympathy which spoke their kindred natures stole from his eyes as he bent his cheek on her head. She felt them; and rejoicing in such an assurance that she yet possessed his esteem, a blessed calm diffused itself over her mind, and raising herself, with a look of virtuous confidence, she exclaimed, "Then you do understand me, Wallace? You pardon me, this apparent forgetfulness of my sex; and you recognize a true sister in Helen Mar? I may administer to that noble heart till —" she paused, turned deadly pale, and then clasping his hands in both hers, in bitter agony added, "till we meet in heaven!"

"And blissful, dearest saint, will be our union there," replied he, "where soul meets soul, unencumbered of these earthly fetters; and mingles with each other, even as thy tender tear-drops now glide into mine! But there, my Helen, we shall never weep. No heart will be left unsatisfied; no spirit will mourn in unrequited love, for that happy region is the abode of love — of love without the defilements or the disquietudes of mortality, for there it is an everlasting, pure enjoyment. It is a full, diffusive tenderness, which, penetrating all hearts, unites the whole in one spirit of boundless love in the bosom of our God! Who, the source of all love, as John the beloved disciple saith, so loved a lost world, that He sent His only son to redeem it from its sins, and to bring it to eternal blessedness!"

"Ah!" cried Helen, throwing herself on her knees in holy enthusiasm; "join then your prayers with mine, most revered of friends, that I may be admitted into such blessedness! Petition our God to forgive me, and do you forgive me, that I have sometimes envied the love you bear your Marion! But I now love her so entirely, that to be hers and your ministering spirit in Paradise would amply satisfy my soul." "Oh! Helen," cried Wallace, grasping her uplifted hands in his, and clasping them to his heart, "thy soul and Marion's are indeed one, and as one I love ye!"

This unlooked-for declaration almost overpowered Helen in its flood of happiness; and, with a smile, which seemed to picture the very heavens opening before her, she turned her eyes from him to a crucifix which stood on the table, and bowing her head on its pedestal, was lost in the devotion of rapturous gratitude.

At this juncture, when, perhaps, the purest bliss that ever descended on woman's heart now glowed in that of Helen, the Earl of Gloucester entered. His were not visits of consolation, for he knew that his friend, who had built his heroism on the rock of Christianity, did not require the comfortings of any mortal hand. At sight of him Wallace, pointing to the kneeling Helen, beckoned him into the inner cell, where his straw pallet lay; and there, in a low voice, declared who she was, and requested the earl to use his authority to allow her to remain with him to the last.

"After that," said he, "I rely on you, generous Gloucester, to convey safely back to her country a being who seems to have nothing of earth about her but the terrestrial body which enshrines her angelic soul!"

The sound of a voice speaking with Wallace roused Helen from her happy trance. Alarmed that it might be the fatal emissaries of the tyrant, come prematurely to summon him to his last hour, she started on her feet. "Where are you, Wallace?" cried she, looking distractedly around her; "I must be with you even in death!"

Hearing her fearful cry, he hastened into the dungeon, and relieved her immediate terror by naming the Earl of Gloucester, who followed him. The conviction that Wallace was under mortal sentence, which the Heaven-sent impression of his eternal bliss had just almost obliterated, now glared upon her with redoubled horrors. This world again rose before her in the person of Gloucester. It reminded her that she and Wallace were not yet passed into the hereafter, whose anticipated reunion had wrapped her in such sweet elysium. He had yet the bitter cup of death to drink to the dregs; and all of human weakness again writhed in her bosom. "And is there no hope?" faltered she, looking earnestly on the disturbed face of Gloucester, who had bowed with a pitying respect to her as he approached her. And then, while he seemed hesitating for an answer, she more firmly, but more imploringly, resumed, "Oh, let me seek your king! once he was a crusade

prince! The cross was then on his breast; and the love of Him who came to redeem lost man — nay, even His direct enemies — from death unto life, must have been then in your king's heart. Oh, if once there, it can not be wholly extinguished now! Let me, gracious earl, but recall to him that he was then beloved by a queen who to this day is the glory of her sex. On that spot of holy contest she preserved his life from an assassin's poison, by daring the sacrifice of her own! But she lived to bless him, and to be blessed herself! While Sir William Wallace, also a Christian knight, anointed by virtue and his cause, hath only done for his own country and his trampled land what King Edward then did for Christendom in Palestine. And he was roused to the defence by a deed worse than ever infidel inflicted! The wife of his bosom — who had all of angel about her but that of her mortal body — was stabbed by a murderous Southron governor in Scotland, because she would not betray her husband to his desolating brand! I would relate this on my knees to your royal Edward, and call on the spirit of his sainted queen to enforce my suit by the memory of her love and her devotedness."

Helen, who had risen in her energy of speech and supplication, suddenly paused, clasped her hands, and stood with upward eyes, looking as if she beheld the beatified object of her invocation.

"Dearest sister of my soul!" cried Wallace, who had forborne to interrupt her, taking her clasped hands in his, "thy knees shall never bend to any less than to the blessed Lord of all mankind, for me! Did He will my longer pilgrimage on this earth, of which my spirit is already weary, it would not be in the power of any human tyrant to hold me in those bonds. And, for Edward! believe, that not all thy tender eloquence could make one impression, where a long obdurate ambition hath set so deep a seal. I am content to go, my sister! — and angels whisper me" (and his voice became subdued, though still calm, while he added, in a lowerered tone, like that angel whisper) "that thy bridal bed will be in William Wallace's grave!" She spoke not, but at this assurance turned her tearful eyes upon him, with a beam of delight; with such delight, the vestal consigns herself to the cloister; with such delight, the widowed mourner lays her head to rest on the tomb of him she loved. But with such delight none are acquainted who know not what it is to be wedded to the soul of a beloved being, when the

body, which was once its vestment, lies mouldering in the earth.

Gloucester contemplated this chaste union of two spotless hearts, with an admiration almost amounting to devotion. "Noble lady," said he, "the message that I came to impart to Sir William Wallace bears with it a show of hope; and I trust that your gentle spirit will yet be as persuasive, as consolatory. A deputation has just arrived from our border-counties, headed by the good Barons De Hilton and De Blenkinsopp, praying the royal mercy for their gallant foe, who had been most generous to them, they set forth, in their extremity. And the king was listening to them, with what temper I know not, when a private embassy, as opportunely, made its appearance from France, on the same errand; in short, to negotiate with Edward for the safety of our friend, as a prince of that realm. I left the embassadors," continued the earl, turning to Wallace, "in debate with his Majesty; and he has at length granted a suspension — nay, has even promised a repeal — of the horrible injustice that was to be completed to-morrow, if you can be brought to accord with certain proposals, now to be laid before you. Accept them, and Edward will comply with all King Philip's demands in your behalf."

"Then you will accept them!" cried Helen, in a tumult of suspense. The communication of Gloucester had made no change in the equable pulse of Wallace; and he replied, with a look of tender pity upon her animated countenance, "The proposals of Edward are too likely to be snares for that honor which I would bear with me uncontaminated to the grave. Therefore, dearest consoler of my last hours, do not give way to hopes which a greater King than Edward may command me to disappoint." Helen bowed her head in silence. The color again faded from her cheek, and despair once more seized on her heart.

Gloucester resumed; and, after narrating some particulars concerning the conference between the king and the embassadors, he suggested the impracticability of secretly retaining Lady Helen, for any length of time, in the state dungeon. "I dare not," continued he, "be privy to her presence here, and yet conceal it from the king. I know not what messengers he may send to impart his conditions to you; and should she be discovered, Edward, doubly incensed, would tear her from you; and as an accessory, so involve me in his dis-

pleasure that I should be disabled from serving either of you further. Were I so to honor his feelings as a man as to mention it to him, I do not believe that he would oppose her wishes; but how to reveal such a circumstance with any regard to her fair fame, I know not; for all are not sufficiently virtuous to believe her spotless innocence." Helen hastily interrupted Gloucester, and with firmness said: "When I entered these walls the world and I parted forever. The good or the evil opinion of the impure in heart can never affect me; they shall never see me more. The innocent will judge me by themselves, and by the end of my race. I came to minister with a sister's duty to my own and my father's preserver; and while he abides here, I will never consent to leave his feet. When he goes hence, if it be to bless mankind again, I shall find the longest life too short to pour forth all my gratitude; and for that purpose I will dedicate myself in some nunnery of my native land. But should he be taken from a world so unworthy of him, soon, very soon, I shall cease to feel its aspersions in the grave!"

"No aspersions which I can avert, dearest Helen," cried Wallace, "shall ever tarnish the fame of one whose purity can only be transcended by her who is now made perfect in heaven! Consent, noblest of women, to wear for the few days I may yet linger here, a name which thy sister angel has sanctified to me. Give me a legal right to call you mine, and Edward himself will not then dare to divide what God has joined together!"

Helen paused — even her heart seemed to cease its pulsation in the awful moment. Did she hear aright? and was she indeed going to invade the rights of the wife she had so often vowed to regard as the sole object of Wallace's dearest wishes? Oh, no; it was not the lover that shone in his luminous eyes; it was not the mistress that glowed in her bosom. Words might be breathed; but no change would be wrought in the souls of them who were already separated from the earth. With these thoughts Helen turned toward Wallace; she attempted to answer, but the words died on the seraphic smile which beamed upon her lips, and she dropped her head upon his breast.

Gloucester, who saw no other means of insuring to his friend the comfort of her society, was rejoiced at this mutual resolution. He had longed to propose it; but considering the peculiarities of their situation, knew not how to do so without seeming to mock their sensibility and fate. It was now near midnight;

and having read the consent of Helen in the tender emotion which denied her speech, without further delay he quitted the apartment to summon the confessor of the warden to unite their hands.

On his re-entrance he found Helen sitting, dissolved in tears, with her hand clasped in her friend's. The sacred rite was soon performed which endowed her with all the claims upon Wallace which her devoted heart had so long contemplated with resigned hopelessness — to be his helpmate on earth, his partner in the tomb, his dear companion in heaven! With the last benediction she threw herself on her knees before him, and put his hand to her lips in eloquent silence. Gloucester, with a look of kind farewell, withdrew with the priest.

"Thou noble daughter of the noblest Scot!" said Wallace, raising her from the ground, "this bosom is thy place, and not my feet. Long it will not be given me to hold thee here; but even in the hours or years of our separation my spirit will hover near thee, to bear thine to our everlasting home."

The heart of Helen alternately beat violently, and stopped, as if the vital currents were suddenly impeded. Hope and fear agitated her by turns; but clinging to the flattering ideas which the arrival of the embassadors had excited, she timidly breathed a hope that, by the present interference of King Philip, Edward might not be found inexorable.

"Disturb not the holy composure of your soul by such an expectation," returned Wallace; "I know my adversary too well to anticipate his relinquishing the object of his vengeance but at a price more infamous than the most ignoble death. Therefore, best-beloved of all on earth! look for no deliverance for thy Wallace but what passes through the grave; and to me, dearest Helen, its gates are on golden hinges turning; for all is light and bliss which shines on me from within their courts!"

Helen's thoughts, in the idea of his being torn from her, could not wrest themselves from the direful images of his execution: she shuddered, and in faltering accents replied, "Ah! could we glide from sleep into so blessed a death, I would hail it even for thee! But the threatened horrors, should they fall on thy sacred head, will in that hour, I trust, also divorce my soul from this grievous world!"

"Not so, my Helen," returned he, "keep not thy dear eyes forever fixed on the gloomy appendages of death. The scaffold and the grave have naught to do with the immortal soul; it can

not be wounded by the one nor confined by the other. And is not the soul thy full and perfect Wallace? It is that which now speaks to thee — which will cherish thy beloved ideal forever. Lament not, then, how soon this body, its mere apparel, is laid down in the dust. But rejoice still in my existence, which, 'through Him who led captivity captive,' will never know a pause! Comfort then thy heart, my soul's dear sister, and sojourn a little while on this earth, to bear witness for thy Wallace to the friends he loves."

Helen, who felt the import of his words in her heart, gently bowed her head, and he proceeded: —

"As the first who stemmed with me the torrent which, with God's help, we so often laid into a calm, I mention to you my faithful men of Lanark. Many of them bled and died in the contest; and to their orphans, with the children of those who yet survive, I consign all of the world's wealth that yet belongs to William Wallace: Ellerslie and its estates are theirs.[1] To Bruce, my sovereign and my friend — the loved companion of the hour in which I freed you, my Helen, from the arms of violence! to him I bequeath this heart, knit to him by bonds more dear than even loyalty. Bear it to him; and when he is summoned to his heavenly throne, then let his heart and mine fill up one urn. To Lord Ruthven, to Bothwell, to Lockhart, to Scrymgeour, and to Kirkpatrick I give my prayers and blessings."

Here Wallace paused. Helen had listened to him with a holy attention, which hardly allowed a sigh to breathe from her steadfast heart. She spoke; but the voice was scarcely audible. "And what for him who loves you dearer than life — for Edwin? He can not be forgotten!" Wallace started at this: then she was ignorant of the death of that too faithful friend! In a hurrying accent he replied, "Never forgotten! Oh, Helen. I asked for him life; and Heaven gave him long life, even for ever and ever!" Helen's eyes met his with a look of inquiry: "That would mean he is gone before you?" The countenance of Wallace answered her. "Happy Edwin!" cried she, and the tears rained over her cheeks as she bent her head on her arms. Wallace continued: "He laid down his life to preserve mine in the hovel of Lumloch. The false Monteith could get no Scot to lay hands on their true defender; and even the foreign ruffians he brought to the task might have spared the noble boy, but an arrow from the traitor himself pierced his heart. Con-

[1] This bequest of Wallace is a fact.

tention was then no more, and I resigned myself, to follow him."

"What a desert does the world become!" exclaimed Helen; then turning to Wallace with a saint-like smile, she added, "I would hardly now withhold you. You will bear him Helen's love, and tell him how soon I shall be with you. If our Father will not allow my heart to break, in His mercy He may take my soul in the prayers which I shall hourly breathe to Him!" "Thou hast been lent to me as my sweet consolation here, my Helen," replied he; "and the Almighty Dispenser of that comfort will not long banish you from the object of your innocent wishes."

While they thus poured into each other's bosoms the ineffable balm of friendship's purest tenderness, the eyes of Wallace insensibly closed. "Your gentle influence," gently murmured he, "brings that sleep to my eyelids which has not visited them since I first entered these walls. Like my Marion, Helen, thy presence brings healing on its wings." "Sleep, then," replied she, "and Marion's angel spirit will keep watch with mine."

The State Dungeon.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

Though all the furies of the elements seemed let loose to rage around the walls of the dungeon, still Wallace slept in the loud uproar. Calm was within; and the warfare of the world could not disturb the balmy rest into which the angel of peace had steeped his senses. From this profound repose he was awakened by the entrance of Gloucester. Helen had just sunk into a slight slumber; but the first words of the earl aroused her, and rising, she followed her beloved Wallace to his side.

Gloucester put a scroll into the hand of Wallace: — "Sign that," said he, "and you are free. I know not its contents; but the king commissioned me, as a mark of his grace, to be the messenger of your release."

Wallace read the conditions, and the color deepened on his cheek as his eye met each article. "He was to reveal the asylum of Bruce; to forswear Scotland forever; and to take an oath of allegiance to Edward, the seal of which should be the English earldom of Cleveland!" Wallace closed the parchment. "King Edward knows what will be my reply, I need not speak it." "You will accept his terms?" asked the earl.

"Not to insure me a life of ages, with all earthly bliss my portion! I have spoken to these offers before. Read them, my noble friend, and then give him as mine the answer that would be yours." Gloucester obeyed; and while his eyes were bent on the parchment, those of Helen were fixed on her almost worshipped husband; she looked through his beaming countenance into his very soul, and there saw the sublime purpose that consigned his unbending head to the scaffold. When Gloucester had finished, covered with the burning blush of shame, he crushed the disgraceful scroll in his hand, and exclaimed, with honorable vehemence, against the deep duplicity, the deeper cruelty, of his father-in-law, so to mock by base subterfuges the embassy of France and its noble object.

"This is the morning in which I was to have met my fate!" replied Wallace. "Tell this tyrant of the earth, that I am even now ready to receive the last stroke of his injustice. In the peaceful grave, my Helen," added he, turning to her, who sat pale and aghast, "I shall be beyond his power!" Gloucester walked the room in great disturbance of mind, while Wallace continued, in a lowered tone, to recall some perception of his own consolations to the abstracted and soul-struck Helen. The earl stopped suddenly before them: "That the king did not expect your acquiescence without some hesitation, I can not doubt, for when I informed him the Lady Helen Mar, now your wife, was the sharer of your prison, he started, and told me, that should you still oppose yourself to his conditions, I must bring her to him: who might, perhaps, be the means of persuading you to receive his mercy."

"Never!" replied Wallace; "I reject what he calls mercy. He has no rights of judgment over me, and his pretended mercy is an assumption which, as a true Scot, I despise. He may rifle me of my life, but he shall never beguile me into any acknowledgement of an authority that is false. No wife, nor aught of mine, shall ever stand before him as a suppliant for William Wallace. I will die as I have lived, the equal of Edward in all things but a crown, and his superior in being true to the glory of prince or peasant — unblemished honor!"

Finding the Scottish chief not to be shaken in this determination, Gloucester, humbled to the soul by the base tyranny of his royal father-in-law, soon after withdrew, to acquaint that haughty monarch with the ill success of his embassy. But ere noon had turned, he reappeared, with a countenance declarative

of some distressing errand. He found Helen awakened to the full perception of all her pending evils — that she was on the eve of losing forever the object dearest to her in this world! and though she wept not, though she listened to the lord of all her wishes with smiles of holy approval, her heart bled within; and, with a welcome which enforced his consolatory arguments, she hailed her own inwardly foreboding mortal pains.

"I come," said Gloucester, "not to urge you to send Lady Helen as a suitor to King Edward, but to spare her the misery of being separated from you while life is yours." He then said that the French embassadors were kept in ignorance of the conditions which were offered to the object of their mission; and on being informed that he had refused them, they showed themselves so little satisfied with the sincerity of what had been done, that Edward thought it expedient to conciliate Philip by taking some pains to dislodge their suspicions. To this effect he proposed to the French lords sending his final propositions to Sir William Wallace by that chieftain's wife, who he found was then his companion in the Tower. "On my intimating," continued the earl, "that I feared she would be unable to appear before him, his answer was, 'Let her see to that; such a refusal shall be answered by an immediate separation from her husband.'"

"Let me, in this demand," cried she, turning with collected firmness to Wallace, "satisfy the will of Edward. It is only to purchase my continuance with you. Trust me, noblest of men; I should be unworthy of the name you have given me could I sully it in my person by one debasing word or action to the author of all our ills!" "Ah! my Helen," said he, "what is it you ask? Am I to live to see a repetition of the horrors of Ellerslie?" "No, on my life," answered Gloucester; "in this instance I would pledge my soul for King Edward's manhood. His ambition might lead him to trample on all men; but still for woman he feels as becomes a man and a knight."

Helen renewed her supplications; and Wallace (aware that should he withhold her attendance, his implacable adversary, however he might spare her personal injury, would not forbear wounding her to the soul by tearing her from him) gave an unwilling consent to what might seem a submission on his part to an authority he had shed his blood to oppose. "But not in these garments," said he; "she must be habited as becomes her sex and her own delicacy."

Anticipating this propriety, Gloucester had imparted the circumstance to his countess, and she had sent a casket, which the earl himself now brought in from the passage. Helen retired to the inner cell, and hastily arranging herself in the first suit that presented itself, reappeared in female apparel, and wrapped in a long veil. As Gloucester took her hand to lead her forth, Wallace clasped the other in his, "Remember, my Helen," cried he, "that on no terms but untrammelled freedom of soul will your Wallace accept of life. This will not be granted by the man to whom you go; there speak and act in his presence as if I were already beyond the skies."

Had this faithful friend, now his almost adoring wife, left his side with more sanguine hopes, how grievously would they have been blasted!

After an absence of two hours, she returned to the dungeon of Wallace; and as her trembling form was clasped in his arms, she exclaimed, in a passion of tears, "Here will I live, here will I die! They may sever my soul from my body, but never again part me from this dear bosom!"

"Never, never, my Helen!" said he, reading her conference with the king in the wild terror of its effects. Her senses seemed fearfully disordered. While she clung to him, and muttered sentences of an incoherency that shook him to the soul, he cast a look of such expressive inquiry upon Gloucester, that the earl could only answer by hastily putting his hand on his face to hide his emotion. At last, the tears she shed appeared to relieve the excess of her agonies, and she gradually sank into an awful calm. Then rising from her husband's arms, she seated herself on his stone couch, and said in a firm voice, "Earl, I can now bear to hear you repeat the last decision of the King of England."

Though not absolutely present at the interview between his sovereign and Lady Helen, from the anteroom Gloucester had heard all that had passed, and he now briefly confessed to Wallace, that he had too truly appreciated the pretended conciliation of the king. Edward's proposals to Helen were as artfully couched as deceptive in their design. Their issue was to make Wallace his slave, or to hold him his victim. In his conference with her, he addressed the vanity of an ambitious woman; then, all the affections of a devoted heart: he enforced his arguments with persuasions to allure, and threats to compel obedience. In the last he called up every image to appall the soul of

Helen; but, steadfast in the principles of her lord, while ready to sink under the menaced horrors of his fate, she summoned all her strength to give utterance to her last reply.

"Mortal distinctions, King of England!" cried she, "can not bribe the wife of Sir William Wallace to betray his virtues. His life is dear to me, but his immaculate faith to his God and his lawful prince are dearer. I can see him die and live — for I shall join him triumphant in heaven, but to behold him dishonor himself, to counsel him so to do, is beyond my power — I should expire with grief in the shameful moment!"

The indignation of the king at this answer was too oppressive of the tender nature of Lady Wallace for Gloucester to venture repeating it to her husband; and, while she turned deadly pale at the recollection, Wallace, exulting in her conduct, pressed her hand silently but fervently to his lips.

The earl resumed, but, observing the reawakened agonies of her mind in her too expressive countenance, he strove to soften the blow he must inflict in the remainder of his narrative.

"Dearest lady," said he, rather addressing her than Wallace, "to convince your suffering spirit that no earthly means have been left unessayed to change the unjust purpose of the king, know that when he quitted you I left in his presence the queen and my wife, both weeping tears of disappointment. On the moment when I found that arguments could no longer avail, I implored him, by every consideration of God and man, to redeem his honor, sacrificed by the unjust decree pronounced on Sir William Wallace. My entreaties were repulsed with anger, for the sudden entrance of Lord Athol with fresh fuel to his flame so confirmed his direful resolution, that, desperate for my friend, I threw myself on my knees. The queen, and then my wife, both prostrate at his feet, enforced my suit, but all in vain; his heart seemed hardened by our earnestness; and his answer, while it put us to silence, granted Wallace a triumph even in his dungeon: 'Cease!' cried the king. 'Wallace and I have now come to that issue where one must fall. I shall use my advantage, though I should walk over the necks of half my kindred to accomplish his fate. I can find no security on my throne, no peace in my bed, until I know that he, my direst enemy, is no more.'"

"Sorry am I, generous Gloucester," interrupted Wallace, "that, for my life, you have stooped your knee to one so unworthy of your nobleness. Let, then, his tyranny take its

course. But its shaft will not reach the soul his unkingly spirit hopes to wound. The bitterness of death was passed when I quitted Scotland. And for this body, he may dishonor it, mangle its limbs, but William Wallace may then be far beyond his reach." Gloucester gazed on him, doubting the expression of his countenance. It was calm, but pale even to a marble hue. "Surely," said he, "my unconquered friend will not now be forced to self-violence?" "God forbid!" returned Wallace; "suspect me not of such base vassalage to this poor tabernacle of clay. Did I believe it my Father's will that I should die at every pore I would submit, for so His immaculate Son laid down His life for a rebellious world. And is a servant greater than his master, that I should say, Exempt me from this trial? No! I await His summons, but He strengthens my soul on His breast, that the cord of Edward shall never make my free-born Scottish neck feel its degrading touch." His pale cheek was now luminous with a bright smile as he pressed his swelling heart.

With reawakened horror Helen listened to the words of Wallace, which referred to the last outrage to be committed on his sacred remains. She recalled the corresponding threats of the king, and again losing self-possession, starting wildly up, exclaimed, "And is there no humanity in that ruthless man? Oh!" cried she, tearing her eyes from the beloved form on which it had been such bliss to gaze, "let the sacrifice of my life be offered to this cruel king to save from indignity —" She could add no more, but dropped half lifeless on the arm of Wallace.

Gloucester understood the object of such anguished solicitude, and while Wallace again seated her, he revived her by a protestation, that the clause she so fearfully deprecated had been repealed by Edward. But the good earl blushed as he spoke, for in this instance he said what was not the truth. Far different had been the issue of all his attempts at mitigation. The arrival of Athol from Scotland with advices from the Countess of Strathearn, that Lady Helen Mar had fled southward to raise an insurrection in favor of Wallace, and that Lord Bothwell had gone to France to move Philip to embrace the same cause, gave Edward so apt an excuse for giving full sway to his hatred against the Scottish chief, that he pronounced an order for the immediate and unrestricted execution of his sentence. Artifice to mislead the French embassadors with an idea that he was desirous to accord with their royal master's

wish had been the sole foundation of his proposals to Wallace. And his interview with Lady Helen, though so intemperately conducted, was dictated by the same subtle policy.

When Gloucester found the impossibility of obtaining any further respite from the murderous decree, he attempted to prevail for the remission of the last clause, which ordered that his friend's noble body should be dismembered, and his limbs sent as terrors to rebellion to the four capital fortresses of Scotland. Edward spurned at this petition with even more acrimony than he had done the prayers for his victim's life, and Gloucester, then starting from his knee, in a burst of honest indignation exclaimed, "Oh! king, remember what is done by thee this day. Refusing to give righteous judgment in favor of one who prefers virtue to a crown and life! As insincere, as secret, have been your last conditions with him, but they will be revealed when the great Judge that searcheth all men's hearts shall cause thee to answer for this matter at the dreadful day of universal doom. Thou hast now given sentence on a patriot and a prince, and then shall judgment be given on thee!"

"Dangerous indeed is his rebellious spirit," cried Edward, in almost speechless wrath, "since it affects even the duty of my own house! Gloucester, leave my presence, and on pain of your own death dare not to approach me till I send for you, to see this rebel's head on London Bridge!"

To disappoint the revengeful monarch of at least this object of his malice, Gloucester was now resolved, and imparting his wishes to the warden of the Tower, who was his trusty friend, he laid a plan accordingly.

Helen had believed his declaration to her, and bowed her head in sign that she was satisfied with his zeal. The earl, addressing Wallace, continued, "Could I have purchased thy life, thou preserver of mine, with the forfeiture of all I possess I should have rejoiced in the exchange. But as that may not be, is there aught in the world which I can do to administer to thy wishes?"

"Generous Gloucester!" exclaimed Wallace, "how unwearied has been your friendship! But I shall not tax it much further. I was writing my last wishes when this angel entered my apartment; she will now be the voice of William Wallace to his friends. But still I must make one request to you — one which I trust will not be out of your power. Let this heart,

ever faithful to Scotland, be at least buried in its native country. When I cease to breathe, give it to Helen, and she will mingle it with the sacred dust of those I love. For herself, dear, Gloucester! ah! guard the vestal purity and life of my best beloved! for there are those who, when I am gone, may threaten both."

Gloucester, who knew that, in this apprehension, Wallace meant the Lords Soulis and De Valence, pledged himself for the performance of his first request; and for the second, he assured him he would protect Helen as a sister. But she, regardless of all other evils than that of being severed from her dearest and best friend, exclaimed in bitter sorrow, "Whereever I am, still and forever shall all of Wallace that remains on earth be with me. He gave himself to me and no mortal power shall divide us!"

Gloucester could not reply before the voice of the warden, calling to him that the hour of shutting the gates was arrived, compelled him to bid his friend farewell. He grasped the hand of Wallace with a strong emotion, for he knew that the next time he should meet him would be on the scaffold. During the moments of his parting, Helen, with her hands clasped on her knees, and her eyes bent downward, inwardly and earnestly invoked the Almighty to endow her with fortitude to bear the horrors she was to witness, that she might not, by her agonies, add to the tortures of Wallace.

The cheering voice, that was ever music to her ears, recalled her from this devout abstraction. He laid his hand on hers, and gazing on her with a tender pity, held such sweet discourse with her on the approaching end of all his troubles, of his everlasting happiness, where "all tears are dried away!" that she listened, and wept, and even smiled. "Yes," added he, "a little while, and my virgin bride shall give me her dear embrace in heaven; angels will participate our joy, and my Marion's grateful spirit join the blessed communion! She died to preserve my life; you suffered a living death to maintain my honor! Can I then divide ye, noblest of created beings, in my soul? Take then, my heart's kiss, dear Helen, thy Wallace's last earthly kiss!" She bent toward him, and fixed her lips to his. It was the first time they had met; his parting words still hung on them, and an icy cold ran through all her veins. She felt his heart beat heavily against hers, as he said, "I have not many hours to be with thee, and yet a strange lethargy

overpowers my senses; but I shall speak to thee again!" He looked on her, as he spoke, with such a glance of holy love, that not doubting he was now bidding her, indeed, his last farewell, that he was to pass from this sleep out of the power of man, she pressed his hand without a word, and as he dropped his head back upon his straw pillow, with an awed spirit she saw him sink to profound repose.

Tower Hill.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

Long and silently had she watched his rest. So gentle was his breath, that he scarcely seemed to breathe; and often, during her sad vigils, did she stoop her cheek to feel the respiration which might still bear witness that his outraged spirit was yet fettered to earth. She tremblingly placed her hand on his heart, and still its warm beat spake comfort to hers. The soul of Wallace, as well as his beloved body, was yet clasped in her arms. "The arms of a sister enfold thee," murmured she to herself; "they would gladly bear thee up, to lay thee on the bosom of thy martyred wife; and there, how wouldst thou smile upon and bless me! And shall we not meet so before the throne of Him whose name is Truth?"

The first rays of the dawn shone upon his peaceful face just as the door opened, and a priest appeared. He held in his hands the sacred host, and the golden dove, for performing the rites of the dying. At this sight, the harbinger of a fearful doom, the fortitude of Helen forsook her; and throwing her arms frantically over the sleeping Wallace, she exclaimed, "He is dead! his sacrament is now with the Lord of Mercy!" Her voice awakened Wallace; he started from his position; and Helen, seeing with a wild sort of disappointment that he, whose gliding to death in his sleep she had even so lately deprecated, now, indeed, lived to mount the scaffold, in unutterable horror, fell back with a heavy groan.

Wallace accosted the priest with a reverential welcome; and then turning to Helen, tenderly whispered her, "My Helen! in this moment, of my last on earth, O! engrave on thy heart, that — in the sacred words of the patriarch of Israel — I remember thee, in the kindness of thy youth! in the love of thy desolate espousals to me! when thou camest after me into the wilderness, into a land that thou didst not

know, and comforted me! And, shalt thou not, my soul's bride, be sacred unto our Lord? the Lord of the widow and the orphan! To Him I commit thee; in steadfast faith, that He will never forsake thee! Then, O dearest part of myself, let not the completion of my fate shake your dependence on the only True and Just! Rejoice, that Wallace has been deemed worthy to die for having done his duty. And what is death, my Helen, that we should shun it, even to rebelling against the Lord of Life? Is it not the door which opens to us immortality? and in that blest moment who will regret that he passed through it in the bloom of his years? Come, then, sister of my soul, and share with thy Wallace the last supper of his Lord; the pledge of the happy eternity to which, by His grace, I now ascend!"

Helen, conscience-struck and reawakened to holy confidence by the heavenly composure of his manner, obeyed the impulse of his hand, and they both knelt before the minister of peace. While the sacred rite proceeded, it seemed the indissoluble union of Helen's spirit with that of Wallace: "My life will expire with his!" was her secret response to the venerable man's exhortation to the anticipated passing soul; and when he sealed Wallace with the holy cross, under the last unction, as one who believed herself standing on the brink of eternity, she longed to share also that mark of death. At that moment the dismal toll of a bell sounded from the top of the Tower. The heart of Helen paused. The warden and his train entered. "I will follow him," cried she, starting from her knees, "into the grave itself!"

What was said, what was done, she knew not, till she found herself on the scaffold, upheld by the arm of Gloucester. Wallace stood before her, with his hands bound across and his noble head uncovered. His eyes were turned upward, with a martyr's confidence in the Power he served. A silence, as of some desert waste, reigned throughout the thousands who stood below. The executioner approached to throw the rope over the neck of his victim. At this sight Helen, with a cry that was re-echoed by the compassionate spectators, rushed to his bosom. Wallace, with a mighty strength, burst the bands asunder which confined his arms, and, clasping her to him with a force that seemed to make her touch his very heart, his breast heaved as if his soul were breaking from his outraged tenement; and, while his head sunk on her neck, he exclaimed, in a low and interrupted voice,

"My prayer is heard! Helen! Life's cord is cut by God's own hand! May He preserve my country, and — O! trust from my youth!" — He stopped — he fell; and with the shock, the hastily erected scaffold shook to its foundation. The pause was dreadful.

The executioner approached the prostrate chief. Helen was still locked close in his arms. The man stooped to raise his victim, but the attempt was beyond his strength. In vain he called on him — to Helen — to separate, and cease from delaying the execution of the law; no voice replied, no motion answered his loud remonstrance. Gloucester, with an agitation which hardly allowed him power to speak or move, remembered the words of Wallace, "That the rope of Edward would never sully his animate body!" and, bending to his friend, he spoke; but all was silent there. He raised the chieftain's head, and, looking on his face, found indeed the indisputable stamp of death. "There," cried he, in a burst of grief, and letting it fall again upon the insensible bosom of Helen — "there broke the noblest heart that ever beat in the breast of man!"

The priests, the executioners, crowded round him at this declaration. But, while giving a command in a low tone to the warden, he took the motionless Helen in his arms, and leaving the astonished group round the noble dead, carried her from the scaffold back into the Tower.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH, an English poet; born at London, July 26, 1802; died there, July 15, 1839. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won many prizes for Greek odes and epigrams, and for clever verses in English, and was chief contributor to the "Etonian," a monthly paper. He was called to the bar in 1829, and in 1830 was returned to Parliament. His poetical works were written rather for amusement than as serious efforts. A complete edition of them was issued in 1864, edited by his sister, Lady Young, with a Memoir by Derwent Coleridge. Praed wrote many charades which are among the cleverest in our language.

THE RED FISHERMAN.

THE abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds:
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads;
If he looked to the heaven, 't was not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious priest might the abbot seem,
He had swayed the crosier well;
But what was the theme of the abbot's dream,
The abbot were loath to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seemed bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!

But the abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away
The space of a half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
As ever a Company pumped;
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped:
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy;
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree,
When suddenly rose a dismal tone —
Was it a song, or was it a moan?
"Oh, oh! Oh, oh!
Above, below!

Lightly and brightly they glide and go;
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'T was a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run:
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey clock struck one!
All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be Time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double —
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly —
It seemed not such to the abbot's eye;
Gayly it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within and a chain without;
The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth —
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!

Cold by this was the midnight air;
But the abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain —
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent abbot knew full well
The swelling form, and the steaming smell;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a revelling company —
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork:
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!

Pulling and tugging the fisherman sat;
And the priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.

"A capital stew," the fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The mayor of St. Edmond's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box:
It was a bundle of beautiful things —
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,
That the abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words:

"Smile, lady, smile! — I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile! — I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile! — for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.

"Ah, ah!" said the fisher, in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hooked before;"
And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine;
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!
From top to toe the abbot shook,
As the fisherman armed his golden hook;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die:
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed — he knew not why or how —
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
The abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

The abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs;
He kept the court an hour awake,
And the king himself three quarters:
But ever, from that hour, 't is said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry;
And none but he and the fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

The Belle of the Ball.

Years — years ago — ere yet my dreams
Had been of being wise and witty;
Ere I had done with writing themes,
Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty;
Years, years ago, while all my joys
Were in my fowling-piece and filly;
In short, while I was yet a boy,
I fell in love with Laura Lilly.

I saw her at the County ball;
There when the sound of flute and fiddle
Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
Of hands across and down the middle,
Hers was the subtlest spell by far
Of all that sets young hearts romancing:
She was our queen, our rose, our star;
And when she danced — oh, Heaven, her dancing!

Dark was her hair, her hand was white;
Her voice was exquisitely tender,
Her eyes were full of liquid light;
I never saw a waist so slender;
Her every look, her every smile,
Shot right and left a score of arrows;
I thought 't was Venus from her isle,
I wondered where she'd left her sparrows.

She talk'd of politics or prayers;
  Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
Of daggers or of dancing bears,
  Of battles, or the last new bonnets;
By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
  To me it matter'd not a tittle,
If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
  I might have thought they murmured Little.

Through sunny May, through sultry June,
  I loved her with a love eternal;
I spoke her praises to the moon,
  I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
My mother laughed; I soon found out
  That ancient ladies have no feeling;
My father frown'd; but how should gout
  Find any happiness in kneeling?

She was the daughter of a dean,
  Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
She had one brother just thirteen,
  Whose color was extremely hectic;
Her grandmother, for many a year,
  Had fed the parish with her bounty;
Her second cousin was a peer,
  And lord-lieutenant of the county.

But titles and the three per cents,
  And mortgages, and great relations,
And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
  Oh! what are they to love's sensations?
Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
  Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses;
He cares as little for the stocks,
  As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd; the vale, the wood, the beach,
  Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading;
She botanized; I envied each
  Young blossom in her boudoir fading;
She warbled Handel; it was grand—
  She made the Catalina jealous;
She touch'd the organ; I could stand
  For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories;
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for trimming, Persian stories;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter;
And autographs of Prince Laboo,
And recipes of elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored,
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored,
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laugh'd, and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smil'd on many just for fun —
I knew that there was nothing in it;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute;
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded;
She wrote a charming hand, and oh!
How sweetly all her notes were folded!

Our love was like most other loves —
A little glow, a little shiver;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly Not Yet," upon the river;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows — and then we parted.

We parted — months and years roll'd by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh —
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room belle,
But only Mrs. — Something — Rogers.

Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine.

I heard a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter,
The Old Year went with mourning by —
The New came dancing after!
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear,
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier,
Fling roses on the cradle;
Mutes to wait on the funeral state;
Pages to pour the wine;
A requiem for Twenty-Eight,
And a health to Twenty-Nine!

Alas for human happiness!
Alas for human sorrow!
Our yesterday is nothingness,
What else will be our morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses;
While sages prate and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine;
And the world as it rolled through Twenty-Eight,
Must roll through Twenty-Nine.

Some King will come, in Heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some Thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her;
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine;
And much where we were in Twenty-Eight,
We shall be in Twenty-Nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the Rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation;
And Shiel will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association;

And thought of bayonets and swords
  Will make ex-Chancellors merry;
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords,
  And throats in the County of Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
  On the Cabinet's design;
And just what it did in Twenty-Eight
  It will do in Twenty-Nine.

And the Goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
  And the God of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
  And weddings in St. George's;
And mendicants will sup like Kings,
  And Lords will swear like lackeys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
  And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
  In a dialect all divine;
Alas! they married in Twenty-Eight,
  They will part in Twenty-Nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
  And talk of his oils and blubbers;
My aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,
  And rather longer rubbers;
My cousin in Parliament will prove
  How utterly ruined Trade is:
My brother, at Eton, will fall in love
  With half a hundred ladies;
My patron will sate his pride from plate,
  And his thirst from Bordeaux wine:
His nose was red in Twenty-Eight,
  'T will be redder in Twenty-Nine.

And oh! I shall find how, day by day,
  All thoughts and things look older;
How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
  And the heart of Friendship colder;
But still I shall be what I have been,
  Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
  And fond of talking treason;
I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,
  And throw and write my line;
And the woman I worshipped in Twenty-Eight
  I shall worship in Twenty-Nine.

My Partner.

At Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
Of folly and cold water,
I danced, last year, my first quadrille,
With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
When summer's rose is newest;
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
When autumn's sky is bluest;
And well my heart might deem her one
Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels: — "Vivian Grey"
Was positively charming,
And "Almack's" infinitely gay,
And "Frankenstein" alarming;
I said "De Vere" was chastely told,
Thought well of "Herbert Lacy,"
Called Mr. Banim's sketches "bold,"
And Lady Morgan's "racy;"
I vowed the last new thing of Hook's
Was vastly entertaining;
And Laura said — "I dote on books,
Because it's always raining!"

I talked of music's gorgeous fane,
I raved about Rossini,
Hoped Ronzo would come back again,
And criticised Pacini;
I wished the chorus singers dumb,
The trumpets more pacific,
And eulogized Brocard's *a plomb*,
And voted Paul "terrific,"
What cared she for Medea's pride
Or Desdemona's sorrow?
"Alas!" my beauteous listener sighed,
"We *must* have storms to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;
Of ever-boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes, and barren sands,
Vast forests, trackless mountains:

I painted bright Italian skies,
I lauded Persian Roses,
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
And jests for Indian noses;
I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
And Vienna's dread of treason;
And Laura asked me where the glass
Stood at Madrid last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds,
The week before, of scandal;
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
And Jane take up her Handel;
Why Julia walked upon the heath,
With the pale moon above her;
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
And Anne her false lover;
How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
Had crossed the sea together;
My shuddering partner cried — "Oh, Ceil!
How *could* they in such weather?"

Was she a blue? — I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pendant? — I discussed
The toga and the fasces;
A cockney-muse? — I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A saint? — I praised the pious zeal
Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;
A politician? — It was vain
To quote the morning paper;
The horrid phantoms come again,
Rain, hail, and snow, and vapor.

Flat flattery was my only chance,
I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling;
I envied gloves upon her arm,
And shawls upon her shoulder;

And when my worship was most warm,
She "never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday schools,
And sits a horse divinely.
But to be linked for life to her!
The desperate man who tried it
Might marry a barometer,
And hang himself beside it!

CHARADE.

SIR HILARY charged at Agincourt,—
Sooth 't was an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'T is said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

My *First* to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My *Next* with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

Prescott, William Hickling, an American historian; born at Salem, Mass., May 4, 1796; died at Boston, January 28, 1859. He was graduated at Harvard in 1814; but in the last year of his college life a fellow-student playfully threw a crust of bread at him, striking one of his eyes, which was rendered almost sightless. Inflammation set in in the other eye, resulting in almost total loss of vision, so that practically for nearly all the remainder of his life his eyes were of little use in reading or writing. In 1819 he resolved to devote the next ten years to the study of ancient and modern literature, and the ensuing ten years to the composition of a history. His studies in literature led to the publication of several essays in the "North American Review," which were in 1845 collected into a couple of volumes entitled "Miscellanies." The history of the "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," after fully ten years of continuous labor, was published in 1838. The next six years were devoted to the "History of the Conquest of Mexico" (1843), and the four subsequent years to the "History of the Conquest of Peru" (1847). After a visit to Europe, he set himself to writing the history of the "Reign of Philip II. of Spain." Of this work Volumes I. and II. appeared in 1855, and Volume III. in 1858. The work was to have consisted of six volumes, but the remaining three were never written. — A revised edition of Prescott's Works, edited by John Foster Kirk, was published in 1875.

Siege and Surrender of the City of Granada.

(From "Ferdinand and Isabella.")

In the spring of 1490, ambassadors arrived from Lisbon for the purpose of carrying into effect the treaty of marriage, which had been arranged between Alonso, heir of the Portuguese monarchy, and Isabella, infanta of Castile. An alliance with this kingdom, which from its contiguity possessed such ready means of annoyance to Castile, and which had shown such willingness to employ them in enforcing the pretensions

of Joanna Beltraneja, was an object of importance to Ferdinand and Isabella. No inferior consideration could have reconciled the queen to a separation from this beloved daughter, her eldest child, whose gentle and uncommonly amiable disposition seems to have endeared her beyond their other children to her parents.

The ceremony of the affiancing took place at Seville, in the month of April, Don Fernando de Silveira appearing as the representative of the prince of Portugal; and it was followed by a succession of spendid *fêtes* and tourneys. Lists were enclosed, at some distance from the city on the shores of the Guadalquivir, and surrounded with galleries hung with silk and cloth of gold, and protected from the noontide heat by canopies or awnings, richly embroidered with the armorial bearings of the ancient houses of Castile. The spectacle was graced by all the rank and beauty of the court, with the infanta Isabella in the midst, attended by seventy noble ladies, and a hundred pages of the royal household. The cavaliers of Spain, young and old, thronged to the tournament, as eager to win laurels on the mimic theatre of war, in the presence of so brilliant an assemblage, as they had shown themselves in the sterner contests with the Moors. King Ferdinand, who broke several lances on the occasion, was among the most distinguished of the combatants for personal dexterity and horsemanship. The martial exercises of the day were relieved by the more effeminate recreations of dancing and music in the evening; and every one seemed willing to welcome the season of hilarity, after the long-protracted fatigues of war.

In the following autumn, the infanta was escorted into Portugal by the cardinal of Spain, the grand master of St. James, and a numerous and magnificent retinue. Her dowry exceeded that usually assigned to the infantas of Castile, by five hundred marks of gold and a thousand of silver; and her wardrobe was estimated at one hundred and twenty thousand gold florins. The contemporary chroniclers dwell with much complacency on these evidences of the stateliness and splendor of the Castilian court. Unfortunately, these fair auspices were destined to be clouded too soon by the death of the prince, her husband.

No sooner had the campaign of the preceding year been brought to a close, than Ferdinand and Isabella sent an embassy to the king of Granada, requiring a surrender of his

capital, conformably to his stipulations at Loja, which guaranteed this, on the capitulation of Baza, Almeria, and Guadix. That time had now arrived; King Abdallah, however, excused himself from obeying the summons of the Spanish sovereigns, replying that he was no longer his own master, and that, although he had all the inclination to keep his engagements, he was prevented by the inhabitants of the city, now swollen much beyond its natural population, who resolutely insisted on its defence.

It is not probable that the Moorish king did any great violence to his feelings, in this evasion of a promise extorted from him in captivity. At least, it would seem so from the hostile movements which immediately succeeded. The people of Granada resumed all at once their ancient activity, foraying into the Christian territories, surprising Alhendin and some other places of less importance, and stirring up the spirit of revolt in Guadix and other conquered cities. Granada, which had slept through the heat of the struggle, seemed to revive at the very moment when exertion became hopeless.

Ferdinand was not slow in retaliating these acts of aggression. In the spring of 1490, he marched with a strong force into the cultivated plain of Granada, sweeping off, as usual, the crops and cattle and rolling the tide of devastation up to the very walls of the city. In this campaign he conferred the honor of knighthood on his son, prince John, then only twelve years of age, whom he had brought with him, after the ancient usage of the Castilian nobles, of training up their children from very tender years in the Moorish wars. The ceremony was performed on the banks of the grand canal under the battlements almost of the beleaguered city. The dukes of Cadiz and Medina Sidonia were prince John's sponsors; and, after the completion of the ceremony, the new knight conferred the honors of chivalry in like manner on several of his young companions in arms.

In the following autumn, Ferdinand repeated his ravages in the vega, and, at the same time appearing before the disaffected city of Guadix with a force large enough to awe it into submission, proposed an immediate investigation of the conspiracy. He promised to inflict summary justice on all who had been in any degree concerned in it; at the same time offering permission to the inhabitants, in the abundance of his clemency, to depart with all their personal effects wherever

they would, provided they should prefer this to a judicial investigation of their conduct. This politic proffer had its effect. There were few, if any of the citizens, who had not been either directly concerned in the conspiracy, or privy to it. With one accord, therefore, they preferred exile to trusting to the tender mercies of their judges. In this way, says the Curate of Los Palacios, by the mystery of our Lord, was the ancient city of Guadix brought again within the Christian fold; the mosques converted into Christian temples, filled with the harmonies of Catholic worship, and the pleasant places, which for nearly eight centuries had been trampled under the foot of the infidel, were once more restored to the followers of the Cross.

A similar policy produced similar results in the cities of Almeria and Baza, whose inhabitants, evacuating their ancient homes, transported themselves, with such personal effects as they could carry, to the city of Granada, or the coast of Africa. The space thus opened by the fugitive population was quickly filled by the rushing tide of Spaniards.

It is impossible at this day, to contemplate these events with the triumphant swell of exultation, with which they are recorded by contemporary chroniclers. That the Moors were guilty (though not so generally as pretended) of the alleged conspiracy, is not in itself improbable, and is corroborated indeed by the Arabic statements. But the punishment was altogether disproportionate to the offence. Justice might surely have been satisfied by a selection of the authors and principal agents of the meditated insurrection; — for no overt act appears to have occurred. But avarice was too strong for justice; and this act, which is in perfect conformity to the policy systematically pursued by the Spanish crown for more than a century afterward, may be considered as one of the first links in the long chain of persecution, which terminated in the expulsion of the Moriscoes.

During the following year, 1491, a circumstance occurred illustrative of the policy of the present government in reference to ecclesiastical matters. The chancery of Valladolid having appealed to the pope in a case coming within its own exclusive jurisdiction, the queen commanded Alonso de Valdivieso, bishop of Leon, the president of the court, together with all the auditors, to be removed from their respective offices, which she delivered to a new board, having the bishop of Oviedo at

its head. This is one among many examples of the constancy with which Isabella, notwithstanding her reverence for religion, and respect for its ministers, refused to compromise the national independence by recognizing in any degree the usurpations of Rome. From this dignified attitude, so often abandoned by her successors, she never swerved for a moment during the course of her long reign.

The winter of 1490 was busily occupied with preparations for the closing campaign against Granada. Ferdinand took command of the army in the month of April, 1491, with the purpose of sitting down before the Moorish capital, not to rise until its final surrender. The troops, which mustered in the Val de Velillos, are computed by most historians at fifty thousand horse and foot, although Martyr, who served as a volunteer, swells the number to eighty thousand. They were drawn from the different cities, chiefly, as usual, from Andalusia, which had been stimulated to truly gigantic efforts throughout this protracted war, and from the nobility of every quarter, many of whom, wearied out with the contest, contented themselves with sending their quotas, while many others, as the marquises of Cadiz, Villena, the counts of Tendilla, Cabra, Ureña, and Alonso de Aguilar, appeared in person, eager, as they had borne the brunt of so many hard campaigns, to share in the closing scene of triumph.

On the 26th of the month, the army encamped near the fountain of Ojos de Huescar, in the vega, about two leagues distant from Granada. Ferdinand's first movement was to detach a considerable force, under the marquis of Villena, which he subsequently supported in person with the remainder of the army, for the purpose of scouring the fruitful regions of the Alpuxarras, which served as the granary of the capital. This service was performed with such unsparing rigor, that no less than twenty-four towns and hamlets in the mountains were ransacked, and razed to the ground. After this, Ferdinand returned loaded with spoil to his former position on the banks of the Xenil, in full view of the Moorish metropolis, which seemed to stand alone, like some sturdy oak, the last of the forest, bidding defiance to the storm which had prostrated all its brethren.

Notwithstanding the failure of all external resources, Granada was still formidable from its local position and its defences. On the east it was fenced in by a wild mountain

barrier, the *Sierra Nevada*, whose snow-clad summits diffused a grateful coolness over the city through the sultry heats of summer. The side toward the vega, facing the Christian encampment, was encircled by walls and towers of massive strength and solidity. The population, swelled to two hundred thousand by the immigration from the surrounding country, was likely, indeed, to be a burden in a protracted siege; but among them were twenty thousand, the flower of the Moslem chivalry, who had escaped the edge of the Christian sword. In front of the city, for an extent of nearly ten leagues, lay unrolled, the magnificent vega,

> "Fresca y regalada vega,
> Dulce recreacion de damas
> Y de hombres gloria immensa;"

whose prolific beauties could scarcely be exaggerated in the most florid strains of the Arabian minstrel, and which still bloomed luxuriant, notwithstanding the repeated ravages of the preceding season.

The inhabitants of Granada were filled with indignation at the sight of their enemy, thus encamped under the shadow, as it were, of their battlements. They sallied forth in small bodies, or singly, challenging the Spaniards to equal encounter. Numerous were the combats which took place between the high-mettled cavaliers on both sides, who met on the level arena, as on a tilting-ground, where they might display their prowess in the presence of the assembled beauty and chivalry of their respective nations; for the Spanish camp was graced, as usual, by the presence of Queen Isabella and the infantas, with the courtly train of ladies, who had accompanied their royal mistress from Alcalá la Real. The Spanish ballads glow with picturesque details of these knightly tourneys, forming the most attractive portion of this romantic minstrelsy, which, celebrating the prowess of Moslem, as well as Christian warriors, sheds a dying glory round the last hours of Granada.

The festivity, which reigned throughout the camp on the arrival of Isabella, did not divert her attention from the stern business of war. She superintended the military preparations, and personally inspected every part of the encampment. She appeared on the field superbly mounted, and dressed in complete armor; and, as she visited the different quarters and

reviewed her troops, she administered words of commendation or sympathy, suited to the condition of the soldier.

On one occasion, she expressed a desire to take a nearer survey of the city. For this purpose, a house was selected, affording the best point of view, in the little village of Zubia, at no great distance from Granada. The king and queen stationed themselves before a window, which commanded an unbroken prospect of the Alhambra, and the most beautiful quarter of the town. In the meanwhile, a considerable force, under the marquis duke of Cadiz, had been ordered, for the protection of the royal persons, to take up a position between the village and the city of Granada, with strict injunctions on no account to engage the enemy, as Isabella was unwilling to stain the pleasures of the day with unnecessary effusion of blood.

The people of Granada, however, were too impatient long to endure the presence, and as they deemed it, the bravado of their enemy. They burst forth from the gates of the capital, dragging along with them several pieces of ordnance, and commenced a brisk assault on the Spanish lines. The latter sustained the shock with firmness, till the marquis of Cadiz, seeing them thrown into some disorder, found it necessary to assume the offensive, and, mustering his followers around him, made one of those desperate charges, which had so often broken the enemy. The Moorish cavalry faltered; but might have disputed the ground, had it not been for the infantry, which, composed of the rabble population of the city, was easily thrown into confusion, and hurried the horse along with it. The rout now became general. The Spanish cavaliers, whose blood was up, pursued to the very gates of Granada, "and not a lance," says Bernaldez, "that day, but was dyed in the blood of the infidel." Two thousand of the enemy were slain and taken in the engagement, which lasted only a short time; and the slaughter was stopped only by the escape of the fugitives within the walls of the city.

About the middle of July, an accident occurred in the camp, which had like to have been attended with fatal consequences. The queen was lodged in a superb pavilion, belonging to the marquis of Cadiz, and always used by him in the Moorish war. By the carelessness of one of her attendants, a lamp was placed in such a situation, that during the night, perhaps owing to a gust of wind, it set fire to the drapery or

loose hangings of the pavilion, which was instantly in a blaze. The flame communicated with fearful rapidity to the neighboring tents, made of light, combustible materials, and the camp was menaced with general conflagration. This occurred at the dead of night, when all but the sentinels were buried in sleep. The queen, and her children, whose apartments were near hers, were in great peril, and escaped with difficulty, though fortunately without injury. The alarm soon spread. The trumpets sounded to arms, for it was supposed to be some night attack of the enemy. Ferdinand snatching up his arms hastily, put himself at the head of his troops; but, soon ascertaining the nature of the disaster, contented himself with posting the marquis of Cadiz, with a strong body of horse, over against the city, in order to repel any sally from that quarter. None, however, was attempted, and the fire was at length extinguished without personal injury, though not without loss of much valuable property, in jewels, plate, brocade, and other costly decorations of the tents of the nobility.

In order to guard against a similar disaster, as well as to provide comfortable winter quarters for the army, should the siege be so long protracted as to require it, it was resolved to build a town of substantial edifices on the place of the present encampment. The plan was immediately put in execution. The work was distributed in due proportions among the troops of the several cities and of the great nobility; the soldier was on a sudden converted into an artisan, and, instead of war, the camp echoed with the sounds of peaceful labor.

In less than three months, this stupendous task was accomplished. The spot so recently occupied by light, fluttering pavilions, was thickly covered with solid structures of stone and mortar, comprehending, besides dwelling-houses, stables for a thousand horses. The town was thrown into a quadrangular form, traversed by two spacious avenues, intersecting each other at right angles in the centre, in the form of a cross, with stately portals at each of the four extremities. Inscriptions on blocks of marble in the various quarters, recorded the respective shares of the several cities in the execution of the work. When it was completed, the whole army was desirous that the new city should bear the name of their illustrious queen; but Isabella modestly declined this tribute, and bestowed on the place the title of *Santa Fé*, in token of the unshaken trust, manifested by her people throughout this war, in

Divine Providence. With this name it still stands as it was erected in 1491, a monument of the constancy and enduring patience of the Spaniards "the only city in Spain," in the words of a Castilian writer, "that has never been contaminated by the Moslem heresy."

The erection of Santa Fé by the Spaniards struck a greater damp into the people of Granada, than the most successful military achievement could have done. They beheld the enemy setting foot on their soil, with a resolution never more to resign it. They already began to suffer from the rigorous blockade, which effectually excluded supplies from their own territories, while all communication with Africa was jealously intercepted. Symptoms of insubordination had begun to show themselves among the overgrown population of the city, as it felt more and more the pressure of famine. In this crisis, the unfortunate Abdallah and his principal counsellors became convinced that the place could not be maintained much longer; and at length, in the month of October, propositions were made, through the vizier Abul Cazim Abdelmalic, to open a negotiation for the surrender of the place. The affair was to be conducted with the utmost caution; since the people of Granada, notwithstanding their precarious condition, and their disquietude, were buoyed up by indefinite expectations of relief from Africa, or some other quarter.

The Spanish sovereigns intrusted the negotiation to their secretary Fernando de Zafra, and to Gonsalvo de Cordova, the latter of whom was selected for this delicate business, from his uncommon address, and his familiarity with the Moorish habits and language. Thus the capitulation of Granada was referred to the man, who acquired in her long wars the military science, which enabled him, at a later period, to foil the most distinguished generals of Europe.

The conferences were conducted by night with the utmost secrecy, sometimes within the walls of Granada, and at others, in the little hamlet of Churriana, about a league distant from it. At length, after large discussion on both sides, the terms of capitulation were definitively settled, and ratified by the respective monarchs on the 25th of November, 1491.

The conditions were of similar, though somewhat more liberal import, than those granted to Baza. The inhabitants of Granada were to retain possession of their mosques, with the free exercise of their religion, with all its peculiar rites and

ceremonies; they were to be judged by their own laws, under their own cadis or magistrates, subject to the general control of the Castilian governor; they were to be unmolested in their ancient usages, manners, language, and dress; to be protected in the full enjoyment of their property, with the right of disposing of it on their own account, and of migrating when and where they would; and to be furnished with vessels for the conveyance of such as chose within three years to pass into Africa. No heavier taxes were to be imposed than those customarily paid to their Arabian sovereigns, and none whatever before the expiration of three years. King Abdallah was to reign over a specified territory in the Alpuxarras, for which he was to do homage to the Castilian crown. The artillery and the fortifications were to be delivered into the hands of the Christians, and the city was to be surrendered in sixty days from the date of the capitulation. Such were the principal terms of the surrender of Granada, as authenticated by the most accredited Castilian and Arabian authorities; which I have stated the more precisely, as affording the best data for estimating the extent of Spanish perfidy in later times.

The conferences could not be conducted so secretly, but that some report of them got air among the populace of the city, who now regarded Abdallah with an evil eye for his connection with the Christians. When the fact of the capitulation became known, the agitation speedily mounted into an open insurrection, which menaced the safety of the city, as well as of Abdallah's person. In this alarming state of things, it was thought best by that monarch's counsellors, to anticipate the appointed day of surrender; and the 2d of January, 1492, was accordingly fixed on for that purpose.

Every preparation was made by the Spaniards for performing this last act of the drama with suitable pomp and effect. The mourning which the court had put on for the death of Prince Alonso of Portugal, occasioned by a fall from his horse a few months after his marriage with the infanta Isabella, was exchanged for gay and magnificent apparel. On the morning of the 2d, the whole Christian camp exhibited a scene of the most animating bustle. The grand cardinal Mendoza was sent forward at the head of a large detachment, comprehending his household troops, and the veteran infantry grown gray in the Moorish wars, to occupy the Alhambra preparatory to the entrance of the sovereigns. Ferdinand stationed himself at

some distance in the rear, near an Arabian mosque, since consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. He was surrounded by his courtiers, with their stately retinues, glittering in gorgeous panoply, and proudly displaying the armorial bearings of their ancient houses. The queen halted still farther in the rear, at the village of Armilla.

As the column under the grand cardinal advanced up the Hill of Martyrs, over which a road had been constructed for the passage of the artillery, he was met by the Moorish prince Abdallah, attended by fifty cavaliers, who, descending the hill, rode up to the position occupied by Ferdinand on the banks of the Xenil. As the Moor approached the Spanish king, he would have thrown himself from his horse, and saluted his hand in token of homage, but Ferdinand hastily prevented him, embracing him with every mark of sympathy and regard. Abdallah then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to his conqueror, saying, "They are thine, O king, since Allah so decrees it; use thy success with clemency and moderation." Ferdinand would have uttered some words of consolation to the unfortunate prince, but he moved forward with dejected air to the spot occupied by Isabella, and, after similar acts of obeisance, passed on to join his family, who had preceded him with his most valuable effects on the route to the Alpuxarras.

The sovereigns during this time waited with impatience the signal of the occupation of the city by the cardinal's troops, which, winding slowly along the outer circuit of the walls, as previously arranged, in order to spare the feelings of the citizens as far as possible, entered by what is now called the gate of Los Molinos. In a short time, the large silver cross, borne by Ferdinand throughout the crusade, was seen sparkling in the sunbeams, while the standards of Castile and St. Jago waved triumphantly from the red towers of the Alhambra. At this glorious spectacle, the choir of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of the Te Deum, and the whole army, penetrated with deep emotion, prostrated themselves on their knees in adoration of the Lord of hosts, who had at length granted the consummation of their wishes, in this last and glorious triumph of the Cross. The grandees who surrounded Ferdinand then advanced tward the queen, and kneeling down saluted her hand in token of homage to her as sovereign of Granada. The procession took up its march toward the city, "the king and queen moving in the midst," says an historian, "emblazoned with royal

magnificence; and, as they were in the prime of life, and had now achieved the completion of this glorious conquest, they seemed to represent even more than their wonted majesty. Equal with each other, they were raised far above the rest of the world. They appeared, indeed, more than mortal, and as if sent by Heaven for the salvation of Spain."

In the meanwhile the Moorish king, traversing the route of the Alpuxarras, reached a rocky eminence which commanded a last view of Granada. He checked his horse, and, as his eye for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness, his heart swelled, and he burst into tears. "You do well," said his more masculine mother, "to weep like a woman, for what you could not defend like a man!" "Alas!" exclaimed the unhappy exile, "when were woes ever equal to mine!" The scene of this event is still pointed out to the traveller by the people of the district; and the rocky height, from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth, is commemorated by the poetical title of *El Ultimo Sospiro del Moro*, "The Last Sigh of the Moor."

The sequel of Abdallah's history is soon told. Like his uncle, El Zagal, he pined away in his barren domain of the Alpuxarras, under the shadow, as it were, of his ancient palaces. In the following year, he passed over to Fez with his family, having commuted his petty sovereignty for a considerable sum of money paid him by Ferdinand and Isabella, and soon after fell in battle in the service of an African prince, his kinsman. "Wretched man," exclaims a caustic chronicler of his nation, "who could lose his life in another's cause, though he did not dare to die in his own. Such," continues the Arabian, with characteristic resignation, "was the immutable decree of destiny. Blessed be Allah, who exalteth and debaseth the kings of the earth, according to his divine will, in whose fulfilment consists that eternal justice, which regulates all human affairs." The portal, through which King Abdallah for the last time issued from his capital, was at his request walled up, that none other might again pass through it. In this condition it remains to this day, a memorial of the sad destiny of the last of the kings of Granada.

The fall of Granada excited general sensation throughout Christendom, where it was received as counterbalancing, in a manner, the loss of Constantinople, nearly half a century before. At Rome, the event was commemorated by a solemn procession

of the pope and cardinals to St. Peter's, where high mass was celebrated, and the public rejoicing continued for several days. The intelligence was welcomed with no less satisfaction in England, where Henry the Seventh was seated on the throne. The circumstances attending it, as related by Lord Bacon, will not be devoid of interest for the reader.

Thus ended the war of Granada, which is often compared by the Castilian chroniclers to that of Troy in its duration, and which certainly fully equalled the latter in variety of picturesque and romantic incidents, and in circumstances of poetical interest. With the surrender of its capital, terminated the Arabian empire in the Peninsula, after an existence of seven hundred and forty-one years from the date of the original conquest. The consequences of this closing war were of the highest moment to Spain. The most obvious was the recovery of an extensive territory, hitherto held by a people whose difference of religion, language, and general habits made them not only incapable of assimilating with their Christian neighbors, but almost their natural enemies; while their local position was a matter of just concern, as interposed between the great divisions of the Spanish monarchy, and opening an obvious avenue to invasion from Africa. By the new conquest, moreover, the Spaniards gained a large extent of country, possessing the highest capacities for production, in its natural fruitfulness of soil, temperature of climate, and in the state of cultivation to which it had been brought by its ancient occupants; while its shores were lined with commodious havens, that afforded every facility for commerce. The scattered fragments of the ancient Visigothic empire were now again, with the exception of the little state of Navarre, combined into one great monarchy, as originally destined by nature; and Christian Spain gradually rose by means of her new acquisitions from a subordinate situation, to the level of a first-rate European power.

The moral influence of the Moorish war, its influence on the Spanish character, was highly important. The inhabitants of the great divisions of the country, as in most countries during the feudal ages, had been brought too frequently into collision with each other to allow the existence of a pervading national feeling. This was particularly the case in Spain, where independent states insensibly grew out of the detached fragments of territory recovered at different times from the Moorish monarchy. The war of Granada subjected all the various sections of the

country to one common action, under the influence of common motives of the most exciting interest; while it brought them in conflict with a race, the extreme repugnance of whose institutions and character to their own, served greatly to nourish the nationality of sentiment. In this way, the spark of patriotism was kindled throughout the whole nation, and the most distant provinces of the Peninsula were knit together by a bond of union, which has remained indissoluble.

The consequences of these wars in a military aspect are also worthy of notice. Up to this period, war had been carried on by irregular levies, extremely limited in numerical amount and in period of service; under little subordination, except to their own immediate chiefs, and wholly unprovided with the apparatus required for extended operations. The Spaniards were even lower than most of the European nations in military science, as is apparent from the infinite pains of Isabella to avail herself of all foreign resources for their improvement. In the war of Granada, masses of men were brought together, far greater than had hitherto been known in modern warfare. They were kept in the field not only through long campaigns, but far into the winter; a thing altogether unprecedented. They were made to act in concert, and the numerous petty chiefs brought in complete subjection to one common head, whose personal character enforced the authority of station. Lastly, they were provided with all the requisite munitions, through the providence of Isabella, who introduced into the service the most skilful engineers from other countries, and kept in pay bodies of mercenaries, as the Swiss for example, reputed the best disciplined troops of that day. In this admirable school the Spanish soldier was gradually trained to patient endurance, fortitude, and thorough subordination; and those celebrated captains were formed, with that invincible infantry, which in the beginning of the sixteenth century spread the military fame of their country over all Christendom.

But, with all our sympathy with the conquerors, it is impossible, without a deep feeling of regret, to contemplate the decay and final extinction of a race, who had made such high advances in civilization as the Spanish Arabs; to see them driven from the stately palaces reared by their own hands, wandering as exiles over the lands which still blossomed with the fruits of their industry, and wasting away under persecution, until their very name as a nation was blotted out from the map of

history. It must be admitted, however, that they had long since reached their utmost limit of advancement as a people. The light shed over their history shines from distant ages; for, during the later period of their existence, they appear to have reposed in a state of torpid, luxurious indulgence, which would seem to argue, that, when causes of external excitement were withdrawn, the inherent vices of their social institutions had incapacitated them for the further production of excellence. In this impotent condition, it was wisely ordered that their territory should be occupied by a people whose religion and more liberal form of government, however frequently misunderstood or perverted, qualified them for advancing still higher the interests of humanity.

It will not be amiss to terminate the narrative of the war of Granada, with some notice of the fate of Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, marquis duke of Cadiz; for he may be regarded in a peculiar manner as the hero of it, having struck the first stroke by the surprise of Alhama, and witnessed every campaign till the surrender of Granada. A circumstantial account of his last moments is afforded by the pen of his worthy countryman, the Andalusian curate of Los Palacios. The gallant marquis survived the close of the war only a short time, terminating his days at his mansion in Seville, on the 28th of August, 1492, with a disorder brought on by fatigue and incessant exposure. He had reached the forty-ninth year of his age, and, although twice married, left no legitimate issue. In his person, he was of about the middle stature, of a compact, symmetrical frame, a fair complexion, with light hair inclining to red. He was an excellent horseman, and well skilled indeed in most of the exercises of chivalry. He had the rare merit of combining sagacity with intrepidity in action. Though somewhat impatient, and slow to forgive, he was frank and generous. a warm friend, and a kind master to his vassals."

He was strict in his observance of the Catholic worship, punctilious in keeping all the church festivals and in enforcing their observance throughout his domains; and, in war, he was a most devout champion of the Virgin. He was ambitious of acquisitions, but lavish of expenditure, especially in the embellishment and fortification of his towns and castles; spending on Alcalá de Guadaira, Xerez, and Alanis the enormous sum of seventeen million maravedies. To the ladies he was courteous as became a true knight. At his death, the king

and queen with the whole court went into mourning; "for he was a much-loved cavalier," says the curate, "and was esteemed, like the Cid, both by friend and foe; and no Moor durst abide in that quarter of the field where his banner was displayed."

His body, after lying in state for several days in his palace at Seville, with his trusty sword by his side, with which he had fought all his battles, was borne in solemn procession by night through the streets of the city, which was everywhere filled with the deepest lamentation; and was finally deposited in the great chapel of the Augustine church, in the tomb of his ancestors. Ten Moorish banners, which he had taken in battle with the infidel, before the war of Granada, were borne along at his funeral, "and still wave over his sepulchre," says Bernaldez, "keeping alive the memory of his exploits, as undying as his soul." The banners have long since mouldered into dust; the very tomb which contained his ashes has been sacrilegiously demolished; but the fame of the hero will survive as long as anything like respect for valor, courtesy, unblemished honor, or any other attribute of chivalry, shall be found in Spain.

HARRIET WATERS PRESTON.

PRESTON, HARRIET WATERS, an American novelist and translator; born at Danvers, Mass., in 1843. She had made many translations from the French, especially from Sainte-Beuve and De Musset, and is particularly noted for her translation of Mistral's "Mirèio" (1873). Among her own works are "Aspendale" (1870); "Love in the Nineteenth Century" (1874); "Troubadours and Trouvères" (1876); "Is That All?" (1878); "A Year in Eden" (1886); "A Question of Identity" (1887); "The Guardians" (1888). For several years until recently she resided abroad, and has furnished critical essays to American periodicals, notable among which is an article upon "Russian Novelists," in the "Atlantic Monthly."

THE TROUBADOURS.

A CURIOUS natural feature of Dalmatia — that long, narrow country straitened between the mountains and the Adriatic — is the number of rivers which come up suddenly from underground, or burst full-grown from the bases of the hills, and seek the sea with a force and velocity of current all the more impressive from the mystery of their origin. Just so the poetry of the Troubadours leaps abruptly, in full volume, out of the mirk of the unlettered ages, and spreads itself abroad in a laughing flood of which the superficial sparkle may sometimes deceive concerning the strength of the undercurrent passion on which it is upborne.

Gai Saber — the Gay Science — was the name bestowed by these gushing singers themselves upon their newly discovered art of verse-making; and the epithet was perfectly descriptive. To the serious, disciplined, and systematic nineteenth-century mind, there is something incongruous, not to say indecent, in the association of science and joy. Whatever else the science may be, in whose sign we are supposed to conquer, it is not gay. But the Troubadour did not even know the difference between science and art. His era in the life of modern Europe

corresponds exactly with the *insouciant* season when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The Troubadour was palpitating, moreover, with the two masterful enthusiasms of his time: the religious enthusiasm of the Crusades, and the high-flown sentiments and noble chimeras of the lately formulated code of chivalry.

Seizing the instrument nearest to his hand, — a supple and still growing offshoot from the imperishable root of Latin speech, — he shaped his pipe, fashioned his stops, and blew his amorous blast; and was so overcome by amazement at the delightful result, that he was fain loudly to proclaim himself the happy *finder* (trobaire) of the verbal music he had achieved, rather than its *maker* or poet.

Lenguc Romana, or *Romans*, was what he called his own language. To Dante, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, it was Provençal as distinguished from the *lengua materna*, or Italian; and Provençal it is, to this day, loosely called. But it was spoken in substantially the same form, far outside the fluctuating limits of mediæval Provence; and one of the Troubadours themselves — Raimon Vidal — has in fact defined its limits very explicitly. "The only true language of poetry," he says, "is that of Limousin, Provence, Auvergne, and Quercy; . . . and every man born and brought up in those countries speaks the *natural and right speech*."

The time at which the troubadour minstrelsy flourished is as distinctly marked as its locality. Two hundred years, from the last decade of the eleventh century to the last of the thirteenth, comprise it all. Fifty years for its rise, a hundred for its most exuberant period, fifty more for its decline, — and the brief but picturesque and exciting story is all told. The love of man for woman is its perpetual and almost exclusive theme; primarily that same "simple and sensuous" *motif* which was already old in the world when the all-knowing King of Israel sang, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away! For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land!" The special form of the tender passion to which the troubadour tuned his lay was, however, the love of chivalry: theoretically a selfless and spiritual sentiment, having even a touch about it of religious exaltation. It involved the absolute devotion of life, wit, and prowess to the service of a formally chosen lady-love; and was as much a part

of the sacramental obligations of a full-made knight as the service of God and of his feudal seigneur. The art in which this love found expression was thus essentially an aristocratic one; reserved for the practice of those who were either *élite* by birth and fortune, or ennobled by the possession of rare poetic gifts. Marriage was no part of its aim, and was never once, in the case of any well-known troubadour, its *dénouement.* The minstrel's lady was quite regularly the wife of another man; often of his feudal lord or sovereign ruler. The scope for tragedy and crime afforded by so fantastic a relation is obvious, and history has plenty to tell of the calamities which attended it in particular cases. Yet the austere ideal was never totally eclipsed; and that it survived the final disappearance of the troubadour as a court-minstrel and titular lover, we have abundant proof in the mystic lauds addressed by Dante to Beatrice and by Petrarch to Laura.

For the rest, the precocious perfection of form exhibited by some of the earliest troubadour songs which we possess, is not quite as miraculous as at first sight it appears. The main points in the mechanism of troubadour verse, both in its earlier and simpler, and in its later and highly elaborate developments, are two: strong tonic accents — mostly iambic, though sometimes of trochaic lines — and terminal rhymes. By these features it is radically distinguished from the quantitative measures of classic Greece and Rome; and in these respects it has furnished the model for almost all modern European poetry. But the rustic and popular poetry of the Latin race had been, from the first, a poetry of accent: and the tradition of it had been handed down through the early hymns of the Christian Church, and the rude staves and ballads trolled from town to town and from castle to castle during the Dark Ages, by the *joculatores* or *jongleurs;* those vagrant mimes and minstrels who played so large a part afterwards, in diffusing and popularizing the more refined compositions of the troubadours. Rhyme, on the other hand, though it might well have occurred to anybody as a fitting ornament of song, — rhyming words and syllables being exactly as obvious and essential a form of harmony as musical chords, — was very probably borrowed immediately from that Arabian verse in which it is so lavishly employed, during the long sojourn of the Saracens in Southern Europe.

It seems a curious freak of philological fate whereby a lit-

erature so juvenile and impulsive as that of the troubadours, so destitute of connected thought, and at the same time so instinct with emotions, so that the very stress of feeling often renders its utterances vague, stammering, and all but unintelligible, should have become — largely by virtue of its important historical position midway between the written word of ancient Rome and that of modern France — a favorite and hard-trodden field for dry research, grammatical quibbling, and controversy on technical points. But so it is. Every sigh of the troubadour minstrel has been analyzed, and every trill conjugated. Yet when all has been said and read, the reader's appreciation of this unique body of song will have to depend rather more upon personal divination and temperamental sympathy than upon any laboriously acquired skill in interpretation. Even for the name and lineage of many of the most famous and successful *finders*, as well as for the incidents of their lives, we are mainly dependent upon two sets of brief biographies, compiled by nameless monks, one in the twelfth and one in the fourteenth century. Of these cloistered authors, the earlier was no doubt contemporary with a certain number of his subjects; but we may safely conclude that they both adorned their facts, to some extent, with fancy and with fable. In selecting, out of a hundred or two of these romantic lives, a few as typical of all, we may think ourselves fortunate if, as in the case of the name that heads all the lists, the poet be a sufficiently exalted personage to have had a place in general history, and to have borne a part in the leading events of his time.

William IX., Count of Poitiers and Duke of Aquitaine, was born in the year 1071, and succeeded in his fifteenth year to the sovereignty of a region comprising, besides Gascony and the southern half of Aquitaine, Limousin, Berry, and Auvergne. Almost alone among the great lords of southern France, he resisted the call of Raymond of Toulouse to the First Crusade in 1095; but when in the last year of the century the great news arrived of the capture of Jerusalem, and an appeal was made for the reinforcement of the small garrison left in the Holy Land, William was overborne, and prepared, though still reluctantly, to go. His amours had been numerous, and he had already written love songs, — many of which are licentious to a degree, though some few reflect in sweet and simple strains the most refined ideals of chivalry.

Now, on the eve of his departure for the East, early in

1101, he composed a farewell to Provence, being haunted by a sad presentiment that he should see that fair land no more. His foreboding was not realized. He came back unscathed at the end of two years, after many wild adventures and narrow escapes, and wrote a burlesque account in verse (which has not survived) of his experiences in Palestine. He lived until 1127, and made ruthless war in his later years upon his young and defenceless neighbor, Alphonse Jourdain of Toulouse, for the sovereignty of that province. Alphonse was a son of the heroic Raymond, the leader of the first crusade, born in the Holy Land and baptized in the Jordan, — whence his surname. A daughter of his was distinguished by the tuneful homage of a troubadour named Guiraud le Roux, of knightly rank but poor, who had taken service at Alphonse's court. This Guiraud is remarkable as being the only troubadour on record who loved but one woman; and there is a quality about his whimsical and subtle but always irreproachable verses which reminds one a little of the Elizabethan lyric.

William IX. of Poitiers was succeeded by his son William X.; and he in turn was the father of one of the most illustrious women of her age, — a great patroness of the troubadours, and past-mistress of all that nebulous lore which was made the absurd matter of solemn discussion and adjudication in the so-called Courts of Love. This was no other than the beautiful and stately Eleanor, — Princess of Aquitaine and Duchess of Normandy, first married to Louis VII. of France, then divorced and married to Henry II. of England, — the merciless but by no means immaculate censor of the fair Rosamond Clifford, and the mother of Richard of the Lion Heart. She was already married to Henry, who was ten years her junior; but she had not yet visited England when she welcomed and installed as her formal worshipper at the Norman court one of the most famous and prolific of all the troubadours, — a true poet, though a light and inconstant lover, — Bernard of Ventadour. Very humbly born, the son in fact of the castle baker, Bernard's exquisite talent was early discovered by his master, Ebles III. of Ventadour, who is described in the old chronicles as having "loved, even to old age, the *songs of alacrity*." Ebles not only educated the boy, but permitted and even encouraged him, for a long time, to *afficher* himself as the adorer of his own youthful second wife, Adelaide of Montpelier. The day came, however, when the youth's homage was suddenly discovered to have

passed the proper ceremonial bounds; and he was abruptly dismissed, to take new service in Normandy. It is next to impossible to separate, in his remains, the songs of the two periods: Adelaide or Eleanor, it is all virtually one. The limpid stream of babbling minstrelsy flows on for some forty years, always dulcet and delicate, sometimes lightly pathetic, but reflecting indifferently the image of either lady. Within the long period of Bernard's placid ascendency were comprised the rapid and fiery careers of two men of a very different stamp, — the most tragical figures in all the miscellaneous choir.

Jaufré Rudel, the Prince of Blaya, fell in love with a certain Countess of Tripoli on the mere rumor of her charms; assumed the cross for the sole and sacrilegious purpose of meeting her; fell ill upon the voyage, and on his arrival was recovered from a death-like trance by his lady's embrace, only to die almost immediately in her arms.

The horrible story of William of Cabestaing would seem quite beyond belief were it not given circumstantially, and with very slight variations, by an unusual number of writers. Himself a gallant and accomplished cavalier, William won such favor in the eyes of the Lady Margarida, wife of Raymond of Roussillon, that he aroused the savage jealousy of the latter, who waylaid and slew him, and then cut out his heart, which he ordered cooked and seasoned and set before his wife. The hapless lady partook of it; then, on being brutally told the ghastly truth, she swore that she would never eat again, sprang past her husband, who had drawn his sword, leaped from the high balcony of an open window, and perished. Both Raymond and William were vassals of Alphonse II. of Aragon, himself a troubadour, and a great patron of the art. He had Raymond arrested, and caused him to die in prison; while the tomb of the lovers before the door of the church at Perpignan was long a place of pious resort for the pilgrims of passion in those parts.

A different and less melodramatic interest attaches to the names of the two Arnauts, — Arnaut Daniel and Arnaut de Maroill: of whom the former, as we know from Canto xxvi. of the "Purgatorio," spoke in Provençal to Dante when he met him in the shades; while the latter is mentioned by Petrarch in a canzone as "the less famous Arnaut." The distinction seems a strange one; for while the verses of the former are chiefly remarkable for an extraordinary artificiality and complexity

of rhythm, the latter, who had vowed his devotions to a certain lovely Viscountess of Béziers, was the author of some of the most exquisitely tender bits of Provençal song which we possess.

The laborious verbal conceits and metrical intricacies of Dante's Arnaut were imitated with great ingenuity, and even exaggerated, by Raimon de Miraval, who fought in the Albigensian war; during which so many of the local poets and their patrons fell, that a whole civilization seemed to perish with them. That cruel contest may be held to mark the beginning of the end of the Provençal school of song.

The name of a woman, the Countess Die, — who also, like the royal Eleanor, presided over a Court of Love, — remains attached to one plaintiff lament much admired in its day; and another woman, though unnamed, was the author of the most artless and impassioned of all the peculiar class of poems known as *albas* or morning-songs.

Another very beautiful *alba* was written by Guiraut de Borneil, of whom it is said by his ancient biographer that he composed the first true *chanson*, all previous poets having made *verses* only. He won a weightier kind of renown by the virile force and fire of his *sirventes*, — didactic or satiric pieces, — in which he mourned the accumulated misfortunes of his country, or lashed the crimes and vices of the men who had brought her to the verge of ruin.

Contemporary with Guiraut was another intrepid censor of the corruptions of his time, Peire Cardinal; of whom we have a satire beginning with the burning words, "Who desires to hear a *sirventes* woven of grief and embroidered with anger? I have spun it already, and I can make its warp and woof!" Both these brave men died not far from the year 1230, and the course of Provençal literature after their day is one of steady deterioration.

[The dates at the head of these pieces translated by Miss Preston represent, approximately, the time within which the several authors wrote.]

Guillaume de Poitiers.

(1190–1227.)

I.

Behold the meads are green again,
The orchard-bloom is seen again,
Of sky and stream the mien again
Is mild, is bright!

Now should each heart that loves obtain
Its own delight.

But I will say no ill of love,
However slight my guerdon prove;
Repining doth not me behoove:
And yet — to know
How lightly she I fain would move
Might bliss bestow!

There are who hold my folly great,
Because with little hope I wait;
But one old saw doth animate
And me assure:
Their hearts are high, their might is great,
Who well endure.

II.

Desire of song hath taken me,
But sorrowful must my song be;
No more pay I my fealty
In Limousin or Poitiers,

Since I go forth to exile far,
And leave my son to stormy war,
To fear and peril; for they are
No friends who dwell about him there.

What wonder then my heart is sore
That Poitiers I see no more,
And Fulk of Anjou must implore
To guard his kinsman and my heir?

If he of Anjou shield him not,
And he who made me knight, I wot
Many against the boy will plot,
Deeming him well-nigh in despair.

Nay, if he be not wondrous wise,
And gay, and ready for emprise,
Gascons and Angevins will rise,
And him into the dust will bear.

Ah, I was brave and I had fame,
But we are sundered, all the same!
I go to Him in whose great name
Confide all sinners everywhere.

Surrendering all that did elate
My heart, — all pride of steed or state, —
To Him on whom the pilgrims wait,
Without more tarrying, I repair.

Forgive me, comrade most my own,
If aught of wrong I thee have done!
I lift to Jesus on his throne
In Latin and Románs my prayer.

Oh, I was gallant, I was glad,
Till my Lord spake, and me forbade;
But now the end is coming sad,
Nor can I more my burden bear.

Good friends, when that indeed I die
Pay me due honor where I lie:
Tell how in love and luxury
I triumphed still, — or here or there.

But farewell now, love, luxury,
And silken robes and miniver!

Guiraud le Roux.

(1110–1147.)

Come, lady, to my song incline,
The last that shall assail thine ear.
None other cares my strains to hear,
And scarce thou feign'st thyself therewith delighted!
Nor know I well if I am loved or slighted;
But this I know, thou radiant one and sweet,
That, loved or spurned, I die before thy feet!
Yea, I will yield this life of mine
In very deed, if cause appear,
Without another boon to cheer.
Honor it is to be by thee incited
To any deed; and I, when most benighted
By doubt, remind me that times change and fleet,
And brave men still do their occasion meet.

Bernard de Ventadour.

(1140–1195.)

I.

No marvel is it if I sing
Better than other minstrels all,
For more than they am I love's thrall,
And all myself therein I fling:

Knowledge and sense, body and soul,
And whatso power I have beside:
The rein that doth my being guide
Impels me to this only goal!

His heart is dead whence doth not spring
Love's odor sweet and magical;
His life doth ever on him pall
Who knoweth not that blessèd thing:
Yea, God who doth my life control
Were cruel did he bid me bide
A month or even a day, denied
The love whose rapture I extol.

How keen, how exquisite the sting
Of that sweet odor! At its call
An hundred times a day I fall
And faint; an hundred rise and sing!
So fair the semblance of my dole,
'T is lovelier than another's pride:
If such the ill doth me betide,
Good hap were more than I could thole!

Yet haste, kind heaven, the sundering
True swains from false, great hearts from small!
The traitor in the dust bid crawl,
The faithless to confession bring!
Ah, if I were the master sole
Of all earth's treasures multiplied,
To see my lady satisfied
Of my pure faith, I 'd give the whole!

II.

When I behold on eager wing
The skylark soaring to the sun,
Till e'en with rapture faltering
He sinks in glad oblivion,
Alas, how fain to seek were I
The same ecstatic fate of fire!
Yea, of a truth, I know not why
My heart melts not with its desire!

Methought that I knew everything
Of love. Alas, my lore was none!
For helpless now my praise I bring!
To one who still that praise doth shun;

One who hath robbed me utterly
Of soul, of self, of life entire,
So that my heart can only cry
For that it ever shall require.

For ne'er have I of self been king
Since the first hour, so long agone,
When to thine eyes bewildering,
As to a mirror, I was drawn.
There let me gaze until I die;
So doth my soul of sighing tire,
As at the fount, in days gone by,
The fair Narcissus did expire.

III.

When the sweet breeze comes blowing
From where thy country lies,
Meseems I am foreknowing
The airs of Paradise.
So is my heart o'erflowing
For that fair one and wise
Who hath the glad bestowing
Of life's whole energies;
For whom I agonize
Whithersoever going.

I mind the beauty glowing,
The fair and haughty eyes,
Which, all my will o'erthrowing,
Made me their sacrifice.
Whatever mien thou 'rt showing,
Why should I this disguise?
Yet let me ne'er be ruing
One of thine old replies: —
"Man's daring wins the prize,
But fear is his undoing."

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Pringle, Thomas, a Scottish poet; born at Blaiklaw, in Teviotdale, Roxburghshire, January 5, 1789; died at London, December 5, 1834. He was graduated at the University of Edinburgh. In 1816 he wrote "The Autumnal Excursion." In 1817 he began the publication of the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine," out of which subsequently grew "Blackwood's Magazine." He went to Cape Town in 1820, where he became the editor of the "South African Journal." Pringle returned to Great Britain in 1826, and in 1828 published a collection of his poems, entitled "Ephemerides." His verses on South African themes were issued in 1834 as "African Sketches," in the same volume with his "Narrative of a Residence in South Africa." A collection of his "Poems" appeared in 1838.

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I turn to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that long since have fled
Flit over the brain like the ghost of the dead;
And my native land whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood — the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh flowers of Eden unfolding to view:—
All, all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone,
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none;
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
A-weary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert, afar from man! . . .
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,

Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the koodoo and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in the wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbock's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scooped their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parched karroo.
Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna and Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread — void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
A still small voice comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

The Highlands.

The Highlands! the Highlands! — O gin I were there:
Tho' the mountains an' moorlands be rugged an' bare,
Tho' bleak be the clime, an' but scanty the fare,
My heart 's in the Highland's — O gin I were there!

The Highlands! the Highlands! — My full bosom swells
When I think o' the streams gushing wild through the dells,
And the hills towering proudly, the lochs gleaming fair!
My heart 's in the Highlands — O gin I were there!

The Highlands! the Highlands! — Far up the grey glen
Stands a cosy wee cot, wi' a *but* an' a *ben*,
An' a deas at the door, wi' my auld mother there,
Crooning — "Haste ye back, Donald, an' leave us nae mair!"

MATTHEW PRIOR.

PRIOR, MATTHEW, an English poet and diplomatist; born probably at Wimborne, Dorset, July 21, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, September 18, 1721. In 1686 he was graduated at Cambridge. To ridicule Dryden's "Hind and Panther" he wrote a poem entitled "The City Mouse and the Country Mouse." In 1700 he produced "Carmen Seculare," a poetical panegyric on William III. He held various civil and diplomatic positions, and was returned to Parliament in 1701. In 1711 he was made Ambassador at Paris; but when the Whigs came into power, in 1714, he was recalled, and imprisoned on a charge of treason. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaft to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening when she found
Their odors lost, their colors passed;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humor: prythee tell:
That falling tear — what does it mean?

She sighed; she smiled: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flourished bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung;
The amorous youth around her bowed;
At night her fatal knell was rung:
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

For his own Monument.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.

Then, take Matt's word for it — the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are:
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears,
In a life parti-colored — half pleasure — half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments, industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polished, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here;
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true. . . .

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To fate we must yield, and the thing is the same:
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not: — yet prithee, be kind to his fame.

Epigrams.

To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation —
Sure, John and I are quit.

Yes, every poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it:
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE, an English poet, daughter of "Barry Cornwall;" born at London, October 30, 1825; died there, February 2, 1864. She became a convert to Roman Catholicism in 1851. Early in 1853 "Household Words" received a poem bearing the signature "Mary Berwick." The author was requested to send more; and she soon became a frequent contributor. It was not until nearly two years after that Dickens learned that "Mary Berwick" was Adelaide Procter, the daughter of one of his oldest literary friends. With the exception of a few early verses, a little volume entitled "A Chaplet of Verses," published in 1862 for the benefit of a charitable association, all of her poems originally appeared in periodicals edited by Dickens, who prefixed a biographical introduction to a complete edition issued shortly after her death.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
  The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
  Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
  Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
  Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence,
  Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
  Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
  Upon the Tyrol shore,
Had stood above Lake Constance
  A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
  From off their rocky steep,

Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep:
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread:
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife,
Each day she rose, contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.

The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stock,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away,
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror,
(Yet Pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!

The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out — out into the darkness —
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow? —
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck

To watch the flowing darkness,
The bank is high and steep;
One pause — he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see — in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;

"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

A Woman's Question.

Before I trust my Fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy Faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole;
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now — lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange? —
It may not be thy fault alone — but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake—
Not thou — had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*, — I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate —
Whatever on my heart may fall — remember I *would* risk it all!

Life and Death.

"What is Life, father?"
"A Battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble, and fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

Cleansing Fires.

Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
  Thy red gold, precious and bright;
Do not fear the hungry fire,
  With its caverns of burning light;
And thy gold shall return more precious,
  Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
  As a heart must be tried by pain.

In the cruel fire of sorrow
  Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
  Do not let thy spirit quail:
But wait till the trial is over,
  And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
  So a heart must be tried by pain.

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
  Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
  Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever;
  Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire,
  And the furnace of living pain!

The Storm.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry
Fierce answers to the angry sky, —
  Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main; —
  Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare,
A cry goes up of great despair, —
  Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The moaning winds and pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window-pane: —
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtained was the little bed,
Soft pillowed was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child," they said: —
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father, save those at sea to-night!" —
Miserere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay,
And on a little child at play, —
Gloria tibi Domine.

A Lost Chord.

Seated one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Evening Hymn.

The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls:
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose!

The Requital.

Lour roared the tempest,
  Fast fell the sleet;
A little Child Angel
  Passed down the street,
With trailing pinions,
  And weary feet.

The moon was hidden;
  No stars were bright;
So she could not shelter
  In heaven that night,
For the Angels' ladders
  Are rays of light.

She beat her wings
  At each window-pane,
And pleaded for shelter,
  But all in vain;—
"Listen," they said,
  "To the pelting rain!"

She sobbed as the laughter
  And mirth grew higher,
"Give me rest and shelter
  Beside your fire,
And I will give you
  Your heart's desire."

The dreamer sat watching
  His embers gleam,
While his heart was floating
  Down hope's bright stream;
. . . So he wove her wailing
  Into his dream.

The worker toiled on,
  For his time was brief;
The mourner was nursing
  Her own pale grief;
They heard not the promise
  That brought relief.

But fiercer the Tempest
  Rose than before,
When the Angel paused
  At a humble door,
And asked for shelter
  And help once more.

A weary woman,
  Pale, worn, and thin,
With the brand upon her
  Of want and sin,
Heard the Child Angel
  And took her in.

Took her in gently,
  And did her best
To dry her pinions;
  And made her rest
With tender pity
  Upon her breast.

When the eastern morning
  Grew bright and red,
Up the first sunbeam
  The Angel fled;
Having kissed the woman
  And left her — dead.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Procter, Bryan Waller, an English lawyer and poet; born at Leeds, November 21, 1787; died there, October 4, 1874. He is best known by his *nom de plume*, "Barry Cornwall," a partial anagram of his real name. He was educated at Harrow, went to London, entered Gray's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1831. From 1832 to 1861 he was a commissioner of lunacy. "Barry Cornwall" commenced his literary career in 1819 by the publication of "Dramatic Scenes, and Other Poems." The next year he put forth "A Sicilian Story." His tragedy "Mirandola," produced at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1821, met with success. This was followed by several other volumes, lyrical and dramatic, including "The Flood of Thessaly," "English Songs, and Other Small Poems." He also wrote "Life of Edmund Kean" (1835), and "Life of Charles Lamb" (1866). In 1851 he put forth a collection of "Essays and Tales in Verse." He is, however, best known by his numerous lyrics.

The Sea.

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh, how I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,

When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest:
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open Sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child.

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and power to range
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded Sea!

Inscription for a Fountain.

Rest! This little Fountain runs
  Thus for aye! It never stays
For the look of summer suns
  Nor the cold of winter days.
Whosoe'er shall wander near
  When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
  Lest he may not slake his thirst.
He will find this little river
Running still, as bright as ever.
Let him drink and onward hie
Bearing but in thought that I —
Erotas — bade the Naiad fall,
And thank the great god Pan for all.

A Petition to Time.

Touch us gently, Time!
  Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently — as we sometimes glide
  Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three;
(One is lost — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead.)

Touch us gently, Time!
  We 've not proud or soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
  Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime.
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

Life.

We are born; we laugh; we weep,
  We love, we droop, we die!
Ah, wherefore do we laugh or weep?
  Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep? —
  Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
  Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
  Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
  To things that die?

We toil through pain and wrong;
  We fight and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, erelong,
  Stone-dead we lie;
O Life! is all thy song
  "Endure and — die?"

To Adelaide Procter.

Child of my heart! my sweet, beloved First-born!
Thou dove, who tidings bring'st of calmer hours!
Thou rainbow, who dost shine when all the showers
Are past, or passing! Rose which hath no thorn,
No spot, no blemish — pure and unforlorn!
Untouched, untainted! O my Flower of flowers!
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn!
Welcome — a thousand welcomes! Care, who clings
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold;
New hope springs upward, and the bright world seems
Cast back into a youth of endless Springs!
Sweet mother, is it so? or grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?

Come, let us go to the Land.

Come; — let us go to the land
Where the violets grow!
Let 's go thither hand in hand,
Over the waters and over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets grow!

There, in the beautiful south,
Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky,
That love never fades, though violets die!

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR.

Proctor, Richard Anthony, a distinguished English astronomer; born at Chelsea, March 23, 1834; died at New York, September 12, 1888. He was graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1860, and devoted himself especially to the study of astronomy, and to elucidating its leading facts and principles, frequently in popular lectures. He visited America for this purpose several times, and in 1885 became a citizen of the United States. He had passed the summer of 1888 in Florida, where the yellow fever broke out with great violence, which he contracted, with fatal result. His practical work in measuring the rotation of Mars and charting the 324,198 stars of Argelander's catalogue is worthy of mention. Among his most important astronomical works are "Saturn and its System" (1865); "Handbook of the Stars" (1866); "Half-hours with the Telescope" (1868); "Other Worlds than Ours" (1870); "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy" (1877); "Old and New Astronomy" (1888). He also put forth several works of a semi-scientific character, among which are "Light Science for Leisure Hours," three series (1871, 1873, 1878); "The Great Pyramid;" "Observatory, Tomb, Temple" (1883); "How to Play Whist" (1885); "Chance and Luck" (1887); and numerous "Essays" upon miscellaneous topics.

Jupiter, the Giant of the Solar System.

(From "Other Worlds than Ours.")

Passing over the zone of asteroids, we come now to the noblest of all the planets — the giant Jupiter. If bulk is to be the measure of a planet's fitness to be the abode of living creatures, then must Jupiter be inhabited by the most favored races existing throughout the whole range of the solar system. Exceeding our earth some one thousand two hundred and thirty times in volume, and more than three hundred times in mass, this magnificent orb was rightly selected by Brewster as the crowning proof of the relative insignificance of the earth in the scale of creation.

Or if we estimate Jupiter rather by the forces inherent in his system, if we contemplate the enormous rapidity with which his vast bulk whirls round upon its axis, or trace the stately motion with which he sweeps onward on his orbit, or measure the influences by which he sways his noble family of satellites, we are equally impressed with the feeling that here we have the prince of all the planets, the orb which, of all others in the solar scheme, suggests to us conceptions of the noblest forms of life.

The very symmetry and perfection of the system which circles round Jupiter have led many to believe that he must be inhabited by races superior in intelligence to any which people our earth. The motions of these bodies afford, indeed, to our astronomers a noble subject of study. Our most eminent mathematicians have given many hours of study to the phenomena which the four moons present to the terrestrial observer. But we can trace only the general movements of the satellites of Jupiter. Their minor disturbances, the effects of the varying influences which the sun and Jupiter exert upon them, and which the moons exert upon each other, must tax the powers of far abler mathematicians even than he who "surpassed the whole human race in mental grasp."

But, after all, we must judge of Jupiter rather according to the evidence we have, and the analogies which are most directly applicable to the case, than according to fancies such as these. We know that the sun, which surpasses Jupiter in weight and volume even more than Jupiter surpasses the earth, is yet not the abode of life, so that mere size and mass must not be held to argue habitability. We know that many meteors and comets sweep through space more swiftly than the vast bulk of Jupiter, so that the energies indicated by mere velocity of motion, whether orbital or rotational, must be equally disregarded. Nor must we forget that, ages before men studied the motions of our own moon, she presented the same noble subject of study that she forms in our day for an Adams, a Leverrier, or a Delaunay. Even now a thousand grand problems are presented to our men of science which escape their notice, and we might as reasonably argue that there must be creatures existing unperceived among us, who deal with these problems, as that, out yonder in space, there must be beings who study the complicated motions of the Jovian satellites.

Jupiter presents the following principal physical habitudes: —

He has a diameter of about eighty-five thousand miles, or nearly eleven times as large as the earth's, a surface one hundred and fifteen times larger, and, as I have said, a volume more than one thousand two hundred times larger. Gravity at his surface is about two and a half times as great as on our earth's, so that such creatures as exist around us would find their weight much more than doubled if they were removed to Jupiter. He lies more than five times further from the sun than our earth, and the light and heat which he receives from that orb are reduced to about one-twenty-fifth of our supply. He rotates on his axis in rather less than ten hours (9 hours, 55 minutes, 26 seconds), so that the length of his day is considerably less than half of ours. His axis is nearly perpendicular to his orbit, so that there are no appreciable seasonal changes as he sweeps round the sun in his long year of 4,332½ days.

It will be convenient to consider, first, the probable influence of the great attractive power of Jupiter upon the dimensions of the various orders of living creatures existing upon his surface.

The grandeur of his orb naturally suggests, at first sight, the idea of beings far exceeding, both in might and bulk, those which live upon the earth. Old Wolfius was led to a similar conclusion in another way. I quote his quaint fancies as quaintly presented by Admiral Smyth. "Wolfius," says the genial sailor, "not only asserts that there are inhabitants in Jupiter, but also shows that they must necessarily be much larger than those of the earth; in fact, that they are of the giant kind, and nearly fourteen feet high by *eye*-measurement. And thus he proves it. It is shown in optics that the pupil of the eye dilates and contracts according to the degree of light it encounters. Wherefore, since in Jupiter the sun's meridian height is much weaker than on the earth, the pupil will need to be much more dilatable in the Jovian creature than in the terrestrial one. But the pupil is observed to have a constant proportion to the ball of the eye, and the ball of the eye to the rest of the body; so that, in animals, the larger the pupil the larger the eye, and consequently the larger the body. Assuming that these conditions are unquestionable, he shows that Jupiter's distance from the sun, compared with the earth's, is as 26 to 5; the intensity of the sun's light in Jupiter is to its intensity on the earth in a duplicate ratio of 5 to 26." The eyes of the Jovians and their dimensions generally must be correspond-

ingly enlarged, and "it therefore follows that even Goliath of Gath would have cut but a sorry figure among the natives of Jupiter. That is, supposing the Philistine's altitude to be somewhere between eight feet and eleven, according as we lean to Bishop Cumberland's calculation, or the Vatican copy of the Septuagint. Now, Wolfius proves the size of the inhabitants of Jupiter to be the same as that of Og, king of Bashan, whose iron camp-bed was nine cubits in length and four in breadth — or rather he shows, in the way stated, the ordinary altitude of the Jovicolæ to be $13\frac{819}{1440}$ Paris feet, and the height of Og to have been $13\frac{1296}{1440}$ feet. See his Works, vol. iii., p. 438."

This exact determination of the dimensions of Jovian men would be very pleasing and satisfactory were it not that another line of argument guides us at least as conclusively to a very different view. If we are to assume that beings resembling men in all attributes except size actually exist on Jupiter, we might claim for these beings the power of moving from place to place as freely as we do, with quite as much reason as Wolfius claimed for them the same powers of vision that we possess. Proceeding according to this view, we are led to the conclusion that the Jovicolæ are pygmies about two and a half feet, on the average, in height. For we know that a man removed to Jupiter would weigh about two and a half times as much as he does on our own earth. He would thus be oppressed with a burden equivalent to half as much again as his own weight. This would render life itself an insupportable burden; and we have to inquire what difference of size would suffice to make a Jove-man as active as our terrestrial men. Now, the weight of bodies similarly proportioned varies as the third power of the height; for example, a body twice as high as another — in other respects similar — will be eight times as heavy. But the muscular power of animals varies as the cross-section of corresponding muscles, or obviously as the square of the linear dimensions; so that of two animals similarly constituted, but one twice as high as the other, the larger would be four times the more powerful. He would weigh, however, eight times as much as the other. He would therefore be only half as active. Similarly, an animal three times as high as another of similar build, would be only one-third as active; and so on for all such relations. Now, since a terrestrial man removed to Jupiter would be two and a half times as heavy as on the earth, it follows, obviously, that a man on Jupiter proportioned like our terres-

trial men would be as active as they are, if his height were to theirs as one to two and a half. Hence, setting six feet as the maximum ordinary height of men on the earth, we see that the tallest and handsomest of the Jovicolæ can be but about two and a half feet in height, *if only our premises are correct.* Thus Tom Thumb and other little fellows, if removed to Jupiter, might be wondered at for their enormous height, and eagerly sought after by any Carlylian Fredericks who may be forming grenadier corps out yonder.

One line of argument having thus led us to regard the Jovicolæ as Ogs of Bashan, while another equally plausible has reduced their dimensions to those of our two-year-old children, we may fairly conclude that this method of reasoning is fallacious. We must not measure the inhabitants of other worlds according to the conceptions suggested by the forms of life we are acquainted with upon earth. We must admit the possibility that arrangements as different from those we are familar with as the constitution of the insect is from that of man may be presented amid the orbs which circle round the sun. It were unwise, no doubt, to give free scope to speculation where we have, in truth, no means of forming an opinion. We need not imagine, as some have done, that "the inhabitants of Jupiter are bat-winged," or, with others, "that they are inveterate dancers." Nor to take the views of more respectable authorities, need we agree with Sir Humphry Davy that the bodies of the Jovians are composed of "numerous convolutions of tubes more analogous to the trunk of the elephant than anything else;" with Whewell, that they are pulpy, gelatinous creatures, living in a dismal world of water and ice with a cindery nucleus; nor finally, with Brewster, that the Jovian may have his "home in subterranean cities warmed by central fires, or in crystal caves cooled by ocean tides, or may float with the Nereids upon the deep, or mount upon wings as eagles, or rise upon the pinions of the dove, that he may flee away and be at rest" (*sic*). So soon as we give a definite form to the conceptions that the imagination, free from the control of exact knowledge, frames respecting the inhabitants of other worlds, we touch at once on the grotesque, the hideous, or the ridiculous. It is sufficient to recognize the probability, or rather the certainty, that the beings of other worlds are very different from any we are acquainted with, without endeavoring to give shape and form to fancies that have no foundation in fact.

We may regard it as probable, however, that living creatures in Jupiter, if any exist, are built generally on a much smaller scale than those which people our earth. Trees, plants, and the vegetable world generally, must also, one would imagine, be very differently constituted from those we are familiar with. It is well known that the motion of the vegetable juices is in part regulated by the force of gravity, and therefore it must be admitted that the structure of terrestrial plants is in part dependent upon the value of gravitation at the earth's surface. Whewell, in his "Bridgewater Treatise" on the astronomical evidence of design in creation, lays great stress on this relation, pointing out, if I remember aright, that all vegetation would be destroyed at once if there could suddenly take place any marked change in the earth's attractive forces. If this view is correct, it is certain that none of our plants could thrive on the soil of Jupiter.

The year of Jupiter differs in a much more striking manner than that of Mars from our terrestrial year. It consists of nearly twelve such years as ours, so that the period corresponding to one of our seasons lasts nearly three years, and a Jovian month is nearly equal to one of our terrestrial years. He has, however, no seasons in our sense of the word, since his equator is inclined but little more than three degrees to his orbit. Thus a perpetual spring reigns all over his surface.

But before we proceed to form a high opinion of the planet's condition under the influence of this perpetual spring, let us distinctly understand what the word means. The word "spring" has a genial sound to ourselves, because we associate it with that which is commonly the pleasantest portion of our year; but it is just possible that the perpetual spring reigning over Jupiter, though doubtless well adapted to the wants of his inhabitants, leads to a state of things such as we might not find altogether so agreeable.

It has been said that "as the rays of the sun fall perpendicularly on the body of the planet, and always continue to do so, the heat must be nearly as possible equal at all times of the year, a perennial summer; this is a striking display of beneficent arrangement." But we should be cautious in adopting this mode of argument. If Jupiter's great distance from the sun is compensated for by this peculiar disposition of his axis, and we are to admire the beneficence thus displayed, are we therefore to find maleficence in the fact that Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune have been otherwise dealt with, though, being further from the

sun, they have greater need than Jupiter of some special arrangement of the sort? It seems safer to consider the consequences which flow from the arrangement without any special reference to its purpose, lest, in our over-anxiety to recognize beneficence in the treatment of one world, we should adopt a mode of reasoning which leads to the direct conclusion that other worlds have been ill-treated.

The great peculiarity resulting from the arrangement in question — the only peculiarity, in fact, of which we can speak with any confidence — consists in this, that everywhere on Jupiter day and night are of equal length. It is in this sense only that perpetual spring — or perpetual autumn, if we please — reigns on the giant planet. The different latitudes of Jupiter have climates differing quite as much as those found in different latitudes on our own earth. At the equator the sun passes every day nearly to the point overhead. At the poles the sun seems to glide along the horizon, rising in the east, passing round — always near the horizon — toward the south, and thence to his setting-place in the west. In intermediate latitudes the sun passes to a southerly elevation, which is greater or less according as the place is nearer to or further from Jupiter's equator. It follows that there is a marked difference between the subequatorial and the subpolar regions in Jupiter, while between these regions every intermediate climate is to be found.

Owing to the rapidity of Jupiter's rotation, the motion of the sun in the Jovian sky must be much more readily discernible and measurable than that with which the sun seems to pass across our own heavens. He traverses the whole semicircle, from the eastern to the western horizon, in two minutes less than five hours, or about six degrees in ten minutes. This corresponds to a motion through a space equal to the sun's diameter (as we see him) in fifty seconds, and must be readily discernible, even to the unaided vision of the Jovicolæ, unless their eyesight is much inferior to ours. The smallness of the sun, as seen from Jupiter, must help to render the motion more perceptible. He presents to them an apparent diameter only equal to about one-fifth of that with which we see him, so that in ten seconds he seems to pass over a space equal to his own diameter.

The other celestial bodies are affected with similar motions as seen from Jupiter. Of course, those seen near the poles of his heavens seem relatively at rest. One of these poles lies in the heart

of the constellation Draco; the other lies close by the Greater Magellanic Cloud, which must present a magnificent cynosure to the inhabitants of the southern hemisphere of the planet. The contrast between the steadfastness of the polar star-groups and the swift motions of the equatorial constellations must be impressive indeed. These equatorial groups are no other than our old friends the zodiacal constellations. As seen by the inhabitants of Jupiter, they rise with a perceptible but stately motion above the eastern horizon, pass to their culmination on the southern meridian, and so to their setting-place in the west — exhibiting the same splendors which the terrestrial astronomer delights to gaze upon, enhanced by the peculiar impressions of active power suggested by visible and obvious motion.

It may seem, at first sight, that the presence of the Jovian satellites must tend to dim the splendor of the sidereal heavens. Our own moon, despite the beautiful passage in which Homer has described the calm beauty of a moonlit night, certainly detracts largely from the magnificence of the star-groups; and as at times there must be four moons visible above the horizon of the Jovians, it might seem that all but the brighter stars would be quite obliterated. The first moon must appear somewhat larger than our own; the next has an apparent diameter rather more than half as large as that of our moon; the third (really the largest) appears about as large as the second; and the fourth has an apparent diameter equal to about a quarter of our moon's. Thus, in all, they cover a space on the sky more than half as large again as that which our moon covers. But, in reality, they cannot have nearly so marked an effect in dimming the lustre of the stars. For it must not be forgotten that they shine only by reflecting the sun's light, and that he illuminates them but faintly in comparison with the light he pours upon our own moon. In effect, supposing their reflective capacities equal to the moon's, they must appear less brilliant than she does, in the proportion of about one to twenty-five; and, combining this result with the above relation, it follows that even if they could all be "full" together, they could send to the Jovians but about one-sixteenth part of the light we receive from the full moon. But, as a matter of fact, they cannot all be full together. The motions of the inner three are so related that, though there is nothing to prevent them from being all visible together, yet when so visible, one only can be full. The fourth may be full at the same time, or in fact may be associated

with the other three in any way, since its motions are not bound up with theirs as theirs are *inter se*.

Even now, however, we have not reached a full estimate of the extent of the mistake which those astronomers have made who speak of the splendor with which the satellites of Jupiter illuminate his skies. When at that part of their orbits where they would otherwise be full, the three inner moons are always eclipsed; and though the fourth, by reason of its great distance, sometimes escapes eclipse, yet more frequently it is obscured like the others. The two inner satellites are eclipsed for upward of two hours, and as they occupy but a few hours in completing their circuit round the sky, it will be seen how largely this relation detracts from their light-supplying powers.

We see, then, that those writers have been mistaken who allege that the great distance of Jupiter from the sun is compensated by the number of his moons, and the quantity of light they reflect toward him. So far is this from being the case that, under the most favorable circumstances, they can supply during the Jovian night but about one-twentieth part of the light with which the full moon illuminates our nocturnal skies. The poetical descriptions which imaginative writers have indulged in, respecting the splendor of the scene presented by these satellites, will not bear the dry light of numerical estimation. That the satellite-system of Jupiter subserves, or may hereafter subserve, important functions need not be questioned; but that we can recognize them as created for any special purpose may be assuredly denied.

LUIGI PULCI.

Pulci, Luigi, an Italian poet; born at Florence, December 3, 1432; died 1487 (?). His greatest work is the romantic epic "Il Morgante Maggiore" (first printed 1481). He wrote also some stories. His life seems to have had no importance in the political history of his times; but in literature he prepared the way for Berni and for Ariosto, and established for himself a firm position as the author of "Il Morgante Maggiore" (Morgante the Giant), a burlesque epic in twenty-eight cantos. He was a warm friend of Lorenzo de' Medici, the Magnificent, — whose mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, he says, urged and inspired him in the composition of this work. The romances of Carlovingian chivalry had acquired at the time wonderful popularity in Italy; by which popularity Pulci was half maddened, half amused. With infinite delight he gave his mocking imagination free play; and in "Il Morgante Maggiore" he turns into good-natured ridicule the combats and exploits which form the scheme of the mediæval epic.

The Conversion of the Giant Morgante.

(From "Il Morgante Maggiore.")

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
  Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed
  Orlando ruled court, Charles, and everything;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
  To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the King
One day he openly began to say, —
"Orlando must we always then obey?

"A thousand times I 've been about to say,
  Orlando too presumptuously goes on.
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway;
  Hamo and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honor thee and to obey;
  But he has too much credit near the throne;
Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided. . . .

"'T is fit my grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sat apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him credit.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief. . . .

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remembered by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure and distant lands, he found,
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante; under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood
But certain savage giants looked him over:
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barred to you: —
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

"When hither to inhabit first we came,
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seemed to promise an asylum sure;
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'T was fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

"These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appeared three giants rough:
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not; but they are all of savage stuff.
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know they can do all — *we* are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do till matters change.

"Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, — 't is certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead:
But here 't is fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down for bread,
From oft yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

"The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far: he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

"For God's sake, cavalier, come in with speed!
The manna 's falling now," the abbot cried.
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied:
"Of restiveness he 'd cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied."
The holy father said, "I don't deceive:
They 'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own.
"Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."
Said the abbot, "Let not my advice seem shallow, —
As to a brother dear I speak alone:
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts, —
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than we, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust."
Orlando answered, "This I 'll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

The abbot signed the great cross on his front:
"Then go you with God's benison and mine!"
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him "if he wished to stay as servant?"

And promised him an office of great ease.
But said Orlando, "Saracen insane!
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, not to serve as footboy in your train:
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace —
Vile dog! 't is past his patience to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious:

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging;
It rolled on Count Orlando's helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go; and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid:
To the right about! — without wings thou'rt too slow
To fly my vengeance, currish renegade!
'T was but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;
To split the head in twain was what he schemed.
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And pagan Passamont died unredeemed;
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word, —

Saying, "What grace to me thou 'st given!
And I to thee, O Lord, am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would naught be found.
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
At least return once more to Carloman."

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth;
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him,
And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him.
And to the gate he came with great regret:
"Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he.
"That," said Orlando, "you will quickly see.

"I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks — repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done by new acquaintance.
'T is writ on high, your wrong must pay another's;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence:
Know, then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

Morgante said, "O gentle cavalier!
Now by thy God say me no villainy;
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly,
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And if you please, by you may be adored."

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone: —
"I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition.
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succor set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

Orlando answered, "Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
Eternal honor, you will go above.
And if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars full of fraud;
The only true God is the Christian's God.

"The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer, blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
Your renegado God, and worship mine, —
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answered, "I 'm content."

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
"To the abbey I will gladly marshal you."
To whom Morgante "Let us go" replied:
"I to the friars have for peace to sue."
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, "My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would;

"Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation."
Morgante said, "For goodness's sake make known —
Since that your God is to be mine — your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I everything at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

"Then," quoth the giant, "blessed be Jesu,
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days;
And as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way. . . .

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying, with tremor, "Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer:
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated, —
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, O Lord!"

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "O giant celebrated,
Know that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes." . . .

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there where'er they chose,

The abbot showed a chamber where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water." "You shall be obeyed
In all commands," was the reply, "straightway."
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head:
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours,
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And passed unto the other side quite through,
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close.
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floored him so that he no more arose,
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

The tun was on one shoulder and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.

Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvelled to see his strength so very great;
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork.
All animals are glad at sight of food.
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork;
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
A few days after this convival scene
Gave to Morgante a fine horse well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse sinking with the pain fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst: to this what say you, count?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front:
Let him go; fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot, Morgante, still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

"When there shall be occasion, you shall see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you 'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight;

Nor will you napping there discover me;
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'T were best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack, —
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who
As you have done to him will do to you.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure;
I don't know if the fact you've heard or read,
But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
"And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfrey."

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
But for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
The penalty, who lie dead in yon grot."
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs — or if I have force;" —
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, 't is no prodigy:
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burthen by:
"Put down, nor bear him further the desert in."
Morgante said, "I' ll carry him for certain."

He did: and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, "Why longer do we stay,
Morgante? here is naught to do indeed."

ALEXANDER SERGÉEVICH PUSHKIN.

Pushkin, Alexander Sergéevich, a great Russian poet and romancer; born at Moscow, May 26, 1799; killed in a duel January 29, 1837. Among his principal works are: "The Prisoner of the Caucasus" (1821); "The Fountain of Bakhchisaraï" (1822); "The Robber Brothers" (1822); "The Gipsies" (1824); "Count Nulin," a comic epos; "Poltava" (1829), an epic poem; "Journey to Erzerum during the Campaign of 1829" (1836); "The Little House in Kolomna," a poetical narrative; the dramas "The Avaricious Knight," "Mozart and Salieri," and "The Stony Guest;" "The Banquet during the Plague;" his masterpiece "Evgeny Onyegin" (1828), a romance in verse after the manner of Byron's "Don Juan;" and the historic novels "The Captain's Daughter" (1831), "Dubrovsky," "History of Pugachef's Revolt" (1834).

Grigori and Father Pimen.

(From "Boris Godunof.") Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

Night: *A cell in the Tydobori Monastery*, 1603. Father Pimen; Grigori (afterwards known as the False Dmitri) sleeping.

Pimen [*writing before a lamp*].

One more, one final anecdote, and then
My manuscript will be complete, the task
On me, a sinner, laid by God, fulfilled.
'T is not for naught that during all these years
The Lord hath made me witness many things,
And taught me all the art of writing books.
When in the future some industrious monk
Shall find my hard accomplished nameless work,
He will, like me, illume his little lamp,
And, brushing off the dust of centuries,
Will copy down my truthful chronicle.
Then will the children of believers true
Read all the story of their native land,
Recall the labors of their mighty tsars,

Performed for them, for glory and for right,
And humbly offer prayers that God will blot
The crimes, though dark, of him who wrought for them.
Thus, bent with many years, I live anew
The past, before me rolls its hurrying flood.
Is 't long ago that like the angry sea
Time's fateful surges broke in great events?
And now it rests in motionless repose!
Not many men my memory preserves,
Nor many words are in my mind engrossed,
And all the rest forever now are gone.
But day is nigh, my little lamp burns dim;
One more, one final story of the past! [*Writes.*]

GRIGORI [*wakes*]. That dream again? How strange!
That cursed dream.
Thrice have I dreamed it! . . . . But the aged man
Still sits before his little lamp and writes.
He hath not closed his eyes the livelong night
In slumber: how I love his peaceful mien,
As, deeply buried in the past, his soul
Broods o'er the secrets of his manuscript.
How gladly would I scan his precious lines.
What writeth he: the Tatars' bloody reign, —
The cruel deeds of John the Terrible?
The stormy council of old Novgorod?
The glories of the fatherland? In vain!
Nor in his glance nor in his lofty brow
Can one discern the secrets of his mind:
His mien is calm and full of majesty,
As well becomes an aged priest who looks
With cloudless eyes on good and evil men
Impartially, detecting right and wrong
Or hatred or compassion knowing not.

PIMEN. Art thou awake?

GRIGORI. Thy blessing, honored sire.

PIMEN. The Lord his blessing grant thee, oh, my son,
To-day, hereafter, and for evermore!

GRIGORI. Long has thy pen been busy, nor has sleep
Once brought thee sweet oblivion this night;
But some strange diabolic vision hath disturbed
My rest: my enemy hath tormented me.
I mounted to the windy tower alone;
Before me from the top all Moscow lay
Diminished like an ant-hill. Far below
The people swarmed and babbled in the square

And jeered at me with senseless ridicule.
Shame mastered me and terror overwhelmed,
And, falling headlong on my face, I waked.
'T is thrice that I have dreamed the self-same dream.
Is 't not a marvel ?

PIMEN. 'T is thy youthful blood
Makes sport of thee : by prayer and strenuous fast
Thy dreams will be with peaceful visions filled.
'T is only since a little time, if I,
Dazed with involuntary drowsiness,
Should fail my soul with earnest prayer to guard,
My aged dreams would be disturbed with sin :
Wild scenes of banqueting would oft torment,
Now warlike camps or surging battles rude,
Now senseless dissipations of wild youth.

GRIGORI. How gayly must have passed thy youthful days !
Thou wast in battle 'neath Kazán's high wall;
Hast shared the war in Lithuania's plain ;
Hast seen the wanton court of John the Great.
How fortunate ! But I from earliest years
Have been immured in cells a needy monk !
Why should not I have had delight in war
And feasted at the table of the Tsar ?
Then when I reached like thee the term of life,
I might have turned me gladly from the world
And all its vanities, and shut myself
Within the calm retirement of a cell
To meditate upon my holy vows.

PIMEN. Lament not, brother, that thou hast so soon
The world abandoned, that a loving God
Hath little of temptation sent to thee.
Take thou my word, a fascination strong
Is exercised upon us from afar,
By glory, luxury, and woman's wiles.
Long have I lived and much have I enjoyed;
But only true enjoyment have I known
Since to the cloister God hath led my steps.
Recall the mightiest tsars that ever lived.
Who stands above them ? God alone ! And who
Would venture to oppose them ? None ! What then ?
On them so sorely weighs the golden crown
They would exchange it gladly for the cowl.
E'en John the Tsar sought comfort and relief
Within the semblance of monastic rule.
His court, where swarmed his haughty favorites,

The novel aspect of a cloister took;
His body-guard, in sackcloth and in stole,
Appeared like docile monks, the while the Tsar,
Himself, the cruel Tsar, an abbot mild,
Myself have seen, here in this very cell —
('T was then the abode of that most just of men,
Kirill, who suffered much, and even then
I also had been led by God to see
The folly of the world) — myself have seen,
Here in this very cell, the mighty Tsar,
Grown weary of his mad designs and wrath,
Repenting, sit amongst us, meek and mild.
We stood before him silent, motionless,
And quietly he would converse with us,
Would hold the abbot and the brotherhood:
"Ye fathers, now the wished-for hour is come,
Here I appear with hunger to be saved;
Thou Nikodim, thou Sergi, thou Kirill,
And all of ye, accept my heartfelt vow!
I come to you a sinner in despair;
I take upon myself the monk's harsh garb,
And fall, oh, holy father, at thy feet!"
Thus spoke the mighty ruler of the realm;
And gentle words flowed from his cruel lips,
And tears bedewed his cheeks; and we in tears
Would pray our Lord his sinful, suffering soul
To fill with everlasting love and peace.
But his son Feodor? Upon the throne
Vowed to perpetual silence, like a monk;
He sighed to lead a life of easy peace.
He would have changed the royal palace-halls
To cloistered cells, the heavy cares of state
Would not then have disturbed his soul.
God mercifully gave the Tsar his peace;
And while he lived, our Russia, undisturbed
In taintless glory, owned his gentle sway.
But when he died, a miracle was wrought,
Unheard of; at his couch appeared a man
With face of flame, seen by the Tsar alone.
Feodor talked with him, and called him "Sire" —
"Great Patriarch." All around were filled with fear
To see the heavenly apparition there,
Because the holy father was not then
Within the chamber where the Tsar was laid.
And when he ceased sweet fragrance filled the halls,

And like the sun his holy visage shone.
Ah, such a Tsar we never had before!
Such little unexampled woe befell!
We must have angered God, we must have sinned
To have for Tsar the slayer of the Tsar.

GRIGORI. I long have wished to ask, oh, holy father
About the death of Dmitri, the Tsarevitch;
Thou wert, I know, at Uglitch at the time.

PIMEN. Oh, I remember well: God made me see
The cruel deed, the sanguinary crime.
At far-off Uglitch then I chanced to be,
Sent on some embassy. I came by night.
That morning, at the time of early mass,
I sudden heard the bell, — loud rang th' alarm:
Cries, shouts. . . . Men hurry to the palace gates;
I hasten thither. — All the city there
Had gathered, — and I saw the murdered boy:
The Tsarilsa, his mother, in a swoon
O'er him had fallen; his nurse was weeping loud
In sheer despair. The people, maddened, then
Destroyed the traitorous woman in their rage.
Then, suddenly amidst them, pale with wrath,
Appeared Iúda Vityagóvsky.
"There! there's the villain!" rang the general howl,
And in a twinkling he was torn in pieces.
The fleeing murderers fierce the mob pursued,
And seized the friends who fain had sheltered them;
Before them brought the Prince's corpse, still warm.
Oh, wonderful! — the corpse began to stir.
"Confess!" the people cried in furious tones;
And in their terror at the hangman's axe
The criminals confessed, and named Borís.

GRIGORI. How old was then the murdered Tsarevitch?

PIMEN. His years were seven; he would have been to-day —
(Ten years have passed away since then, — nay, more,
Twelve years have passed) — he would have been thy age,
And on the throne! but God saw otherwise.

DIMITRI AND MARINA.

(From "Boris Godunof.")

MARINA. Dimitri! Is it you?

THE PRETENDER. Sweet, witching voice!
Is 't thou at last? Behold I thee indeed
Alone with me in shade of gentle night?

How slowly dragged the hours of weary day!
How slowly paled the sunset's ruddy glow!
How long I waited for the gloom of night!

MARINA. The hours for me sped fast, — the time was dear:
I made not this appointment with thee now
That I might hear the tender words of love:
Unnecessary all thy protests are,
For I believe thou lov'st me well. But list!
I am resolved to join my fate with thine, —
Though dubious it be and full of storms!
But one thing must I claim: I must demand
That thou disclose to me thy secret hopes,
Thy plans, and also — 't is my right — thy fears,
That boldly, leaning on thy arm, may I
Take hold of life, and not with childish blindness,
Not like a bondmaid to a man's desires, —
A silent, uncomplaining concubine, —
But like a wife with equal powers to thine, —
The helpmeet of the Tsar of Muscovy!

THE PRETENDER. Oh, let me for a single hour forget
The labors and the dangers of my fate!
Forget thou, also, that in me thou seest
The tsarévitch! Marina, see in me
The lover of thy choice, whom thou canst fill
With rapture by a single glance of love.
Oh, heed the supplication of my love,
And let me tell thee all that fills my heart!

MARINA. There is no time, prince! While thou loiterest here
Cool grows the zealous ardor of thy men, —
Each hour the danger and the toil for thee
Grow into greater danger, greater toil.
Already doubtful rumors fly abroad;
Already change treads close on heel of change.
And Godunóf hastes on the ripening plan.

THE PRETENDER. And who is Godunóf? Has this Borís
Within his grasp thy love, my only joy?
Nay, nay, now look I with indifference
Upon his throne, upon his royal power.
Thy love — without that what were life to me,
The gleam of glory and the Russian realm?
Upon the lonely steppe, in poverty,
Thou, thou wert worth to me the crown of Tsar!
Thy love —

MARINA. For shame! Let not thy soul forget
The claims of thy high, holy destiny!

Thy rank must lift thee far above all joy,
Above all life's temptations. Thou canst not
In anything compare thyself to him.
Not to a youth, seething with mad desires,
Intoxicated by my loveliness,
Did I in solemn mood bestow my hand;
But to the heir of Moscow's splendid throne,
The Tsar's son, saved for us by destiny.

THE PRETENDER. Torture me not, Marina, loveliest!
Confess not that it was my rank, not me,
That thou didst choose. Marina, thou know'st not
What wounds upon my heart thy words inflict!
What! if — oh, terrible suspicion! Say, —
If blind fate had denied me royal birth, —
If I was not the son of the Ioánns, —
The royal boy forgotten by the world, —
Then, then wouldst thou still love me? Answer me!

MARINA. Dimitri, thou couldst not be else than he!
I could not love another!

THE PRETENDER. 'T is enough!
I do not wish to share a dead man's love,
Who still is bound to him by sacred ties.
No! I have had enough of false pretence.
I now will tell the truth, so thou mayst know
That thy Dimitri is still stiff and stark,
And has not ever risen from the tomb!
And wouldst thou know who I am among men?
'T is well. I will not hide it! — A poor monk!
I, wearied of my dull monastic life,
Thought mighty thoughts beneath my capuchin!
I thought to give the world a mighty shock,
And so at last I fled my cell and came
Among the Ukraïnians, in their canvas towns!
I learnt to curb the horse and wield the sword.
Dimitri then among you I appeared,
And easily deceived the fickle Poles!
To this, thou proud Marina, what say'st thou?
With my avowal art thou satisfied?
Why art thou silent?

MARINA. Oh, the shame! the pain!

THE BLACK SHAWL.

LIKE a madman I gaze on a raven-black shawl:
Remorse, fear, and anguish, — this heart knows them all.

When believing and fond, in the springtime of youth,
I loved a Greek maiden with tenderest truth.

That fair one caressed me — my life! oh, 't was bright;
But it set, that fair day, in a hurricane night.

One day I had bidden young guests, a gay crew,
When sudden there knocked at my gate a vile Jew.

"With guests thou art feasting," he whisperingly said,
"And *she* hath betrayed thee — thy young Grecian maid."

I cursed him and gave him good guerdon of gold,
And called me a slave that was trusty and bold.

"Ho! my charger — my charger!" — We mount, we depart,
And soft pity whispered in vain at my heart.

On the Greek maiden's threshold in frenzy I stood;
I was faint, and the sun seemed as darkened with blood.

By the maiden's low window I listen, and there
I beheld an Armenian caressing the fair.

The light darkened round me; then flashed my good blade —
The minion ne'er finished the kiss that betrayed.

On the corse of a minion in fury I danced,
Then silent and pale at the maiden I glanced.

I remember the prayers and the red-bursting stream —
Thus perished the maiden — thus perished my dream.

This raven-black shawl from her dead brow I tore —
On its fold from my dagger I wiped off the gore.

The mists of the evening arose, and my slave
Hurled the corpses of both in the Danube's dark wave.

Since then, I kiss never the maid's eyes of light,
Since then, I know never the soft joys of night.

Like a madman I gaze on the raven-black shawl:
Remorse, fear, and anguish — this heart knows them all.

Caucasus.

Beneath me the peaks of the Caucasus lie;
My gaze from the snow-bordered cliff I am bending;
From her sun-lighted eyrie the eagle ascending
Floats movelessly on in a line with mine eye.
I see the young torrent's first leaps toward the ocean,
And the cliff-cradled lawine essay its first motion.

Beneath me the clouds in their silentness go,
  The cataracts through them in thunder down-dashing,
  Far beneath them bare peaks in the sunny ray flashing;
Weak moss and dry shrubs I can mark yet below,
Dark thickets still lower; green meadows are blooming
Where the throstle is singing and reindeer are roaming.

Here man, too, has nested his hut, and the flocks
  On the long grassy slopes in their quiet are feeding,
  And down to the valley the shepherd is speeding,
Where Arágva gleams out from her wood-crested rocks.
And there in his crags the poor robber is hiding,
And Térek in anger is wrestling and chiding.

Like a fierce young wild beast, how he bellows and raves,
  Like that beast from his cage when his prey he espieth;
  'Gainst the bank, like a wrestler, he struggleth and plieth,
And licks at the rocks with his ravening waves.
In vain, thou wild river! dumb cliffs are around thee,
And sternly and grimly their bondage hath bound thee!

Ya Perezhil Svoï Zhelanya.

I 've overlived aspirings,
  My fancies I disdain;
The fruit of hollow-heartedness,
  Sufferings alone remain.

'Neath cruel storms of Fate
  With my crown of bay,
A sad and lonely life I lead,
  Waiting my latest day.

Thus, struck by latter cold
  While howls the wintry wind,
Trembles upon the naked bough
  The last leaf left behind.

ARTHUR THOMAS QUILLER-COUCH.

Quiller-Couch, Arthur Thomas, an English writer of fiction; born in Cornwall, November 21, 1863. His family has lived in Cornwall for generations, and he comes of good stock; father, uncle, and grandfather being distinguished scientists in the fields of biology and medicine. He was educated in various Devonshire schools, then went up to Trinity College, Oxford. As an undergraduate he contributed clever verse to the college paper, adopting the pseudonym "Q." He was and is an athlete,—as one might infer from his books. He took his degree in 1887, and was appointed classical lecturer at Trinity; but soon turned to fiction, went to London, and joined the staff of the "Speaker"—Barrie being a fellow-worker. This newspaper connection has been retained ever since, although Mr. Quiller-Couch now lives in a charming country house at Fowey in Cornwall. The volume "Adventures in Criticism" is made up of selected book reviews representing his journalistic work, which is decidedly fresh and good. The Elizabethan anthology, "The Golden Pomp," also testifies to his reading and scholarship. His writings include "Dead Man's Rock" (1887); "The Astonishing History of Troy Town" (1888); "The Splendid Spur" (1889); "Noughts and Crosses" (1891); "The Blue Pavilions" (1891); "I Saw Three Ships A-Sailing" (1892); "The Warwickshire Avon" (1892); "The Delectable Duchy" (1893); "Green Bays" (1893); "Wandering Heath" (1895); "The Golden Pomp" (1895); "Ia" (1896); "Adventures in Criticism" (1896); "Poems and Ballads" (1896).

The Curtain Falls.

(From "Dead Man's Rock.")

A week had passed and I was standing with Claire beside Tom's grave. We had met and spoken at the funeral, but some restraint had lain upon our tongues. For myself, I was still as one who had sold his brother for a price, and Claire had forborne from questioning my grief.

The coroner's jury had brought in a verdict of "Murder by a certain person unknown," and now the police were occupied

in following such clues as I could give them. All the daily papers assigned robbery as the motive, and the disappearance of Tom's watch-chain gave plausibility to the theory. But I knew too well why that chain had disappeared, and even in my grief found consolation in the thought of Colliver's impotent rage when he should come to examine his prize. I had described the face and figure of my enemy and had even identified him with the long-missing sailor Georgio Rhodojani, so that they promised to lay hands on him in a very short space. But the public knew nothing of this. The only effect of the newspapers' version of the murder was to send the town crowding in greater numbers than ever to see the dead man's play.

Since the first night of "Francesca," Claire and I had only met by Tom's bedside and at his funeral. But as I entered the gloomy cemetery that afternoon I spied a figure draped in black beside the yet unsettled mound, and as I drew near knew it to be Claire.

So we stood there facing one another for a full minute, at a loss for words. A wreath of *immortelles* lay upon the grave. In my heart I thanked her for the gift, but could not speak. It seemed as though the hillock that parted us were some impassable barrier to words. Had I but guessed the truth I should have known that, unseen and unsuspected, across that foot or two of turf was stretched a gulf we were never more to cross: between our lives lay the body of my friend; and not his only, but many a pallid corpse that with its mute lips cursed our loves.

Presently Claire raised her head and spoke.

"Jasper, you have much to forgive me, and I hardly dare ask your forgiveness. It is too late to ask forgiveness of a dead man, but could he hear now I would entreat him to pardon the folly that wrought this cruel mistake."

"Claire, you could not know. How was it possible to guess?"

"That is true, but it is no less cruel. And I deceived you. Can you ever forgive?"

"Forgive! forgive what? That I found my love peerless among women? Oh, Claire, Claire, 'forgive'?"

"Yes; what matters it that for the moment I have what is called fame? I deceived you — yet, believe me, it was only because I thought to make the surprise more pleasant. I thought — but it is too late. Only believe I had no other

thought, no other wish. My poor scheme seemed so harmless at first: then as the days went on I began to doubt. But until you told me, as we stood beside the river, of — *him*, I never guessed; — oh, believe me, I never guessed!"

"Love, do not accuse yourself in this way. It hurts me to hear you speak so. If there was any fault it was mine; but the Fates blinded us. If you had known Tom, you would know that he would forgive could he hear us now. For me, Claire, what have I to pardon?"

Claire did not answer for a moment. There was still a trouble in her face, as though something yet remained to be said and she had not the courage to utter it.

"Jasper, there is something besides, which you have to pardon if you can."

"My love!"

"Do you remember what I asked you that night, when you first told me about *him?*"

"You asked me a foolish question, if I remember rightly. You asked if I could ever cease to love you."

"No, not foolish; I really meant it seriously, and I believed you when you answered me. Are you of the same mind now? Believe me, I am not asking lightly."

"I answer you as I answered you then: 'Love is strong as death.' My love, put away these thoughts and be sure that I love you as my own soul."

"But perhaps, even so, you might be so angry that — Oh, Jasper, how can I tell you?"

"Tell me all, Claire."

"I told you I was called, or that they called me Claire. Were you not surprised when you saw my name as Clarissa Lambert?"

"Is that all?" I cried. "Why, of course, I knew how common it is for actresses to take another name. I was even glad of it; for the name I know, your own name, is now a secret, and all the sweeter so. All the world admires Clarissa Lambert, but I alone love Claire Luttrell, and know that Claire Luttrell loves me."

"But that is not all," she expostulated, whilst the trouble in her eyes grew deeper. "Oh, why will you make it so hard for me to explain? I never thought, when I told you so carelessly on that night when we met for the first time, that you would grow to care for me at all. And it was the same after-

wards, when I introduced you to my mother; I gave you the name Luttrell, without ever dreaming — "

"Was Luttrell not your mother's name?" I asked, perplexed.

"That is the name by which she is always called now; and I am always called Claire; in fact, it is my name, but I have another, and I ought to have told you."

"Why, as Claire I know you, and as Claire I shall always love you. What does it matter if your real name be Lambert? You will change it, love, soon, I trust."

But my poor little jest woke no mirth in her eyes.

"No, it is not Lambert. This is only the name I took when I went on the stage. Nor am I called Luttrell. It is a sad story; but let me tell it now, and put an end to all deception. I meant to do so long ago; but lately I thought I would wait until after you had seen me on the stage; I thought I would explain all together, not knowing that *he* — but it has all gone wrong. Jasper, I know you will pity poor mother, even though she had allowed you to be deceived. She has been so unhappy. But let me tell it first, and then you will judge. She calls herself Luttrell to avoid persecution; to avoid a man who is — "

"A villain, I am sure."

"A villain, yes; but worse. He is her husband; not my father, but a second husband. My father died when I was quite a little child, and she married again. Ever since that day she has been miserable. I remember her face — oh, so well! when she first discovered the real character of the man. For years she suffered — we were abroad then — until at last she could bear it no longer, so she fled — fled back to England, and took me with her. I think, but I am not sure, that her husband did not dare to follow her to England, because he had done something against the laws. I only guess this, for I never dare to ask mother about him. I did so once, and shall never forget the look of terror that came into her eyes. I only guess he has some strong reason for avoiding England, for I remember we went abroad hastily, almost directly after that night when mother first discovered that she had been deceived. However that may be, we came to England, mother and I, and changed our name to Luttrell, which was her maiden name. After this, our life became one perpetual dread of discovery. We were miserably poor, of course, and I was unable to do anything to help for many years. Mother was so careful; why,

she even called me by my second name, so desperately anxious was she to hide all traces from that man. Then suddenly we were discovered — not by him, but by his mother, whom he set to search for us, and she — for she was not wholly bad — promised to make my fortune on the single condition that half my earnings were sent to him. Otherwise, she threatened that mother should have no rest. What could I do? It was the only way to save ourselves. Well, I promised to go upon the stage, for this woman fancied she discovered some talent in me. Why, Jasper, how strangely you are looking!"

"Tell me — tell me," I cried, "who is this woman?"

"You ought to know that, for you were in the box with her during most of the first night of 'Francesca.'"

A horrible, paralyzing dread had seized me.

"Her name, and his? Quick — tell me, for God's sake!"

"Colliver. He is called Simon Colliver. But, Jasper, what is it? What —"

I took the chain and Golden Clasp and handed them to Claire without speech.

"Why, what is this?" she cried. "He has a piece exactly like this, the fellow to it; I remember seeing it when I was quite small. Oh, speak! what new mystery, what new trouble is this?"

"Claire, Colliver is here in London, or was but a week ago."

"Here!"

"Yes, Claire; and it was he that murdered Thomas Loveday."

"Murdered Thomas Loveday! I do not understand." She had turned a deathly white, and spread out her hands as if for support. "Tell me —"

"Yes, Claire," I said, as I stepped to her, and put my arm about her; "it is truth, as I stand here. Colliver, your mother's husband, foully murdered my innocent friend for the sake of that piece of gold; and more, Simon Colliver, for the sake of this same accursed token, murdered my father!"

"Your father!"

She shook off my arm, and stood facing me there, by Tom's grave, with a look of utter horror that froze my blood.

"Yes, my father; or stay, I am wrong. Though Colliver prompted, his was not the hand that did the deed. That he left to a poor wretch whom he afterwards slew himself — one Railton — John Railton."

"What!"

"Why, Claire, Claire! What is it? Speak!"

"I am Janet Railton!"

. . . . . .

Twenty-four hours had passed and left me as they found me, in torture. Despite my doubt, I swore she should not cast me off; then knelt and prayed as I had never prayed before, that Heaven would deny some of its cruelty to my darling. In the abandonment of my supplication, I was ready to fling the secret from me and forgive all, to forgive my father's murderer, my life-long enemy, and let him go unsought, rather than give up Claire. Yet as I prayed, my entreaties and my tears went up to no compassionate God, but beat themselves upon the adamantine face of Dead Man's Rock that still rose inexorable between me and Heaven.

That night the crowd that gathered in the Coliseum to see the new play went away angry and disappointed; for Clarissa Lambert was not acting. Another actress took her part — but how differently! And all the while she, for whose sake they had come, was on her knees wrestling with a grimmer tragedy than "Francesca," with no other audience than the angels of pity.

Twenty-four hours had passed, and found me hastening towards Old Kensington; for in my pocket lay a note bearing only the words "Come at 3.30 — Claire," and on my heart rested a load of suspense unbearable. For many minutes beforehand, I paced up and down outside the house in an agony, and as my watch pointed to the half-hour, knocked and was admitted.

Mrs. Luttrell met me in the passage. She seemed most terribly white and worn, so that I was astonished when she simply said, "Claire is slightly unwell, and in fact could not act last night, but she wishes to see you for some reason."

Wondering why Claire's mother should look so strangely if she guessed nothing of what had happened, but supposing illness to be the reason, I stopped for an instant to ask.

"Am I pale?" she answered. "It is nothing — nothing — do not take any notice of it. I am rather weaker than usual to-day, that is all — a mere nothing. You will find Claire in the drawing-room there." And so she left me.

I knocked at the drawing-room door, and hearing a faint voice inside, entered. As I did so, Claire rose to meet me.

She was very pale, and the dark circles around her eyes told of a long vigil; but her manner at first was composed and even cold.

"Claire!" I cried, and stretched out my hands.

"Not yet," she said, and motioned me to a chair. "I sent for you because I have been thinking of — of — what happened yesterday, and I want you to tell me all; the whole story from beginning to end."

"But —"

"There is no 'but' in the case, Jasper. I am Janet Railton, and you say that my father killed yours. Tell me how it was."

Her manner was so calm that I hesitated at first, bewildered. Then, finding that she waited for me to speak, I sat down facing her and began my story.

I told it through, without suppression or concealment, from the time when my father started to seek the treasure, down to the cowardly blow that had taken my friend's life. During the whole narrative she never took her eyes from my face for more than a moment. Her very lips were bloodless, but her manner was as quiet as though I were reading her some story of people who had never lived. Once only she interrupted me. I was repeating the conversation between her father and Simon Colliver upon Dead Man's Rock.

"You are quite sure," she asked, "of the words? You are positive he said, 'Captain, it was your knife'?"

"Certain," I answered sadly.

"You are giving the very words they both used?"

"As well as I can remember; and I have cause for a good memory."

"Go on," she replied simply.

So I unrolled the whole chronicle of our unhappy fates, and even read to her Lucy Railton's letter which I had brought with me. Then, as I ceased, for full a minute we sat in absolute silence, reading each other's gaze.

"Let me see the letter," she said, and held out her hand for it.

I gave it to her. She read it slowly through and handed it back.

"Yes, it is my mother's letter," she said, slowly.

Then again silence fell upon us. I could hear the clock tick slowly on the mantel-piece, and the beating of my own

heart that raced and outstripped it. That was all; until at length the slow, measured footfall of the timepiece grew maddening to hear; it seemed a symbol of the unrelenting doom pursuing us, and I longed to rise and break it to atoms.

I could stand it no longer.

"Claire, tell me that this will not — cannot alter you — that you are mine yet, as you were before."

"This is impossible," she said, very gravely and quietly.

"Impossible? Oh, no, no; do not say that! You cannot, you must not say that!"

"Yes, Jasper," she repeated, and her face was pallid as snow; "it is impossible."

But as I heard my doom, I arose and fought it with blind despair.

"Claire, you do not know what you are saying. You love me, Claire; you have told me so, and I love you as my very soul. Surely, then, you will not say this thing. How were we to know? How could you have told? Oh, Claire! is it that you do not love me?"

Her eyes were full of infinite compassion and tenderness, but her lips were firm and cold.

"You know that I love you."

"Then, oh, my love! how can this come between us? What does it matter that our fathers fought and killed each other, if only we love? Surely, surely Heaven cannot fix the seal of this crime upon us forever? Speak, Claire, and tell me that you will be mine in spite of all!"

"It cannot be," she answered, very gently.

"Cannot be!" I echoed. "Then I was right, and you do not love, but fancied that you did for a while. Love, love, was that fair? No power on earth — no, nor in heaven — should have made me cast you off so."

My rage died out before the mute reproach of those lovely eyes. I caught the white hand. "Forgive me, Claire; I was desperate, and knew not what I was saying. I know you love me — you have said so, and you are truth itself; truth and all goodness. But if you have loved, then you can love me still. Remember our text, Claire, 'Love is strong as death.' Strong as death, and can it be overcome so easily?"

She was trembling terribly, and from the little hand within mine I could feel her agitation. But though the soft eyes spoke appealingly as they were raised in answer, I could see, behind all their anguish, an immutable resolve.

"No, Jasper; it can never be — never. Do you think I am not suffering — that it is nothing to me to lose you? Try to think better of me. Oh, Jasper, it is hard indeed for me, and — I love you so.

"No, no," she went on; "do not make the task harder for me. Why can you not curse me? It would be easier then. Why can you not hate me as you ought? Oh, if you would but strike me and go, I could better bear this hour!"

There was such abandonment of entreaty in her tones that my heart bled for her; yet I could only answer: —

"Claire, I will not give you up; not though you went on your knees and implored it. Death alone can divide us now; and even death will never kill my love."

"Death!" she answered. "Think, then, that I am dead; think of me as under the mould. Ah, love, hearts do not break so easily. You would grieve at first, but in a little while I should be forgotten."

"Claire!"

"Forgive me, love; not forgotten. I wronged you when I said the word. Believe me, Jasper, that if there be any gleam of day in the blackness that surrounds me it is the thought that you so love me; and yet it would have been far easier otherwise — far easier."

Little by little my hope was slipping from me; but still I strove with her as a man battles for his life. I raved, protested, called earth and heaven to witness her cruelty; but all in vain.

"It would be a sin — a horrible sin!" she kept saying. "God would never forgive it. No, no; do not try to persuade me — it is horrible!" and she shuddered.

Utterly beaten at last by her obstinacy, I said: —

"I will leave you now to think it over. Let me call again and hear that you repent."

"No, love; we must never meet again. This must be our last good-bye. Stay!" and she smiled for the first time since that meeting in the cemetery. "Come to 'Francesca' to-night; I am going to act."

"What! to-night?"

"Yes. One must live, you see, even though one suffers. See, I have a ticket for you — for a box. You will come? Promise me."

"Never, Claire."

"Yes, promise me. Do me this last favor; I shall never ask another."

I took the card in silence.

"And now," she said, "you may kiss me. Kiss me on the lips for the last time, and may God bless you, my love."

Quite calmly and gently she lifted her lips to mine, and on her face was the glory of unutterable tenderness.

"Claire! My love, my love!" My arms were round her, her whole form yielded helplessly to mine, and as our lips met in that one passionate, shuddering caress, sank on my breast.

"You will not leave me?" I cried.

And through her sobs came the answer:—

"Yes, yes; it must be, it must be."

Then drawing herself up, she held out her hand and said:—

"To-night, remember, and so — farewell."

And so, in the fading light of that gray December afternoon I left her standing there.

. . . . . .

Mad and distraught with the passion of that parting, I sat that evening in the shadow of my box and waited for the curtain to rise upon "Francesca." The Coliseum was crowded to the roof, for it was known that Clarissa Lambert's illness had been merely a slight indisposition, and to-night she would again be acting. I was too busy with my own hard thoughts to pay much attention at first, but I noticed that my box was the one nearest to the stage, in the tier next above it. So that once more I should hear my darling's voice, and see her form close to me. Once or twice I vaguely scanned the audience. The boxes opposite were full; but, of course, I could see nothing of my own side of the theatre. After a moment's listless glance, I leaned back in the shadow and waited.

I do not know who composed the overture. It is haunted by one exquisite air, repeated, fading into variations, then rising once more only to sink into the tender sorrow of a minor key. I have heard it but twice in my life, but the music of it is with me to this day. Then, as I heard it, it carried me back to the hour when Tom and I sat expectant in this same theatre, he trembling for his play's success, I for the sight of my love. Poor Tom! The sad melody wailed upwards as though it were the voice of the wind playing about his grave, every note breathing pathos or suspiring in tremulous anguish. Poor Tom! Yet your love was happier than mine; better to die

with Claire's's kiss warm upon the lips than to live with but the memory of it.

The throbbing music had ended, and the play began. As before, the audience were without enthusiasm at first, but to-night they knew they had but to wait, and they did so patiently; so that when at last Claire's voice died softly away at the close of her opening song, the hushed house was suddenly shaken to its roof with the storm and tumult of applause.

There she stood, serene and glowing, as one that had never known pain. My very eyes doubted. On her face was no sign of suffering, no trace of a tear. Was she, then, utterly without heart? In my memory I retraced the scene of that afternoon, and all my reason acquitted her. Yet, as she stood there in her glorious epiphany, illumined with the blazing lights, and radiant in the joy and freshness of youth, I could have doubted whether, after all, Clarissa Lambert and Claire Luttrell were one and the same.

There was one thing which I did not fail, however, to note as strange. She did not once glance in the direction of my box, but kept her eyes steadily averted. And it then suddenly dawned upon me that she must be playing with a purpose; but what that purpose was I could not guess.

Whatever it was, she was acting magnificently and had for the present completely surrendered herself to her art. Grand as that art had been on the first night of "Francesca," the power of that performance was utterly eclipsed to-night. Once between the acts I heard two voices in the passage outside my box:—

"What do you think of it?" said the first.

"What can I?" answered the other. "And how can I tell you? It is altogether above words."

He was right. It was not so much admiration as awe and worship that held the house that night. I have heard a man say since that he wonders how the play could ever have raised anything beyond a laugh. He should have heard the sobs that every now and then would break uncontrollably forth, even whilst Claire was speaking. He should have felt the hush that followed every scene before the audience could recollect itself and pay its thunderous tribute.

Still she never looked towards me, though all the while my eyes were following my lost love. Her purpose — and somehow in my heart I grew more and more convinced that some pur-

pose lay beneath this transcendent display — was waiting for its accomplishment, and in the ringing triumph of her voice I felt it coming nearer — nearer — until at last it came.

The tragedy was nearly over. Francesca had dismissed her old lover and his new bride from their captivity and was now left alone upon the stage. The last expectant hush had fallen upon the house. Then she stepped slowly forward in the dead silence, and as she spoke the opening lines, for the first time our eyes met.

"Here then all ends: — all love, all hate, all vows,
All vain reproaches. Aye, 't is better so.
So shall he best forgive and I forget,
Who else had chained him to a life-long curse,
Who else had sought forgiveness, given in vain
While life remained that made forgiveness dear.
Far better to release him — loving more
Now love denies its love and he is free,
Than should it by enjoyment wreck his joy,
Blighting his life for whom alone I lived.

"No, no. As God is just, it could not be.
Yet, oh, my love, be happy in the days
I may not share, with her whose present lips
Usurp the rights of my lost sovranty.
I would not have thee think — save now and then
As in a dream that is not all a dream —
On her whose love was sunshine for an hour,
Then died or e'er its beams could blast thy life.
Be happy and forget what might have been,
Forget my dear embraces in her arms,
My lips in hers, my children in her sons,
While I —
Dear love, it is not hard to die
Now once the path is plain. See, I accept
And step as gladly to the sacrifice
As any maid upon her bridal morn —
One little stroke — one tiny touch of pain
And I am quit of pain for evermore.
It needs no bravery. Wert thou here to see,
I would not have thee weep, but look — one stroke,
And thus —"

What was that shriek far back there in the house? What was that at sight of which the audience rose white and aghast

from their seats? What was it that made Sebastian as he entered rush suddenly forward and fall with awful cry before Francesca's body? What was that trickling down the folds of her white dress? Blood?

Yes, blood! In an instant I put my hand upon the cushion of the box, vaulted down to the stage and was kneeling beside my dying love. But as the clamorous bell rang down the curtain, I heard above its noise a light and silvery laugh, and looking up saw in the box next to mine the coal-black devilish eyes of the yellow woman.

Then the curtain fell.

QUINTILIAN.

Quintilian (Marcus Fabius Quintilianus), a celebrated Roman rhetorician and critic; born at Calagurris, Spain, about A.D. 35; died about 95. He was educated at Rome, where he became an advocate and teacher of oratory, and opened a school, which flourished for more than twenty years under his charge. Among his pupils were the younger Pliny and two grandnephews of Domitian, who invested him with the consular dignity. He also had a large allowance from the imperial treasury, granted by Vespasian, the father of Domitian. He has come down to after ages by his "Institutiones Oratoriæ." This work, which is divided into twelve books, comprises a complete system for the training of a young orator from the time when he is placed in the care of a nurse, through school, and his strictly professional studies, until he is fairly launched into practice.

On the Early Practice of Composition.

(From the "Institutes.")

From boys perfection of style can neither be required nor expected; but the fertile genius, fond of noble efforts, and conceiving at times a more than reasonable degree of ardor, is greatly to be preferred. Nor, if there be something of exuberance in a pupil of that age, would it at all displease me. I would even have it an object with teachers themselves to nourish minds that are still tender with more indulgence, and to allow them to be satiated, as it were, with the milk of more liberal studies. The body which mature age may afterwards nerve, may for a time be somewhat plumper than seems desirable, — hence there is hope of strength; while a child that has the outline of all his limbs exact commonly portends weakness in subsequent years. Let that age be daring; invent much, and delight in what it invents, though it be often not sufficiently severe and correct. The remedy for exuberance is easy: barrenness is incurable by any labor. That temper in boys will afford me little hope, in which mental effort is prematurely re-

strained by judgment. I like what is produced to be extremely copious, profuse even beyond the limits of propriety. Years will greatly reduce superfluity; judgment will smooth away much of it; something will be worn off, as it were, by use, if there be but metal from which something may be hewn and polished off, — and such metal there will be if we do not make the plate too thin at first, so that deep cutting may break it. That I hold such opinions concerning this age, he will be less likely to wonder who shall have read what Cicero says: "I wish fecundity in a young man to give itself full scope."

Above all, therefore, and especially for boys, *a dry master* is to be avoided, not less than a dry soil, void of all moisture, for plants that are still tender. Under the influence of such a tutor they at once become dwarfish; looking, as it were, towards the ground, and daring to aspire to nothing above every-day talk. To them leanness is in place of health, and weakness instead of judgment; and while they think it sufficient to be free from fault, they fall into the fault of being free from all merit. Let not even maturity itself, therefore, come too fast; let not the must, while yet in the vat, become mellow; for so it will bear years, and be improved by age.

Nor it is improper for me, moreover, to offer this admonition: that the powers of boys sometimes sink under too great severity in correction; for they despond, and grieve, and at last hate their work, — and what is most prejudicial, while they fear everything they cease to attempt anything. There is a similar conviction in the minds of the cultivators of trees in the country, who think that the knife must not be applied to tender shoots, as they appear to shrink from the steel, and to be unable as yet to bear an incision. A teacher ought therefore to be as agreeable as possible, that remedies which are rough in their own nature may be rendered soothing by gentleness of hand: he ought to praise some parts of his pupils' performances, to tolerate some, and to alter others, giving his reasons why the alterations are made; and also to make some passages clearer by adding something of his own. It will be of service at times, also, for the master to dictate whole subjects himself, which the pupil may imitate and admire for the present as his own. But if a boy's composition were so faulty as not to admit of correction, I have found him benefited whenever I told him to write on the same subject again, after it had received fresh treatment from me, observing that "he could do still better;" since study

is cheered by nothing more than hope. Different ages, however, are to be corrected in different ways; and work is to be required and amended according to the degree of the pupil's abilities. I used to say to boys when they attempted anything extravagant or verbose, that "I was satisfied with it for the present; but that a time would come when I should not allow them to produce compositions of such a character." Thus they were satisfied with their abilities, and yet not led to form a wrong judgment.

On Nature and Art in Oratory.

(From the "Institutes.")

I am aware that it is also a question whether *nature* or *learning* contributes most to oratory. This inquiry, however, has no concern with the subject of my work, for a perfect orator can be formed only with the aid of both; but I think it of great importance how far we consider that there is a question on the point. If you suppose either to be independent of the other, nature will be able to do much without learning, but learning will be of no avail without the assistance of nature. But if they be united in equal parts, I shall be inclined to think that when both are but moderate, the influence of nature is nevertheless the greater; but finished orators, I consider, owe more to learning than to nature. Thus the best husbandman cannot improve soil of no fertility, while from fertile ground something good will be produced even without the aid of the husbandman; yet if the husbandman bestows his labor on rich land, he will produce more effect than the goodness of the soil of itself. Had Praxiteles attempted to hew a statue out of a millstone, I should have preferred it to an unhewn block of Parian marble; but if that statuary had fashioned the marble, more value would have accrued to it from his workmanship than was in the marble itself. In a word, nature is the material for learning; the one forms and the other is formed. Art can do nothing without materials; material has its value even independent of art: but perfection of art is of more consequence than perfection of material.

On Embellishment of Style.

(From the "Institutes.")

I come now to the subject of *embellishment;* in which, doubtless, more than in any other department of oratory, the speaker

is apt to give play to his fancy. For the praise of such as speak merely with correctness and perspicuity is but small; since they are thought rather to have avoided faults than to have attained any great excellence. *Invention* of matter is often common to the orator and to the illiterate alike; *arrangement* may be considered to require but moderate learning, and whatever high arts are used are generally concealed, or they would cease to deserve the name of art; and all these qualities are directed to the *support* of causes alone. But by polish and embellishment of style, the orator recommends himself to his auditors in his proper character; in his other efforts he courts the approbation of the learned, in this the applause of the multitude. Cicero, in pleading the cause of Cornelius, fought with arms that were not only stout, but dazzling; nor would he, merely by instructing the judge, or by speaking to the purpose and in pure Latin and with perspicuity, have caused the Roman people to testify their admiration of him not only by acclamations, but even tumults of applause. It was the sublimity, magnificence, splendor, and dignity of his eloquence, which drew forth that thunder of approbation. No such extraordinary commendation would have attended on the speaker if his speech had been of an every-day character, and similar to ordinary speeches. I even believe that his audience were insensible of what they were doing; and that they gave their applause neither voluntarily nor with any exercise of judgment, but that, being carried away by enthusiasm, and unconscious of the place in which they stood, they burst forth instinctively into such transports of delight.

But this grace of style may contribute in no small degree to the success of a cause, for those who listen with pleasure are both more attentive and more ready to believe: they are very frequently captivated with pleasure, and sometimes hurried away in admiration. Thus the glitter of a sword strikes something of terror into the eyes; and thunderstorms themselves would not alarm us so much as they do if it were their force only, and not also their flame, that was dreaded. Cicero, accordingly, in one of his letters to Brutus, makes with good reason the following remark: "That eloquence which excites no admiration, I account as nothing." Aristotle also thinks that to excite admiration should be one of our greatest objects.

But let the embellishment of our style (for I will repeat what I said) be manly, noble, and chaste; let it not affect effeminate delicacy, or a complexion counterfeited by paint, but let it glow

with genuine health and vigor. Such is the justice of this rule, that though, in ornament, vices closely border on virtues, yet those who adopt what is vicious disguise it with the name of some virtue. Let no one of those, therefore, who indulge in a vicious style, say that I am an enemy to those who speak with good taste. I do not deny that judicious embellishment is an excellence, but I do not allow that excellence to them. Should I think a piece of land better cultivated in which the owner should show me lilies, and violets, and anemones, and fountains playing, than one in which there is a plentiful harvest, or vines laden with grapes? Should I prefer barren plane-trees, or clipped myrtles, to elms embraced with vines, and fruitful olive-trees? The rich may have such unproductive gratifications; but what would they be if they had nothing else?

Shall not beauty, then, it may be asked, be regarded in the planting of fruit-trees? Undoubtedly: I would arrange my trees in a certain order, and observe regular intervals between them. What is more beautiful than the well-known quincunx, which, in whatever direction you view it, presents straight lines? But a regular arrangement of trees is of advantage to their growth, as each of them then attracts an equal portion of the juices of the soil. The tops of my olive, that rise too high, I shall lop off with my knife; it will spread itself more gracefully in a round form, and will at the same time produce fruit from more branches. The horse that has thin flanks is thought handsomer than one of a different shape, and also is more swift. The athlete, whose muscles have been developed by exercise, is pleasing to the sight, and is so much the better prepared for the combat. True beauty is never separate from utility. But to perceive this requires but a moderate portion of sagacity.

What is of more importance to be observed is, that the graceful dress of our thoughts is still more becoming when varied with the nature of the subject. Recurring to our first division, we may remark that the same kind of embellishment will not be alike suitable for *demonstrative*, *deliberative*, and *judicial* topics. The first of these three kinds, adapted only for display, has no object but the pleasure of the audience; and it accordingly discloses all the resources of art, and all the pomp of language: it is not intended to steal into the mind, or to secure a victory, but strives only to gain applause and honor. Whatever, therefore, may be attractive in conception, elegant in expression, pleasing in figures, rich in metaphor, or polished in composition, the

orator — like a dealer in eloquence, as it were — will lay before his audience for them to inspect, and almost to handle; for his success entirely concerns his reputation, and not his cause. But when a serious affair is in question, and there is a contest in real earnest, anxiety for mere applause should be an orator's last concern. Indeed, no speaker should be very solicitous about his words where important interests are involved. I do not mean to say that no ornaments of dress should be bestowed on such subjects, but that they should be as it were more close-fitting and severe, and thus display themselves less; and they should be, above all, well adapted to the subject. In deliberations the Senate expects something more elevated, the people something more spirited; and in judicial pleadings, public and capital causes require a more exact style than ordinary: but as for private causes, and disputes about small sums, which are of frequent occurence, — simple language, the very reverse of that which is studied, will be far more suitable for them. Would not a speaker be ashamed to seek the recovery of a petty loan in elaborate periods? or to display violent feeling in speaking of a gutter? Or to perspire over a suit about taking back a slave?

But let us pursue our subject; and as the embellishment, as well as the perspicuity of language, depends either on the choice of single words, or on the combination of several together, let us consider what care they require separately, and what in conjunction. Though it has been justly said that perspicuity is better promoted by *proper* words, and embellishment by such as are *metaphorical*, we should feel certain, at the same time, that whatever is *improper* cannot *embellish*. But as several words often signify the same thing (and are called synonyms), some of those words will be more becoming, or sublime, or elegant, or pleasing, or of better sound, than others; for as syllables formed of the better sounding letters are clearer, so words formed of such syllables are more melodious; and the fuller the sound of a word, the more agreeable it is to the ear; and what the junction of syllables effects, the junction of words effects also, proving that some words sound better in combination than others.

But words are to be variously used. To subjects of a repulsive character, words that are harsh in sound are the more suitable. In general, however, the best words, considered singly, are such as have the fullest or most agreeable sound.

Elegant, too, are always to be preferred to coarse words; and for mean ones there is no place in polished style. Such as are of a striking or elevated character are to be estimated according to their suitableness to our subject. That which appears sublime on one occasion may seem tumid on another; and what appears mean when applied to a lofty subject may adapt itself excellently to one of an inferior nature. In an elevated style a low word is noticeable and indeed a blemish; and in like manner a grand or splendid word is unsuited to a plain style, and is in bad taste, as being like a tumor on a smooth surface.

Historians and Orators.

In history, however, I cannot allow superiority to the Greeks: I should neither fear to match Sallust against Thucydides, nor should Herodotus feel indignant if Livy is thought equal to him, — an author of wonderful agreeableness and remarkable perspicuity in his narrative, and eloquent beyond expression in his speeches, so admirably is all that is said in his pages adapted to particular circumstances and characters; and as to the feelings (especially those of the softer kind), no historian, to speak but with mere justice, has succeeded better in describing them. Hence, by his varied excellences, he has equalled in merit the immortal rapidity of Sallust: for Servilius Nonianus seems to me to have remarked with great happiness that they were rather equal than like, — a writer to whom I have listened while he was reading his own histories; he was a man of great ability, and wrote in a sententious style, but with less conciseness than the dignity of history demands. That dignity Bassus Aufidius, who had rather the precedence of him in time, supported with admirable effect, at least in his books on the German war; in his own style of composition he is everywhere deserving of praise, but falls in some parts below his own powers. . . .

But our *orators* may, above all, set the Latin eloquence on an equality with that of Greece; for I would confidently match Cicero against any one of the Greek orators. Nor am I unaware how great an opposition I am raising against myself, especially when it is no part of my design at present to compare him with Demosthenes; for it is not at all necessary, since I think that Demosthenes ought to be read above all

other orators, or rather learned by heart. Of their great excellences I consider that most are similar; their method, their order of partition, their manner of preparing the minds of their audience, their mode of proof, and in a word, everything that depends on invention. In their style of speaking there is some difference: Demosthenes is more compact, Cicero more verbose; Demosthenes argues more closely, Cicero with a wider sweep; Demosthenes always attacks with a sharp-pointed weapon, Cicero often with a weapon both sharp and weighty; from Demosthenes nothing can be taken away, to Cicero nothing can be added; in the one there is more study, in the other more nature. In wit and pathos, certainly, — two stimulants of the mind which have great influence in oratory, — we have the advantage. Perhaps the custom of his country did not allow Demosthenes pathetic perorations; but on the other hand, the different genius of the Latin tongue did not grant to us those beauties which the Attics so much admire. In the epistolary style, indeed, though there are letters written by both, and in that of dialogue, in which Demosthenes wrote nothing, there is no comparison. We must yield the superiority, however, on one point: that Demosthenes lived before Cicero, and made him in a great measure the able orator that he was; for Cicero appears to me, after he devoted himself wholly to imitate the Greeks, to have embodied in his style the energy of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates. Nor did he by zealous effort attain only what was excellent in each of these, but drew most or rather all excellences from himself, by the felicitous exuberance of his immortal genius. He does not, as Pindar says, "collect rainwater, but overflows from a living fountain;" having been so endowed at his birth, by the special kindness of Providence, that in him eloquence might make trial of her whole strength. For who can instruct a judge with more exactness, or excite him with more vehemence? What orator had ever so pleasing a manner? The very points which he wrests from you by force, you would think that he gained from you by entreaty; and when he carries away the judge by his impetuosity, he yet does not seem to be hurried along, but imagines that he is following of his own accord. In all that he says, indeed, there is so much authority that we are ashamed to dissent from him; he does not bring to a cause the mere zeal of an advocate, but the support of a witness or a judge: and at the same time, all these excellences,

a single one of which any other man could scarcely attain with the utmost exertion, flow from him without effort; and that stream of language, than which nothing is more pleasing to the ear, carries with it the appearance of the happiest facility. It was not without justice, therefore, that he was said by his contemporaries "to reign supreme in the courts;" and he has gained such esteem among his posterity, that Cicero is now less the name of a man than that of eloquence itself. To him, therefore, let us look; let him be kept in view as our great example; and let that student know that he has made some progress, to whom Cicero has become an object of admiration.

When a Good Man May Defend a Bad Cause.

It cannot be doubted, if the wicked can be reclaimed and brought to a better course of life — as it is granted they sometimes may — that it would be more to the advantage of the commonwealth to have them saved than punished. If, therefore, the orator is convinced that the delinquent will approve himself for the future a man of integrity, will he not use his best endeavors to save him from the rigor of the law; and still come within our definition, that "an Orator is an honest man, skilled in the art of speaking?" . . .

It is not less necessary to teach and to be informed how things difficult to be proved ought to be treated, as frequently the best causes resemble bad ones, and a man may be accused unjustly, though all appearances are against him. In a case of this sort, the defence is to be conducted as if there were no real guilt. There are also many things common to good and bad causes, as witnesses, letters, suspicions, prejudices; and probabilities are corroborated and refuted in much the same way as truth. Therefore, everything may be made to tend in the pleading to the good of the cause, and so far as it will be able to bear; yet always with a reserve to the purity of intention.

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS.

RABELAIS, FRANÇOIS, a French ecclesiastic and satirist; born at Chinon, Touraine, about 1490; died at Paris, April 9, 1553. He was educated at monastic schools, and was ordained as priest in 1511. In 1524 he received papal permission to enter a Benedictine monastery; six years afterward he abandoned the monastic life, studied medicine, and entered upon practice at Lyons. In 1536 his former school-fellow, Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, and afterward a Cardinal, was made French Ambassador at Rome. He engaged Rabelais as his physician, and obtained for him from the Pope a remission of the ecclesiastical penalties which he had incurred by abandoning his orders. Subsequently he became a member of the Abbey of St. Maur des Fosses at Paris, and later received the comfortable living of Meudon. He faithfully performed his ecclesiastical duties, but devoted all his leisure to the enlargement of his most notable work, "Les Faits et Dicts du Géant Gargantua et de son Fils Pantagruel," some portions of which had appeared as early as 1533.

THE EDUCATION OF GARGANTUA.

PONOCRATES appointed that for the beginning, he should do as he had been accustomed; to the end he might understand by what means, for so long a time, his old masters had made him so foolish, simple, and ignorant. He disposed, therefore, of his time in such fashion that ordinarily he did awake between eight and nine o'clock, whether it was day or not; for so had his ancient governors ordained, alleging that which David saith, *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.* Then did he tumble and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up his vital spirits, and apparelled himself according to the season; but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, lined with fox fur. Afterwards he combed his head with the German comb, which is the four fingers and the thumb; for his preceptors said that to comb himself otherwise, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then

to suppress the dew and bad air, he breakfasted on fair fried tripe, fair grilled meats, fair hams, fair hashed capon, and store of sippet brewis. Ponocrates showed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered: "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed before I rose. Is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a Jew, his physician; and lived till his dying day in despite of the envious. My first masters have used me to it, saying that breakfast makes a good memory; wherefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Maître Tubal, who was the first licentiate at Paris, told me that it is not everything to run a pace, but to set forth well betimes: so doth not the total welfare of our humanity depend upon perpetual drinking *atas*, *atas*, like ducks, but on drinking well in the morning; whence the verse —

"'To rise betimes is no good hour,
To drink betimes is better sure.'"

After he had thoroughly broken his fast, he went to church; and they carried for him, in a great basket, a huge breviary. There he heard six-and-twenty or thirty masses. This while, to the same place came his sayer of hours, lapped up about the chin like a tufted whoop, and his breath perfumed with good store of syrup. With him he mumbled all his kyriels, which he so curiously picked that there fell not so much as one grain to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn by oxen, a heap of paternosters of Sanct Claude, every one of them being of the bigness of a hat-block; and thus walking through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he said more in turning them over than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study for some paltry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but as the comic saith, his mind was in the kitchen. Then he sat down at table; and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of hams, dried neats' tongues, mullet's roe, chitterlings, and such other forerunners of wine. In the meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by whole shovelfuls. Immediately after that he drank a horrific draught of white wine for the ease of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate

according to the season meat agreeable to his appetite, and then left off eating when he was like to crack for fulness. As for his drinking, he had neither end nor rule. For he was wont to say, that the limits and bounds of drinking were when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high.

Then heavily mumbling a scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a pig, and talked jovially with his attendants. Then the carpet being spread, they brought great store of cards, dice, and chessboards.

After having well played, revelled, passed and spent his time, it was proper to drink a little, and that was eleven goblets the man; and immediately after making good cheer again, he would stretch himself upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep two or three hours together without thinking or speaking any hurt. After he was awakened he would shake his ears a little. In the meantime they brought him fresh wine. Then he drank better than ever. Ponocrates showed him that it was an ill diet to drink so after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Fathers; for naturally I sleep salt, and my sleep hath been to me instead of so much ham." Then began he to study a little, and the paternosters first, which the better and more formally to despatch, he got up on an old mule which had served nine kings; and so mumbling with his mouth, doddling his head, would go see a coney caught in a net. At his return he went into the kitchen, to know what roast meat was on the spit; and supped very well, upon my conscience, and commonly did invite some of his neighbors that were good drinkers; with whom carousing, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. After supper were brought in upon the place the fair wooden gospels — that is to say, many pairs of tables and cards — with little small banquets, intermined with collations and rere-suppers. Then did he sleep without unbridling, until eight o'clock in the next morning.

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature does not endure sudden changes without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Maître Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyran hellebore, by which med-

icine he cleansed all the alteration and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors. To do this better, they brought him into the company of learned men who were there, in emulation of whom a great desire and affection came to him to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a train of study that he lost not any hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awaked then about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were rubbing him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter; and hereunto was appointed a young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to revere, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God whose word did show his majesty and marvellous judgments. Then his master repeated what had been read, expounding unto him the most obscure and difficult points. They then considered the face of the sky, if it was such as they had observed it the night before, and into what signs the sun was entering, as also the moon for that day. This done, he was apparelled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them grounded practical cases concerning the estate of man; which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours there was reading. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the reading, and disported themselves at ball, tennis, or the *pile trigone;* gallantly exercising their bodies, as before they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased; and that was commonly when they did sweat, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well dried and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently recite some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal there was read some pleasant history of ancient prowess, until he had taken his wine. Then if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy,

and nature of all that was served in at that table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of flesh, fish, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof, he learned in a little time all the passages that on these subjects are to be found in Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Ælian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be more the certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table; and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons read in the morning; and ending their repast with some conserve of quince, he washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine canticle, made in praise of the Divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science; and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice: so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practice thereof, that Tonstal the Englishman, who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison of him he understood nothing but double Dutch; and not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music. For while waiting for the digestion of his food, they made a thousand joyous instruments and geometrical figures, and at the same time practised the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play the lute, the spinet, the harp, the German flute, the flute with nine holes, the violin, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, he betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures as to proceed in the book wherein he was; as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he mounted on any kind of a horse, which he made to bound in the air, to jump the ditch, to leap the palisade, and to turn short in a ring both to the right and

left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolishness in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies. Therefore with a sharp, strong, and stiff lance would he usually force a door, pierce a harness, uproot a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a saddle, with the mail-coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground. He could likewise from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle; for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-axe, which he so dexterously wielded that he was passed knight of arms in the field and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the great ball, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, nor a hopping, nor yet at the German jump; "for," said Gymnast, "these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use:" but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, climb after this fashion up against a window, the height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his face, on his back, sidewise, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine without wetting, and dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream, stopped it in its course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the bulwarks, set the compass, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran

furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches, like another Milo: then with two sharp well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly come down from the top to the bottom, with such an even disposal of members that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practise the javelin, the boar-spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest cross-bows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, traversed the cannon; shot at the butts, at the papegay, before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then came down again so sturdily and firmly that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees. There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running.

Then to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils. I heard him once call Eudemon from the Porte St. Victor to Montmartre. Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy.

Then for the strengthening of his nerves, they made him two great pigs of lead, each in weight 8700 quintals. Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force.

He fought at barriers with the stoutest; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old,—in imitation of whom he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him.

The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, and refreshed with other clothes, they returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is writ-

ten of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rhizotomos had charge — together with hoes, pick, spuds, pruning-knives, and other instruments requisite for herbarizing. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which has been read, and then sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and frugal, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach; but his supper was copious and large, for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him: which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of fond physicians counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good; the rest was spent in good discourse learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, they set themselves to sing musically, and play upon harmonious instruments, or at those pretty sports made with cards, dice, or cups, — thus made merry till it was time to go to bed; and sometimes they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travellers in strange countries. At full night they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions, and conjunctions of the stars.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, falling down before him, and strengthening their faith towards him, and glorifying him for his boundless bounty; and giving thanks unto him for the time that was past, they recommended themselves to his Divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they entered upon their repose.

If it happened that the weather were rainy and inclement, the forenoon was employed according to custom, except that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted exercitations, they did abide within, and by way of Apotherapie, did recreate themselves in bottling hay, in cleaving and sawing wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn.

Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought

into use the antique game of knucklebones, as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. While playing, they examined the passages of ancient authors wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it.

They went likewise to see the drawing of metals or the casting of great ordnance: they went to see the lapidaries, the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones, the alchemists, coiners of money, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watchmakers, looking-glass-makers, printers, organists, dyers, and other such kind of artificers; and everywhere giving them wine, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades.

They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn Acts, the repetitions, the declamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of evangelical preachers.

He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters of all weapons, and showed them by experience that he knew as much in it as, yea, more than they. And instead of herbarizing, they visited the shops of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, and strange unguents, as also how they did compound them.

He went to see jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quacksalvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summersaults, and their smooth tongues; especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave gibers of fibs, in manner of green apes.

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more desiccative and extenuating; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise.

Thus was Gargantua governed; and kept on in this course of education, from day to day profiting, as you may understand such a young man of good sense, with such discipline so continued, may do. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, became a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless, Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intention of spirit, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day, to go out of the city betimes in the

morning, either towards Gentilly or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charenton-bridge, or to Vanves, or St. Cloud, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised; sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crayfish. But though that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's "Agriculture," of Hesiod, and of Politian's "Husbandry;" would set abroach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into rondeaux and ballades in the French language. In their feasting they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed — as Cato teacheth, De re rustica, and Pliny — with an ivy cup; would wash the wine in a basin full of water, and take it out again with a funnel; would make the water go from one glass to another, and would contrive little automatic engines, — that is to say, machines moving of themselves.

The Abbey of Thelema.

There was left only the monk to provide for; whom Gargantua would have made Abbot of Seuillé, but he refused it. He would have given him the Abbey of Bourgueil, or of Sanct Florent, which was better, or both if it pleased him; but the monk gave him a very peremptory answer, that he would never take upon him the charge nor government of monks. "For how shall I be able," said he, "to rule over others, that have not full power and command of myself? If you think I have done you, or may hereafter do you, any acceptable service, give me leave to found an abbey after my own mind and fancy." The motion pleased Gargantua very well; who thereupon offered him all the country of Thelema by the river Loire, till within two leagues of the great forest of Port-Huaut. The monk then requested Gargantua to institute his religious order contrary to all others.

"First, then," said Gargantua, "you must not build a wall about your convent, for all other abbeys are strongly walled and mured about."

Moreover, seeing there are certain convents in the world whereof the custom is, if any women come in, — I mean honorable and honest women, — they immediately sweep the

ground which they have trod upon; therefore was it ordained that if any man or woman, entered into religious orders, should by chance come within this new abbey, all the rooms should be thoroughly washed and cleansed through which they had passed.

And because in other monasteries all is compassed, limited, and regulated by hours, it was decreed that in this new structure there should be neither clock nor dial, but that according to the opportunities, and incident occasions, all their works should be disposed of; — "for," said Gargantua, "the greatest loss of time that I know is to count the hours. What good comes of it? Nor can there be any greater folly in the world than for one to guide and direct his courses by the sound of a bell, and not by his own judgment and discretion."

Item, Because at that time they put no women into nunneries, but such as were either one-eyed, lame, hump-backed, ill-favored, misshapen, foolish, senseless, spoiled, or corrupt; nor encloistered any men but those that were either sickly, ill-bred, clownish, and the trouble of the house: —

("Apropos," said the monk, — "a woman that is neither fair nor good, to what use serves she?" "To make a nun of," said Gargantua. "Yea," said the monk, "and to make shirts.")

Therefore, Gargantua said, was it ordained, that into this religious order should be admitted no women that were not fair, well-featured, and of a sweet disposition; nor men that were not comely, personable, and also of a sweet disposition.

Item, Because in the convents of women men come not but underhand, privily, and by stealth: it was therefore enacted that in this house there shall be no women in case there be not men, nor men in case there be not women.

Item, Because both men and women that are received into religious orders after the year of their novitiate were constrained and forced perpetually to stay there all the days of their life: it was ordered that all of whatever kind, men or women, admitted within this abbey, should have full leave to depart with peace and contentment whensoever it should seem good to them so to do.

Item, For that the religious men and women did ordinarily make three vows, — to wit, those of chastity, poverty, and obedience: it was therefore constituted and appointed that in this convent they might be honorably married, that they might

be rich, and live at liberty. In regard to the legitimate age, the women were to be admitted from ten till fifteen, and the men from twelve till eighteen.

For the fabric and furniture of the abbey, Gargantua caused to be delivered out in ready money twenty-seven hundred thousand eight hundred and one-and-thirty of those long-wooled rams; and for every year until the whole work was completed he allotted threescore nine thousand gold crowns, and as many of the seven stars, to be charged all upon the receipt of the river Dive. For the foundation and maintenance thereof he settled in perpetuity three-and-twenty hundred threescore and nine thousand five hundred and fourteen rose nobles, taxes exempted from all in landed rents, and payable every year at the gate of the abbey; and for this gave them fair letters patent.

The building was hexagonal, and in such a fashion that in every one of the six corners there was built a great round tower, sixty paces in diameter, and were all of a like form and bigness. Upon the north side ran the river Loire, on the bank whereof was situated the tower called Arctic. Going towards the east there was another called Calær, the next following Anatole, the next Mesembrine, the next Hesperia, and the last Criere. Between each two towers was the space of three hundred and twelve paces. The whole edifice was built in six stories, reckoning the cellars underground for one. The second was vaulted after the fashion of a basket-handle; the rest were coated with Flanders plaster, in the form of a lamp foot. It was roofed with fine slates of lead, carrying figures of baskets and animals; the ridge gilt, together with the gutters, which issued without the wall between the windows, painted diagonally in gold and blue down to the ground, where they ended in great canals, which carried away the water below the house into the river.

This same building was a hundred times more sumptuous and magnificent than ever was Bonivet; for there were in it nine thousand three hundred and two-and-thirty chambers, every one whereof had a withdrawing-room, a closet, a wardrobe, a chapel, and a passage into a great hall. Between every tower, in the midst of the said body of building, there was a winding stair, whereof the steps were part of porphyry, which is a dark-red marble spotted with white, part of Numidian stone, and part of serpentine marble; each of those steps being

two-and-twenty feet in length and three fingers thick, and the just number of twelve betwixt every landing-place. On every landing were two fair antique arcades where the light came in; and by those they went into a cabinet, made even with, and of the breadth of the said winding, and they mounted above the roof and ended in a pavilion. By this winding they entered on every side into a great hall, and from the halls into the chambers. From the Arctic tower unto the Criere were fair great libraries in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, and Spanish, respectively distributed on different stories, according to their languages. In the midst there was a wonderful winding stair, the entry whereof was without the house, in an arch six fathoms broad. It was made in such symmetry and largeness that six men-at-arms, lance on thigh, might ride abreast all up to the very top of all the palace. From the tower Anatole to the Mesembrine were fair great galleries, all painted with the ancient prowess, histories, and descriptions of the world. In the midst thereof there was likewise such another ascent and gate as we said there was on the river-side.

In the middle of the lower court there was a stately fountain of fair alabaster. Upon the top thereof stood the three Graces, with horns of abundance, and did jet out the water at their breasts, mouth, ears, and eyes. The inside of the buildings in this lower court stood upon great pillars of Cassydonian stone, and porphyry in fair ancient arches. Within these were spacious galleries, long and large, adorned with curious pictures — the horns of bucks and unicorns; of the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodging of the ladies took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine. The men possessed the rest. Before the said lodging of the ladies, that they might have their recreation, between the two first towers, on the outside, were placed the tilt-yard, the hippodrome, the theatre, the swimming-bath, with most admirable baths in three stages, well furnished with all necessary accommodation, and store of myrtle-water. By the river-side was the fair garden of pleasure, and in the midst of that a fair labyrinth. Between the two other towers were the tennis and fives courts. Towards the tower Criere stood the orchard full of all fruit-trees, set and ranged in a quincunx. At the end of that was the great park, abounding with all sort of game. Betwixt the third

couple of towers were the butts for arquebus, crossbow, and arbalist. The stables were beyond the offices, and before them stood the falconry, managed by falconers very expert in the art; and it was yearly supplied by the Candians, Venetians, Sarmatians, with all sorts of excellent birds, eagles, gerfalcons, goshawks, falcons, sparrow-hawks, merlins, and other kinds of them, so gentle and perfectly well trained that, flying from the castle for their own disport, they would not fail to catch whatever they encountered. The venery was a little further off, drawing towards the park.

All the halls, chambers, and cabinets were hung with tapestry of divers sorts, according to the seasons of the year. All the pavements were covered with green cloth. The beds were embroidered. In every back chamber there was a looking-glass of pure crystal, set in a frame of fine gold garnished with pearls, and of such greatness that it would represent to the full the whole person. At the going out of the halls belonging to the ladies' lodgings were the perfumers and hairdressers, through whose hands the gallants passed when they were to visit the ladies. These did every morning furnish the ladies' chambers with rose-water, musk, and angelica; and to each of them gave a little smelling-bottle breathing the choicest aromatical scents.

The ladies on the foundation of this order were apparelled after their own pleasure and liking. But since, of their own free will, they were reformed in manner as followeth:—

They wore stockings of scarlet which reached just three inches above the knee, having the border beautified with embroideries and trimming. Their garters were of the color of their bracelets, and circled the knee both over and under. Their shoes and slippers were either of red, violet, or crimson velvet, cut *à barbe d'écrévisse.*

Next to their smock they put on a fair corset of pure silk camblet; above that went the petticoat of white, red tawny, or gray taffety. Above this was the *cotte* in cloth of silver, with needlework either (according to the temperature and disposition of the weather) of satin, damask, velvet, orange, tawny, green, ash-colored, blue, yellow, crimson, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, or some other choice stuff, according to the day.

Their gowns, correspondent to the season, were either of cloth of gold with silver edging, of red satin covered with gold purl, of taffety, white, blue, black, or tawny, of silk serge, silk

camblet, velvet, cloth of silver, silver tissue, cloth of gold, velvet, or figured satin with golden threads.

In the summer, some days, instead of gowns, they wore fair mantles of the above-named stuff, or capes of violet velvet with edging of gold, or with knotted cordwork of gold embroidery, garnished with little Indian pearls. They always carried a fair plume of feathers, of the color of their muff, bravely adorned with spangles of gold. In the winter-time they had their taffety gowns of all colors, as above named, and those lined with the rich furrings of wolves, weasels, Calabrian martlet, sables, and other costly furs. Their beads, rings, bracelets, and collars were of precious stones, such as carbuncles, rubies, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, turquoises, garnets, agates, beryls, and pearls.

Their head-dressing varied with the season of the year. In winter it was of the French fashion; in the spring of the Spanish; in summer of the fashion of Tuscany, except only upon the holy-days and Sundays, at which times they were accoutred in the French mode, because they accounted it more honorable, better befitting the modesty of a matron.

The men were apparelled after their fashion. Their stockings were of worsted or of serge, of white, black, or scarlet. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same color with their stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, velvet, satin, damask, or taffety, of the same colors, cut, embroidered, and trimmed up in the same manner. The points were of silk of the same colors, the tags were of gold enamelled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold tissue, or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silk, of the color of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt, and the scabbard of velvet, of the color of his breeches, the end in gold, and goldsmith's work. The dagger of the same. Their caps were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling fair rubies, emeralds, etc.

But so great was the sympathy between the gallants and the ladies, that every day they were apparelled in the same

livery. And that they might not miss, there were certain gentlemen appointed to tell the youths every morning what colors the ladies would on that day wear; for all was done according to the pleasure of the ladies. In these so handsome clothes, and habiliments so rich, think not that either one or other of either sex did waste any time at all; for the masters of the wardrobes had all their raiments and apparel so ready for every morning, and the chamber-ladies were so well skilled, that in a trice they would be dressed, and completely in their clothes from head to foot. And to have these accoutrements with the more conveniency, there was about the wood of Thelema a row of houses half a league long, very neat and cleanly, wherein dwelt the goldsmiths, lapidaries, embroiderers, tailors, gold-drawers, velvet-weavers, tapestry-makers, and upholsterers, who wrought there every one in his own trade, and all for the aforesaid friars and nuns. They were furnished with matter and stuff from the hands of Lord Nausiclete, who every year brought them seven ships from the Perlas and Cannibal Islands, laden with ingots of gold, with raw silk, with pearls and precious stones. And if any pearls began to grow old, and lose somewhat of their natural whiteness and lustre, those by their art they did renew by tendering them to cocks to be eaten, as they used to give casting unto hawks.

All their life was spent not in laws, statutes, or rules, but according to their own free will and pleasure. They rose out of their beds when they thought good; they did eat, drink, labor, sleep, when they had a mind to it, and were disposed for it. None did awake them, none did constrain them to eat, drink, nor do any other thing; for so had Gargantua established it. In all their rule, and strictest tie of their order, there was but this one clause to be observed: —

FAY CE QUE VOULDRAS.

Because men that are free, well born, well bred, and conversant in honest companies, have naturally an instinct and spur that prompteth them unto virtuous actions and withdraws them from vice, which is called honor. Those same men, when by base subjection and constraint they are brought under and kept down, turn aside from that noble disposition by which they formerly were inclined to virtue, to shake off and break the bond of servitude; for it is agreeable with the nature of man to long after things forbidden, and to desire what is denied.

By this liberty they entered into a very laudable emulation: to do all of them what they saw did please one. If any of the gallants or ladies should say, "Let us drink," they would all drink. If any one of them said, "Let us play," they all played. If one said, "Let us go for our delight into the fields," they went all. If it were to go a-hawking or a-hunting, the ladies, mounted upon well-paced nags, carried on their lovely fists (miniardly begloved every one of them) either a sparrow-hawk, or a laneret, or a merlin, and the gallants carried the other kinds of birds. So nobly were they taught, that there was not one amongst them but could read, write, sing, play upon musical instruments, speak five or six several languages, and compose in them all very quaintly, both in verse and prose. Never were seen knights so valiant, so noble and worthy, so dexterous and skilful both on foot and a-horseback, more active, more nimble and quick, or better handling all manner of weapons, than were there. Never were seen ladies so proper, so miniard, less forward, or more ready with hand and needle in every honest and free action belonging to that sex, than were there.

For this reason, when the time came that any man of the said abbey, either at the request of his parents or for some other cause, had a mind to go out of it, he carried along with him one of the ladies, — namely, her whom he had before that chosen for his mistress, — and they were married together. And if they had formerly in Thelema lived in devotion and amity, much more did they continue therein in the state of matrimony; and did entertain that mutual love till the very last day of their life, in no less vigor and fervency than at the very day of their wedding.

Jean Racine
de l'Accadémie Françoise

JEAN RACINE.

Racine, Jean, a French dramatic poet; born at La Ferté-Milon, December 21, 1639; died at Paris, April 26, 1699. He studied at the College of Beauvais, at Port Royal, and at the College of Harcourt, became known to Boileau and Molière, and at twenty-one won the favor of Louis XIV. by an ode upon the occasion of the marriage of the monarch, who bestowed a pension upon him. In 1667 he produced his tragedy of "Andromaque," which placed him at the head of the French dramatists. His subsequent dramas are "Les Plaideurs," a comedy (1668); "Britannicus," (1669); "Bérénice" (1670); "Bajazet" (1672); "Mithridate" (1673); "Iphigénie en Aulide" (1674); "Phèdre" (1677). He wrote in 1689 the Scriptural drama of "Esther," and in 1689 the lyrical drama, "Athalie." Racine also wrote some vigorous prose, and a few poems of considerable merit.

The Rivals.

(From "Bajazet.")

Scene: The private apartments of Bajazet *at Byzantium. Present:* Roxana, Bajazet, Atalide, Zara.

Roxana. Come, Bajazet, 't is time to show yourself,
That all the court may recognize its master:
All that these walls contain, many in number,
Gathered by my command, await my wishes.
My slaves (the rest will follow where they lead)
Are the first subjects that my love allots you.
[*To* Atalide] —
This sudden change from wrath to milder mood
May well surprise you, madam. For, but now,
Determined to take vengeance on a traitor,
I swore he should not see another day;
Yet almost ere he spoke my heart relented:
'T was love imposed that oath, and love revokes it.
Reading deep passion in his wild distraction,
His pardon I pronounced, and trust his promise.

BAJAZET. Yes, I have promised, and my word is pledged
Ne'er to forget all that to you I owe:
Have I not sworn that constant care and kindness
Shall duly pay my debt of gratitude?
If on these terms your favor I may claim,
I go to wait the harvest of your bounty. [*Exit.*

ROXANA. Heavens! What amazement strikes me at this moment!
Is it a dream? and have mine eyes deceived me?
What mean these frigid words, this sombre greeting,
Which seems to cancel all that passed between us?
What hope does he imagine mine, for which
I banished my resentment, and restored him
To favor? He, methought, swore that his heart
Would own me mistress to his dying day.
Does he repent already of the peace
That we had signed? Was I just now deluded?
But was he not conversing with you, madam?
What did he say?

ATALIDE. To me? He loves you always.

ROXANA. His life at least depends on my belief
That it is so. But tell me, pray, when joy
Should triumph, how can you explain the gloom
That settled on his features as he left me?

ATALIDE. Madam, I saw no cloud upon his brow.
Oft has he told me of your gracious kindness,
And he just now was full of it; at parting
He seemed to me the same as when he entered.
But be that as it may, need it surprise you
That on the eve of such important issues
He should be troubled, and some signs escape him
Of anxious thoughts that on his mind intrude?

ROXANA. Such plausible excuses do you credit
For skill that pleads on his behalf more fairly
Than he could do himself.

ATALIDE. What other cause —

ROXANA. Enough! I read your motive, madam, better
Than you suppose. Leave me, for I would be
Alone a little while. I too am troubled,
And anxious cares are mine as well as his,
To which I owe a moment's thought in secret. . . .

ROXANA. How must I construe all that I have seen?
Are they in league together to deceive me?
Wherefore this change, those words, that quick departure?
Did I not catch a glance that passed between them?
Were they not both struck with embarrassment?

Ah! why has Heaven doomed me to this affront?
Is this the fruit of all my blind affection?
So many painful days and sleepless nights,
Plots and intrigues, treason too deep for pardon!
And shall they all turn to a rival's profit?
But yet, too ready to torment myself,
I may too closely scan a passing cloud,
And take for passion what is mere caprice.
Surely he would have carried to the end
His wiles; and in full prospect of success,
He could have feigned at least a moment longer.
Love, uncontrolled by reason, quakes at shadows:
Let me take courage. Why should Atalide
Be dreaded as my rival? What has he
To thank her for? To which of us to-day
Owes he the sceptre?
But too well I know
Love is a tyrant; and if other charms
Attract, what matter crowns, or life itself?
Can benefits outweigh the heart's attachment?
I need but search mine own. Did gratitude
Constrain me to his brother, when this wretch
Bewitched me? Ah! if other tie were absent,
Would the idea of marriage so alarm him?
He gladly would have seconded my wishes,
And not have braved destruction by refusal.
Just cause —
But some one comes to speak with me.
What can she want?

Enter FATIMA.

FATIMA. Forgive me this intrusion:
But there is come a courier from the army;
And though the seaward gate was shut, the guards,
On bended knees, without delay unlocked it
To orders from the Sultan, to yourself
Addressed, — and strange to say, 't is Orcan brings them.
ROXANA. Orcan!
FATIMA. Yes, he; of all the Sultan's slaves
The one most trusted for his faithful service,
Blackest of those whom Afric's sun has scorched.
Madam, he asks impatiently for you:
I thought it best to give you timely notice,
And lest you should be taken by surprise,
I have detained him in your own apartments.

ROXANA. What new disaster comes to overwhelm me?
What can his bidding be? What my reply?
Doubtless the Sultan, in his mind perturbed,
Has Bajazet condemned a second time.
Without my sanction none will dare to take
His life; for all obey me here. But ought I
To shield him? Bajazet or Amurath —
Which claims allegiance? One have I betrayed;
The other may be false to me. Time presses;
I must resolve this fatal doubt, nor let
The precious moments pass. Love, when most cautious,
Cannot conceal its secret inclination.
I will watch Bajazet and Atalide:
Then crown the lover, or destroy the traitor.

THE APPEAL OF ANDROMACHE.

(From "Andromaque.")

Scene: The palace of Pyrrhus, at Buthrotum in Epirus. Present: ANDROMACHE, HERMIONE, CLEONE, CEPHISSA.

ANDROMACHE [*to* HERMIONE]. Why fly you, madam? Is
it not a sight
To please you, Hector's widow at your knees,
Weeping? But not with tears of jealousy
I come, nor do I envy you the heart
Surrendered to your charms. A cruel hand
Robbed me of him whom only I admired.
Love's flame was lit by Hector long ago,
With him it was extinguished in the tomb.
But he has left a son. Some day you 'll know
How closely to one's heart a son can cling;
But you will never know, I wish it not,
How keen the pang when danger threatens him,
And they would take him from you, — all that 's left
To soothe a blighted heart. Ah, when worn out
With ten long years of woe, the Trojans sought
Your mother's life, on Hector I prevailed
To succor her. O'er Pyrrhus you have power
As I had then o'er Hector. Can they dread
The infant he has left? Him let me hide
In some far distant isle. And they may trust
My fears to keep him there, taught but to weep
With me.

HERMIONE. I feel for you, but duty holds
My tongue tied when my sire declares his will:
It is by him that Pyrrhus's wrath is stirred.
But who can bend him better than yourself?
His soul has long been subject to your eyes:
Make him pronounce the word, and I'll consent.
ANDROMACHE. How scornfully did she refuse my prayer!
CEPHISSA. Accept her counsel. See him, as she says;
One look of yours may Greece and her confound —
But look, he seeks you of his own accord.

Enter PYRRHUS *and* PHŒNIX.

PYRRHUS [*to* PHŒNIX]. Where is the princess? Said you not that she
Was here?
PHŒNIX. I thought so.
ANDROMACHE [*to* CEPHISSA]. Now you see what power
My eyes have over him!
PYRRHUS. What says she?
ANDROMACHE. All
Is lost!
PHŒNIX. Hermione is gone, and we
Will follow.
CEPHISSA. Speak! Why obstinately dumb?
ANDROMACHE. Has he not promised them my child?
CEPHISSA. But not
Given him up.
ANDROMACHE. Vain are my tears, — his death
Is certain.
PYRRHUS. How her pride disdains to look
My way!
ANDROMACHE. I should but irritate him more.
Let us retire.
PYRRHUS. Come, Hector's son shall be
Yielded to Greece.
ANDROMACHE [*throwing herself at his feet*] —
Stop, Sire. What will you do?
Give up the son? Why not the mother, then?
Where is the kindness that you swore to me
So lately? Can I touch no chord at least
Of pity? Does this sentence bar all hope
Of pardon?
PYRRHUS. Phœnix knows my word is pledged.
ANDROMACHE. No dangers were too great for you to brave
On my behalf!

PYRRHUS. Blind then, I now can see.
Your wishes might have won his pardon once;
You ne'er so much as asked it. Now you come
Too late.

ANDROMACHE. Full well you understood, my lord,
The sigh that feared repulse. Forgive the trace
Of pride, that died not with my royal rank,
And made me shrink from importunity.
My lord, you know, had it not been for you,
Andromache would never have embraced
A master's knees.

PYRRHUS. No, in your secret soul
You hate me, scorn to owe me anything.
This son, the only object of your care, —
You would have loved him less, had he been saved
Through me. You hate me with a bitter scorn,
And worse than all the other Greeks combined.
Enjoy at leisure such a noble rage.
Come, Phœnix.

ANDROMACHE. I will go where Hector's gone.

CEPHISSA. Madam —

ANDROMACHE. What further can I say to him?
The author of my woes, he knows them all.
[*To* PYRRHUS] —
See to what state you have reduced me, sire!
I've seen my father slain, our walls enwrapt
In flames, and all our family cut off,
My husband's bloody corpse dragged through the dust,
His only son reserved for chains with me.
For his sake I endure to live a slave.
Yea, more, this thought has sometimes brought relief, —
That fate has fixed my place of exile here;
The son of many kings beneath your sway
Is happier as a slave than he could be
Elsewhere, and I had hoped his prison walls
Might be a place of refuge. Priam found
Achilles could respect his fallen state:
I thought his son more generous still. That trust,
My Hector, pardon, when I deemed thy foe
Too noble to commit a dastard's crime!
Ah, had he but allowed us to abide
Where for thine ashes I had raised a tomb,
And ending there his hatred and our woes,
Parted us not from thy beloved remains!

PYRRHUS. Go and await me, Phœnix. —

Madam, stay.
Your tears may yet win back this cherished son.
Yes, I regret that, moving you to weep,
I armed you with a weapon 'gainst myself;
I thought I could have brought more hatred here.
You might at least consent to look at me:
See, are my eyes those of an angry judge,
Whose pleasure 't is to cause you misery?
Why force me to be faithless to yourself?
Now for your son's sake let us cease to hate.
'T is I who urge you, Save the child from death.
Must sighs of mine beg you to spare his life?
And must I clasp your knees to plead for him?
Once more, but once, — Save him and save yourself.
I know what solemn vows for you I break,
What hatred I bring down upon myself.
Hermione shall go, and on her brow
For crown I set a burning brand of shame;
And in the fane decked for her marriage rites
Her royal diadem yourself shall wear.
This offer, lady, is no longer one
You can afford to scorn. Perish or reign!
A year's contempt has made me desperate,
Nor can I any longer live in doubt,
Harassed by fears and mingling threats with groans.
To lose you is to die, — 't is death to wait.
I leave you to consider, and will come
To bring you to the temple where this child
My fury shall destroy before your eyes,
Or where in love I crown you as my queen.

The Confession of Phædra.

(From "Phèdre.")

Scene: The palace at Trœzen, in the Peloponnesus. Present: Phædra, Hippolytus, Œnone.

Phædra [*to* Œnone]. There I see him!
My blood forgets to flow, my tongue to speak
What I am come to say.
Œnone. Think of your son,
How all his hopes depend on you.
Phædra. I hear
You leave us and in haste. I come to add
My tears to your distress, and for a son

Plead my alarm. No more has he a father,
And at no distant day my son must witness
My death. Already do a thousand foes
Threaten his youth. You only can defend him.
But in my secret heart remorse awakes,
And fear lest I have shut your ears against
His cries. I tremble lest your righteous anger
Visit on him ere long the hatred earned
By me, his mother.

HIPPOLYTUS. No such base resentment,
Madam, is mine.

PHÆDRA. I could not blame you, prince,
If you should hate me. I have injured you:
So much you know, but could not read my heart.
T' incur your enmity has been mine aim:
The selfsame borders could not hold us both;
In public and in private I declared
Myself your foe, and found no peace till seas
Parted us from each other. I forbade
Your very name to be pronounced before me.
And yet if punishment should be proportioned
To the offence, if only hatred draws
Your hatred, never woman merited
More pity, less deserved your enmity.

HIPPOLYTUS. A mother jealous of her children's rights
Seldom forgives the offspring of a wife
Who reigned before her. Harassing suspicions
Are common sequels of a second marriage.
Of me would any other have been jealous
No less than you, perhaps more violent.

PHÆDRA. Ah, prince, how Heaven has from the general law
Made me exempt, be that same Heaven witness!
Far different is the trouble that devours me!

HIPPOLYTUS. This is no time for self-reproaches, madam.
It may be that your husband still beholds
The light, and Heaven may grant him safe return,
In answer to our prayers. His guardian god
Is Neptune, ne'er by him invoked in vain.

PHÆDRA. He who has seen the mansions of the dead
Returns not thence. Since to those gloomy shores
Theseus is gone, 't is vain to hope that Heaven
May send him back. Prince, there is no release
From Acheron's greedy maw. And yet, methinks,
He lives and breatnes in you. I see him still

Before me, and to him I seem to speak;
My heart —
Oh, I am mad! Do what I will,
I cannot hide my passion.

HIPPOLYTUS. Yes, I see
The strange effects of love. Theseus, though dead,
Seems present to your eyes, for in your soul
There burns a constant flame.

PHÆDRA. Ah, yes, for Theseus
I languish and I long; not as the Shades
Have seen him, of a thousand different forms
The fickle lover, and of Pluto's bride
The would-be ravisher, but faithful, proud
E'en to a slight disdain, with youthful charms
Attracting every heart, as gods are painted,
Or like yourself. He had your mien, your eyes,
Spoke and could blush like you, when to the isle
Of Crete, my childhood's home, he crossed the waves,
Worthy to win the love of Minos's daughters.
What were you doing then? Why did he gather
The flower of Greece, and leave Hippolytus?
Oh, why were you too young to have embarked
On board the ship that brought thy sire to Crete?
At your hands would the monster then have perished,
Despite the windings of his vast retreat.
To guide your doubtful steps within the maze
My sister would have armed you with the clue.
But no, therein would Phædra have forestalled her.
Love would have first inspired me with the thought
And I it would have been whose timely aid
Had taught you all the labyrinth's crooked ways.
What anxious care a life so dear had cost me!
No thread had satisfied your lover's fears:
I would myself have wished to lead the way,
And share the peril you were bound to face;
Phædra with you would have explored the maze,
With you emerged in safety or have perished.

HIPPOLYTUS. Gods! What is this I hear? Have you forgotten
That Theseus is my father and your husband?

PHÆDRA. Why should you fancy I have lost remembrance
Thereof, and am regardless of mine honor?

HIPPOLYTUS. Forgive me madam. With a blush I own
That I misconstrued words of innocence.
For very shame I cannot bear your sight
Longer. I go —

PHÆDRA. Ah! cruel prince, too well
You understood me. I have said enough
To save you from mistake. I love. But think not
That at the moment when I love you most
I do not feel my guilt; no weak compliance
Has fed the poison that infects my brain.
The ill-starred object of celestial vengeance,
I am not so detestable to you
As to myself. The gods will bear me witness,
Who have within my veins kindled this fire;
The gods, who take a barbarous delight
In leading a poor mortal's heart astray.
Do you yourself recall to mind the past:
'T was not enough for me to fly, — I chased you
Out of the country, wishing to appear
Inhuman, odious; to resist you better,
I sought to make you hate me. All in vain!
Hating me more, I loved you none the less:
New charms were lent to you by your misfortunes.
I have been drowned in tears, and scorched by fire;
Your own eyes might convince you of the truth,
If for one moment you could look at me.
What is 't I say? Think you this vile confession
That I have made is what I meant to utter?
Not daring to betray a son for whom
I trembled, 't was to beg you not to hate him
I came. Weak purpose of a heart too full
Of love for you to speak of aught besides!
Take your revenge, punish my odious passion;
Prove yourself worthy of your valiant sire,
And rid the world of an offensive monster!
Does Theseus's widow dare to love his son?
The frightful monster! Let her not escape you!
Here is my heart. This is the place to strike.
Already prompt to expiate its guilt,
I feel it leap impatiently to meet
Your arm. Strike home. Or if it would disgrace you
To steep your hand in such polluted blood,
If that were punishment too mild to slake
Your hatred, lend me then your sword, if not
Your arm. Quick, give 't.

ŒNONE. What, madam, will you do?
Just gods! But some one comes. Go, fly from shame

ANN RADCLIFFE.

Radcliffe, Ann (Ward), an English novelist born at London, July 9, 1764; died there, February 7, 1823. In 1786 she married William Radcliffe, editor of the "English Chronicle." She wrote several novels, which were more popular than any others published near the close of the last century. She stands at the head of the terror-and-mystery class of romance writers. In 1789 she published "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne." The next year she brought out "A Sicilian Romance," and the following year "The Romance of the Forest" appeared. But the work by which Mrs. Radcliffe is best remembered is her "Mysteries of Udolpho," which was published in 1795. In 1794 she made a tour on the Continent, of which she gives a pleasant account in her "Journey through Holland and the Western Frontier of Germany," and in 1797 her novel "The Italian" was issued. Her novel "Gaston de Blondeville" was not published until 1826. Although her powers were unabated, she published nothing during the last twenty-six years of her life.

Ludovico in the Haunted Chamber.

(From the "Mysteries of Udolpho.")

The count gave orders for the north apartments to be opened and prepared for the reception of Ludovico; but Dorothee, remembering what she had lately witnessed there, feared to obey, and not one of the other servants daring to venture thither, the rooms remained shut up till the time when Ludovico was to retire thither for the night, an hour for which the whole household waited with impatience.

After supper, Ludovico, by the order of the count, attended him in his closet, where they remained alone for near half an hour; and on leaving which, his lord delivered to him a sword.

It has seen service in mortal quarrels, said the count jocosely; you will use it honorably, no doubt, in a spiritual one. To-morrow let me hear that there is not one ghost remaining in the chateau.

Ludovico received it with a respectful bow. You shall be obeyed, my lord, said he; I will engage that no spectre shall disturb the peace of the chateau after this night.

They now returned to the supper-room, where the count's guests awaited to accompany him and Ludovico to the door of the north apartments; and Dorothee, being summoned for the keys, delivered them to Ludovico, who then led the way, followed by most of the inhabitants of the chateau. Having reached the back staircase, several of the servants shrunk back, and refused to go farther, but the rest followed him to the top of the staircase, where a broad landing-place allowed them to flock round him, while he applied the key to the door, during which they watched him with as much eager curiosity as if he had been performing some magical rite.

Ludovico, unaccustomed to the lock, could not turn it; and Dorothee, who had lingered far behind, was called forward, under whose hand the door opened slowly; and her eye glancing within the dusky chamber, she uttered a sudden shriek and retreated. At this signal of alarm, the greater part of the crowd hurried down the stairs, and the count, Henri, and Ludovico were left alone to pursue the inquiry, who instantly rushed into the apartment — Ludovico with a drawn sword, which he had just time to draw from the scabbard; the count with the lamp in his hand; and Henri carrying a basket containing provisions for the courageous adventurer.

Having looked hastily around the first room, where nothing appeared to justify alarm, they passed on to the second; and here too all being quiet, they proceeded to a third in a more tempered step. The count had now leisure to smile at the discomposure into which he had been surprised, and to ask Ludovico in which room he designed to pass the night.

There are several chambers beyond these, your *excellenza*, said Ludovico, pointing to a door, and in one of them is a bed, they say: I will pass the night there; and when I am weary of watching, I can lie down.

Good, said the count, let us go on. You see these rooms show nothing but damp walls and decaying furniture. I have been so much engaged since I came to the chateau, that I have not looked into them till now. Remember, Ludovico, to tell the housekeeper, to-morrow, to throw open these windows. The damask curtains are dropping to pieces; I will have them taken down, and this antique furniture removed.

Dear sir! said Henri, here is an armchair so massy with gilding that it resembles one of the state chairs at the Louvre, more than any thing else.

Yes, said the count, stopping to survey it, there is a history belonging to that chair, but I have not time to tell it — let us pass on. This suit runs a greater length than I had imagined; it is many years since I was in them. — But where is the bedroom you speak of, Ludovico? — these are only antechambers to the great drawing-room. I remember them in their splendor!

The bed, my lord, replied Ludovico, they told me was in a room that opens beyond the saloon, and terminates the suit.

Oh, here is the saloon, said the count, as they entered the spacious apartment, in which Emily and Dorothee had rested. He here stood for a moment, surveying the relics of faded grandeur which it exhibited, the sumptuous tapestry, the long and low sofas of velvet, with frames heavily carved and gilded — the floor inlaid with small squares of fine marble, and covered in the centre with a piece of very rich tapestry work — the casements of painted glass — and the large Venetian mirrors, of a size and quality such as at that period France could not make, which reflected on every side of the spacious apartment. These had formerly also reflected a gay and brilliant scene, for this had been the state room of the chateau, and here the marchioness had held the assemblies that made part of the festivities of her nuptials. If the wand of a magician could have recalled the vanished groups, many of them vanished even from the earth, that once had passed over these polished mirrors, what a varied and contrasted picture would they have exhibited with the present! Now, instead of a blaze of lights, and a splendid and busy crowd, they reflected only the rays of the one glimmering lamp, which the count held up, and which scarcely served to show the three forlorn figures that stood surveying the room, and the spacious and dusky walls around them.

Ah! said the count to Henri, awaking from his long reverie, how the scene is changed since last I saw it! I was a young man then, and the marchioness was alive and in her bloom; many other persons were here, too, who are now no more! There stood the orchestra, here we tripped in many a sprightly maze — the walls echoing to the dance! Now, they resound only one feeble voice, and even that will, ere long, be heard no more! My son, remember that I was once as young as yourself, and that you must pass away like those who have preceded you —

like those who, as they sung and danced in this once gay apartment, forgot that years are made up of moments, and that every step they took carried them nearer to their graves. But such reflections are useless, I had almost said criminal, unless they teach us to prepare for eternity, since otherwise they cloud our present happiness, without guiding us to a future one. But enough of this — let us go on.

Ludovico now opened the door of the bedroom, and the count, as he entered, was struck with the funeral appearance which the dark arras gave to it. He approached the bed with an emotion of solemnity, and, perceiving it to be covered with the pall of black velvet, paused. What can this mean? said he, as he gazed upon it.

I have heard, my lord, said Ludovico, as he stood at the feet, looking within the canopied curtains, that the Lady Marchioness de Villeroi died in this chamber, and remained here till she was removed to be buried; and this, perhaps, signor, may account for the pall.

The count made no reply, but stood for a few moments engaged in thought, and evidently much affected. Then, turning to Ludovico, he asked him with a serious air, whether he thought his courage would support him through the night? If you doubt this, said the count, do not be ashamed to own it; I will release you from your engagement, without exposing you to the triumphs of your fellow-servants.

Ludovico paused; pride, and something very like fear, seemed struggling in his breast. Pride, however, was victorious;— he blushed, and his hesitation ceased.

No, my lord, said he, I will go through with what I have begun; and I am grateful for your consideration. On that hearth I will make a fire, and with the good cheer in this basket, I doubt not I shall do well.

Be it so, said the count; but how will you beguile the tediousness of the night, if you do not sleep?

When I am weary, my lord, replied Ludovico, I shall not fear to sleep; in the meanwhile I have a book that will entertain me.

Well, said the count, I hope nothing will disturb you;— but if you should be seriously alarmed in the night, come to my apartment. I have too much confidence in your good sense and courage to believe you will be alarmed on slight grounds, or suffer the gloom of this chamber, or its remote situation, to

overcome you with ideal terrors. To-morrow I shall have to thank you for an important service; these rooms shall then be thrown open, and my people will be convinced of their error. Good-night, Ludovico, let me see you early in the morning, and remember what I lately said to you.

I will, my lord; good-night to your *excellenza* — let me attend you with the light.

He lighted the count and Henri through the chambers to the outer door. On the landing-place stood a lamp, which one of the affrighted servants had left, and Henri, as he took it up, again bid Ludovico good-night, who, having respectfully returned the wish, closed the door upon them, and fastened it. Then, as he retired to the bedchamber, he examined the rooms through which he passed with more minuteness than he had done before, for he apprehended that some person might have concealed himself in them, for the purpose of frightening him. No one, however, but himself was in these chambers, and leaving open the doors, through which he passed, he came again to the great drawing-room, whose spaciousness and silent gloom somewhat awed him. For a moment he stood, looking back through the long suit of room he had quitted, and as he turned, perceiving a light and his own figure reflected in one of the large mirrors, he started. Other objects, too, were seen obscurely on its dark surface, but he paused not to examine them, and returned hastily into the bedroom, as he surveyed which, he observed the door of the oriel, and opened it. All within was still. On looking round, his eye was arrested by the portrait of the deceased marchioness, upon which he gazed for a considerable time with great attention and some surprise; and then, having examined the closet, he returned into the bedroom, where he kindled a wood fire, the bright blaze of which revived his spirits, which had begun to yield to the gloom and silence of the place, for gusts of wind alone broke at intervals this silence. He now drew a small table and a chair near the fire, took a bottle of wine and some cold provisions out of his basket, and regaled himself. When he had finished his repast, he laid his sword upon the table, and not feeling disposed to sleep, drew from his pocket the book he had spoken of. It was a volume of old Provençal tales. Having stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, trimmed his lamp, and drawn his chair upon the hearth, he began to read, and his attention was soon wholly occupied by the scenes which the page disclosed.

The count, meanwhile, had returned to the supper-room, whither those of the party who had attended him to the north apartment had retreated, upon hearing Dorothee's scream, and who were now earnest in their inquiries concerning those chambers. The count rallied his guests on their precipitate retreat, and on their superstitious inclination which had occasioned it; and this led to the question, whether the spirit, after it has quitted the body, is ever permitted to revisit the earth; and if it is, whether it was possible for spirits to become visible to the sense? The baron was of opinion, that the first was probable: and he endeavored to justify this opinion by respectable authorities, both ancient and modern, which he quoted. The count, however, was decidedly against him; and a long conversation ensued, in which the usual arguments on these subjects were, on both sides, brought forward with skill, and discussed with candor, but without converting either party to the opinion of his opponent. The effect of their conversation on their auditors was various. Though the count had much the superiority of the baron in point of argument, he had considerably fewer adherents; for that love, so natural to the human mind, of whatever is able to distend its faculties with wonder and astonishment attached the majority of the company to the side of the baron; and though many of the count's propositions were unanswerable, his opponents were inclined to believe this the consequence of their own want of knowledge on so abstract a subject, rather than that arguments did not exist which were forcible enough to conquer his.

Blanche was pale with attention, till the ridicule in her father's glance called a blush upon her countenance, and she then endeavored to forget the superstitious tales she had been told in her convent. Meanwhile, Emily had been listening with deep attention to the discussion of what was to her a very interesting question, and remembering the appearance she had witnessed in the apartment of the late marchioness, she was frequently chilled with awe. Several times she was on the point of mentioning what she had seen, but the fear of giving pain to the count, and the dread of his ridicule, restrained her; and awaiting in anxious expectation the event of Ludovico's intrepidity, she determined that her future silence should depend upon it.

When the party had separated for the night, and the count retired to his dressing-room, the remembrance of the desolate scenes he had lately witnessed in his own mansion deeply

affected him, but at length he was roused from his reverie and silence. What music is that I hear? said he suddenly, to his valet. Who plays at this late hour?

The man made no reply; and the count continued to listen, and then added, That is no common musician; he touches the instrument with a delicate hand — who is it, Pierre?

My lord! said the man, hesitatingly.

Who plays that instrument? repeated the count.

Does not your lordship know, then? said the valet.

What mean you? said the count, somewhat sternly.

Nothing, my lord, I meant nothing, rejoined the man, submissively, only — that music — goes about the house at midnight often, and I thought your lordship might have heard it before.

Music goes about the house at midnight! Poor fellow! does nobody dance to the music, too?

It is not in the chateau, I believe, my lord; the sounds come from the woods, they say, though they seem so near; — but then a spirit can do anything.

Ah, poor fellow, said the count, I perceive you are as silly as the rest of them; to-morrow you will be convinced of your ridiculous error. But, hark! — what voice is that?

Oh, my lord! that is the voice we often hear with the music.

Often! said the count: how often, pray? It is a very fine one.

Why, my lord, I myself have not heard it more than two or three times, but there are those who have lived here longer, that have heard it often enough.

What a swell was that! exclaimed the count, as he still listened, and now, what a dying cadence! This is surely something more than mortal!

That is what they say, my lord, said the valet; they say it is nothing mortal that utters it; and if I might say my thoughts —

Peace! said the count; and he listened till the strain died away.

This is strange! said he, as he turned from the window. Close the casements, Pierre.

Pierre obeyed, and the count soon after dismissed him, but did not so soon lose the remembrance of the music, which long vibrated in his fancy in tones of melting sweetness, while surprise and perplexity engaged his thoughts.

Ludovico, meanwhile, in his remote chamber, heard now and then the faint echo of a closing door as the family retired to rest, and then the hall clock, at a great distance, strike twelve. It is midnight, said he, and he looked suspiciously round the spacious chamber. The fire on the hearth was now nearly expiring, for his attention having been engaged by the book before him, he had forgotten everything besides; but he soon added fresh wood, not because he was cold, though the night was stormy, but because he was cheerless; and having again trimmed his lamp, he poured out a glass of wine, drew his chair nearer to the crackling blaze, tried to be deaf to the wind that howled mournfully at the casements, endeavored to abstract his mind from the melancholy that was stealing upon him, and again took up his book. It had been lent to him by Dorothee, who had formerly picked it up in an obscure corner of the marquis's library, and who, having opened it, and perceived some of the marvels it related, had carefully preserved it for her own entertainment, its condition giving her some excuse for detaining it from its proper station. The damp corner into which it had fallen had caused the cover to be disfigured and mouldy, and the leaves to be so discolored with spots that it was not without difficulty the letters could be traced. The fictions of the Provençal writers, whether drawn from the Arabian legends, brought by the Saracens into Spain, or recounting the chivalric exploits performed by the crusaders whom the troubadours accompanied to the East, were generally splendid, and always marvellous, both in scenery and incident; and it is not wonderful that Dorothee and Ludovico should be fascinated by inventions which had captivated the careless imagination of every rank of society in a former age. Some of the tales, however, in the book now before Ludovico, were of simple structure, and exhibited nothing of the magnificent machinery and heroic manners which usually characterized the fables of the twelfth century, and of this description was the one he now happened to open; which in its original style was of great length, but which may be thus shortly related. The reader will perceive that it is strongly tinctured with the superstition of the times.

THE PROVENÇAL TALE.

There lived, in the province of Bretagne, a noble baron, famous for his magnificence and courtly hospitalities. His

castle was graced with ladies of exquisite beauty, and thronged with illustrious knights; for the honors he paid to feats of chivalry invited the brave of distant countries to enter his lists, and his court was more splendid than those of many princes. Eight minstrels were retained in his service, who used to sing to their harps romantic fictions taken from the Arabians, or adventures of chivalry that befell knights during the crusades, or the martial deeds of the baron, their lord; — while he, surrounded by his knights and ladies, banqueted in the great hall of his castle, where the costly tapestry that adorned the walls with pictured exploits of his ancestors, the casements of painted glass enriched with armorial bearings, the gorgeous banners that waved along the roof, the sumptuous canopies, the profusion of gold and silver that glittered on the sideboards, the numerous dishes that covered the tables, the number and gay liveries of the attendants, with the chivalric and splendid attire of the guests, united to form a scene of magnificence, such as we may not hope to see in these *degenerate days*.

Of the baron the following adventure is related. One night, having retired late from the banquet to his chamber, and dismissed his attendants, he was surprised by the appearance of a stranger of a noble air, but of a sorrowful and dejected countenance. Believing that this person had been secreted in the apartment, since it appeared impossible he could have lately passed the anteroom unobserved by the pages in waiting, who would have prevented this intrusion on their lord, the baron, calling loudly for his people, drew his sword, which he had not yet taken from his side, and stood upon his defence. The stranger, slowly advancing, told him that there was nothing to fear; that he came with no hostile design, but to communicate to him a terrible secret, which it was necessary for him to know.

The baron, appeased by the courteous manners of the stranger, after surveying him for some time in silence, returned his sword into the scabbard, and desired him to explain the means by which he had obtained access to the chamber, and the purpose of this extraordinary visit.

Without answering either of these inquiries, the stranger said, that he could not then explain himself, but that if the baron would follow him to the edge of the forest, at a short distance from the castle walls, he would there convince him that he had something of importance to disclose.

This proposal again alarmed the baron, who would scarcely believe that the stranger meant to draw him to so solitary a spot at this hour of the night, without harboring a design against his life; and he refused to go, observing, at the same time, that if the stranger's purpose was an honorable one, he would not persist in refusing to reveal the occasion of his visit in the apartment where they were.

While he spoke this, he viewed the stranger still more attentively than before, but observed no change in his countenance, nor any symptom that might intimate a consciousness of evil design. He was habited like a knight, was of a tall and majestic stature, and of dignified and courteous manners. Still, however, he refused to communicate the subject of his errand in any place but that he had mentioned; and, at the same time, gave hints concerning the secret he would disclose, that awakened a degree of solemn curiosity in the baron, which at length induced him to consent to accompany the stranger on certain conditions.

Sir knight, said he, I will attend you to the forest, and will take with me only four of my people, who shall witness our conference.

To this, however, the knight objected.

What I would disclose, said he with solemnity, is to you alone. There are only three living persons to whom the circumstance is known: it is of more consequence to you and your house than I shall now explain. In future years you will look back to this night with satisfaction or repentance, accordingly as you now determine. As you would hereafter prosper — follow me; I pledge you the honor of a knight, that no evil shall befall you. If you are contented to dare futurity — remain in your chamber, and I will depart as I came.

Sir knight, replied the baron, how is it possible that my future peace can depend upon my present determination?

That is not now to be told, said the stranger: I have explained myself to the utmost. It is late; if you follow me, it must be quickly; you will do well to consider the alternative.

The baron mused, and, as he looked upon the knight, he perceived his countenance assume a singular solemnity.

[Here Ludovico thought he heard a noise, and he threw a glance round the chamber, and then held up the lamp to assist his observation; but not perceiving anything to confirm his alarm, he took up the book again, and pursued the story.]

The baron paced his apartment for some time in silence, impressed by the words of the stranger, whose extraordinary request he feared to grant, and feared also to refuse. At length, he said, Sir knight, you are utterly unknown to me; tell me, yourself, — is it reasonable that I should trust myself alone with a stranger, at this hour, in a solitary forest? Tell me, at least, who you are, and who assisted to secrete you in this chamber.

The knight frowned at these latter words, and was a moment silent; then, with a countenance somewhat stern, he said: —

I am an English knight; I am called Sir Bevys of Lancaster, — and my deeds are not unknown at the Holy City, whence I was returning to my native land, when I was benighted in the neighboring forest.

Your name is not unknown to fame, said the baron; I have heard of it. (The knight looked haughtily.) But why, since my castle is known to entertain all true knights, did not your herald announce you? Why did you not appear at the banquet, where your presence would have been welcomed, instead of hiding yourself in my castle, and stealing to my chamber at midnight?

The stranger frowned, and turned away in silence; but the baron repeated the questions.

I come not, said the knight, to answer inquiries, but to reveal facts. If you would know more, follow me, and again I pledge the honor of a knight that you shall return in safety. Be quick in your determination —I must be gone.

After some further hesitation, the baron determined to follow the stranger, and to see the result of his extraordinary request; he therefore again drew forth his sword, and, taking up a lamp, bade the knight lead on. The latter obeyed, and, opening the door of the chamber, they passed into the anteroom, where the baron, surprised to find all his pages asleep, stopped, and, with hasty violence, was going to reprimand them for their carelessness, when the knight waved his hand, and looked so expressively upon the baron, that the latter restrained his resentment, and passed on.

The knight, having descended a staircase, opened a secret door, which the baron had believed was known only to himself, and proceeding through several narrow and winding passages, came at length to a small gate that opened beyond the walls of the castle. Meanwhile, the baron followed in silence and

amazement, on perceiving that these secret passages were so well known to a stranger, and felt inclined to return from an adventure that appeared to partake of treachery as well as danger. Then, considering that he was armed, and observing the courteous and noble air of his conductor, his courage returned, he blushed that it had failed him for a moment, and he resolved to trace the mystery to its source. He now found himself on the heathy platform, before the great gates of the castle, where, on looking up, he perceived lights glimmering in the different casements of the guests, who were retiring to sleep; and, while he shivered in the blast, and looked on the dark and desolate scene around him, he thought of the comforts of his warm chamber, rendered cheerful by the blaze of wood, and felt, for a moment, the full contrast of his present situation.

[Here Ludovico paused a moment, and, looking at his own fire, gave it a brightening stir.]

The wind was strong, and the baron watched his lamp with anxiety, expecting every moment to see it extinguished; but though the flame wavered, it did not expire, and he still followed the stranger, who often sighed as he went, but did not speak.

When they reached the borders of the forest, the knight turned and raised his head, as if he meant to address the baron, but then closing his lips in silence, he walked on.

As they entered beneath the dark and spreading boughs, the baron, affected by the solemnity of the scene, hesitated whether to proceed, and demanded how much farther they were to go. The knight replied by a gesture, and the baron, with hesitating steps and a suspicious eye, followed through an obscure and intricate path, till, having proceeded a considerable way, he again demanded whither they were going, and refused to proceed unless he was informed. As he said this, he looked at his own sword and at the knight alternately, who shook his head, and whose dejected countenance disarmed the baron for a moment of suspicion.

A little farther is the place whither I would lead you, said the stranger: no evil shall befall you — I have sworn it on the honor of a knight.

The baron, reassured again, followed in silence, and they soon arrived at a deep recess of the forest, where the dark and lofty chestnuts entirely excluded the sky, and which was so overgrown with underwood that they proceeded with difficulty,

The knight sighed deeply as he passed, and sometimes paused; and having at length reached a spot where the trees crowded into a knot, he turned, and, with a terrific look, pointing to the ground, the baron saw there the body of a man, stretched at its length, and weltering in blood. A ghastly wound was on the forehead, and death appeared already to have contracted the features.

The baron, on perceiving the spectacle, started in horror, looked at the knight for explanation, and was then going to raise the body, and examine if there were yet any remains of life; but the stranger, waving his hand, fixed upon him a look so earnest and mournful, as not only much surprised him, but made him desist.

But what were the baron's emotions, when, on holding up the lamp near the features of the corpse, he discovered the exact resemblance of the stranger, his conductor, to whom he now looked up in astonishment and inquiry. As he gazed, he perceived the countenance of the knight change, and begin to fade, till his whole form gradually vanished from his astonished sense. While the baron stood fixed to the spot, a voice was heard to utter these words: —

[Ludovico started, and laid down the book, for he thought he heard a voice in the chamber, and he looked towards the bed, where, however, he saw only the dark curtains and the pall. He listened, scarcely daring to draw his breath, but heard only the distant roaring of the sea in the storm, and the blasts that rushed by the casements; when, concluding that he had been deceived by its sighings, he took up the book to finish the story.]

The body of Sir Bevys of Lancaster, a noble knight of England, lies before you. He was this night waylaid and murdered, as he journeyed from the Holy City towards his native land. Respect the honor of knighthood and the law of humanity: inter the body in Christian ground, and cause his murderers to be punished. As ye observe or neglect this, shall peace and happiness, or war and misery, light upon you and your house forever!

The baron, when he recovered from the awe and astonishment into which this adventure had thrown him, returned to his castle, whither he caused the body of Sir Bevys to be removed, and on the following day it was interred with the honors of knighthood, in the chapel of the castle, attended by all the

noble knights and ladies who graced the court of Baron de Brunne.

Ludovico, having finished this story, laid aside the book, for he felt drowsy; and after putting more wood on the fire, and taking another glass of wine, he reposed himself in the armchair on the hearth. In his dream he still beheld the chamber where he really was, and once or twice started from his imperfect slumbers, imagining he saw a man's face looking over the high back of his armchair. This idea had so strongly impressed him, that, when he raised his eyes, he almost expected to meet other eyes fixed upon his own; and he quitted his seat, and looked behind the chair, before he felt perfectly convinced that no person was there.

Thus closed the hour.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, a famous English courtier and admiral; born at Hayes, in Devonshire, in 1552; beheaded at Westminster, October 29, 1618. During many years Raleigh took an active part in the irregular hostilities between England and Spain, and became very wealthy. At the accession of James I. to the English throne, in 1603, he was stripped of his preferments and forbidden to appear at Court. Not long afterward he was arrested upon a charge of conspiracy. He was convicted; but, instead of being put to death at once, the execution of the sentence was deferred, and he was committed to the Tower, where he was kept a prisoner for thirteen years. During his imprisonment he wrote his "History of the World," which was published in 1614. The "History" commences with the creation, but is brought down only to the end of the Macedonian empire, 167 B. C. For some reason, Raleigh was released from the Tower in 1615, and engaged in an unsuccessful expedition to Guiana. He made his way back to England, and was at once committed to the Tower, and afterwards was beheaded under the old sentence. The separate works of Raleigh have been several times reprinted. A complete edition of them, in eight volumes, was published in 1829. Among his works are several short poems.

The Lie.

Go, Soul, the body's guest
  Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best;
  The truth must be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church, it shows
  What's good, and doth no good:
If Court and Church reply,
Then give them both the lie. . . .

Tell men of high condition
That manage the Estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie. . . .

Tell Zeal it wants devotion;
Tell Love it is but lust;
Tell Time it is but motion;
Tell Flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie. . .

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness;
Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
Tell Law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
Go give them still the lie. . . .

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing —
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing —
Stab at thee, he that will,
No stab the Soul can kill.

The Pilgrimage.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge;
And thus I 'll take my pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth toward the land of Heaven,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains;
  There will I kiss
  The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

Then by that happy, blissful day,
  More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have cast off their rags of clay,
  And walk apparelled fresh like me.
  I'll take them first
  To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
  At those clear wells
  Where sweetness dwells
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel —
Ceiling of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forged accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees;
And when the grand twelve-million jury
Of our sins, with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms —
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is mine eternal plea
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That, since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,

Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head;
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think must needs die well.

What is Love?

Now, what is love, I pray thee, tell?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, the sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell;
And this is love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is love, I prithee, say?
It is a work on holiday,
It is December matched with May,
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play;
And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, sain?
It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
It is a toothache or like pain,
It is a game where none hath gain;
The lass saith no, yet would full fain;
And this is love, as I hear sain.

Yet, shepherd, what is love, I pray?
It is a yes, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fay,
It is a thing will soon away,
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may;
And this is love, as I hear say.

Yet what is love, good shepherd, show?
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And, shepherd, this is love, I trow.

ALFRED NICHOLAS RAMBAUD.

Rambaud, Alfred Nicholas, an eminent French educator and historian; born at Besançon, July 2, 1842. His life is a record of brilliant achievements. He has held the professorship of history at Nancy, Bourges, and Colmar. In 1868, he took his degree in law, and the following year became an occasional lecturer in history at the Lyceum of Charlemagne, and received his LL.D. in 1870. The next year saw him professor of history in the faculty of Caen, which position he relinquished in 1875, to accept a similar one at Nancy. In 1879 he became head of the cabinet of M. Ferry, Minister of Public Instruction; and in 1881 he took charge of the course in literature at Paris, where in 1884 he occupied the chair of contemporaneous history. Collaborator of scientific, historical, archæological, and critical reviews, and of "Le Temps," he has directed "La Revue Bleue" since 1888. In 1896 he became Minister of Public Instruction. He is a member of many learned societies both at home and abroad. Of his works the most important is the "History of French Civilization" (3 vols., 1885), which is used as a text-book in nearly all universities. His other publications include: "French Domination in Germany, 1792–1804" (1873); "Germany under Napoleon I." (1874); "The French and the Russians," etc. (1877); "History of Russia" (1878); "History of Contemporary Civilization in France" (1887); and several theses.

Benefits to Germany from French Invasions.

(From "Germany under Napoleon, 1804-1811.")

The Germans complain of the harm we have done them in the wars, almost always defensive, which our kings carried on against the ambition of Austria. Who could calculate the harm done to us by their princes, when in 1791 they turned France from her task of reorganization; when they stirred up hatred between our working classes and our nobility, between the Assembly and Royalty; when they caused the Revolution to end in the Terror? Afterwards, even if the Emperor, the King of Prussia, and the Ecclesiastic Electors did declare war, the people called and

welcomed us. After a glorious defensive war, we were able to wage the most humane, the most beneficial of propagating wars. . . . Even under Napoleon I., French intervention in Germany was essentially different from German invasion of France: the former brought with it the elements of progress. Thus it may be said that in all times, and under every form of government, we have done more good than harm to the Germans; and a Prussian empire, founded on a so-called right of revenge of Germany against us, is based on injustice and falsehood. . . .

It is strange that Germany should accept from Prussia, along with new laws, its opinions ready-made. . . . What magic spell have its new masters used to make Germany forget history? . . . Before the Revolution there was no trace of hatred between France and Germany; and that is why the wars of the Revolution were none of them a war of races. All western Germany accepted French influence willingly. Our language was written and spoken there, our literary traditions and our fashions were followed with even too much docility. Frenchmen were enticed to dwell there; but not always chosen with sufficient discernment, so that adventurers by whom the Germans were duped gave a sorry idea of our nation. On the other hand, the feeling of hostility against England dates very far back. It is that nation which, from the first, made us understand what a foreigner was, and by trampling on France revealed her to herself. . . .

Large German States owe their prosperity to French political and religious refugees. Nor was the influx less from Germany into France. Princes came as pilgrims to the shrine of Versailles to admire and worship the kingliest King; to Paris, where they found the greatest number of men of genius and of sharpers, the wittiest ladies, and the lightest women. There came those who wished to serve in the army; like Maurice of Saxe, the victor of Fontenoy, and the Count of Löwendal, the victor of Berg-op-Zoom. The Rhenish provinces were but a continuation of France beyond the frontier: their sons fought under French colors; war and hate were not between the peoples, they were the business of the governments. Men were cosmopolitan, citizens of the world, rather than French, German, or Prussian.

The Revolution of 1803 in Germany was relatively as radical as the French Revolution. The German people looked on it with indifference, neither rejoicing nor grieving at the fall of its past:

because there was a great difference between the two revolutions. The sacrifices exacted from the privileged classes of France had served to found the unity of a great people, had brought liberty into the State and equality among the citizens. In Germany no such advantages had been obtained. The French had despoiled themselves for the grandeur of their country; in Germany for some great or petty sovereign, often more a princeling than a prince.

It was not as an enemy but as an Emperor that Napoleon was received. Princes and people crowded to see the small, lank-haired man, so unlike the legendary Charlemagne, whose sallow complexion, sinister, unfathomable glance, and Roman features, reminded them of the pagan Cæsar who had first crossed the mighty river.

Civil Life in France during the Middle Ages.

(From the "History of French Civilization.")

If justice was cruel, the police of Paris were feeble. The multiplicity of jurisdictions among which Paris was divided, and the right of sanctuary allowed to nearly all the churches and abbeys, permitted criminals to elude pursuit.

Paris, although Philip Augustus had paved some streets and filled up the filthy holes which infected his palace, was still horribly dirty.

The narrow streets, with the houses overhanging in successive corbelings so that the upper stories touched, were incumbered with stalls, sign-boards, and goods exposed for sale. Swine, geese, and cattle wandered through them. There the butchers slaughtered their beasts at night; there was no light except that of the moon when it shone. The police were not responsible for anything after sunset. When once the curfew had rung, the honest bourgeois went to his home and shut himself in securely. The watch — that is, the *prevost's* archers — were too few to control the dangerous classes. To thrash the watch was a student's sport: naturally, ill-doers feared it little.

Sometimes a watchman like Gautier Rallard found an ingenious means of never entering into a fight with the robbers: he made his rounds preceded by music. The night watchman who went through the streets in a coat embellished with tears and death's-heads, — armed with a lantern and a bell, announc-

ing the hours, and calling the sleepers to "pray for the dead," — scarcely interfered with the cutpurses and the pillagers of shops.

The robbers, assassins, beggars, vagabonds, were organized in corporations just like the honest folk. They had their regular chiefs, their rules of apprenticeship, their trials for the mastery, their places of reunion. In Paris they formed a State apart, — the Kingdom of Argot, — where was spoken the "*langue vert*," and across the boundaries of which the archers of the watch did not venture. Their elected chief was the great Coësre or King of Thune, who was drawn in a cart by dogs. He held his court — his Court of Miracles — sometimes in the cul-de-sac Saint Sauveur, sometimes in the rue des Frams-Bourgeois, or near the Convent of the Filles-Dieu, or in the streets of Grande and Petite Truanderie. He had in each province, like the king, his bailiff, — called the *cagou*. Sometimes he summoned a sort of States-General in the Pré aux Gueux (Beggars' Field) near Notre Dame d'Auray. His immense people, including all the beggars, blacklegs, and vagabonds of France, were divided into numerous classes. All paid a tribute to the King of Thune, and rendered him homage.

Another powerful monarch was the King of Egypt, sovereign of the Gipsies. In 1427 the advance guard of these mysterious Asiatics had appeared in Paris; a duke, a count, ten knights, followed by a hundred men, women, and children. These people, known as Bohemians, Saracens, Egyptians, Tsiganes, were soon swarming on the roads and at the gates of the towns, as showmen of bears and apes, as tinkers, counterfeiters, fortune-tellers.

From these swarming crowds the army of crime was recruited. From time to time justice cast in her net, and exposed her capture in the pillory of the Halles or on the gibbet of Montfauçon; but the mass was not thereby diminished. If the *prevost* hung some scamp in broad day, the King of Thune in turn hung in broad night some rash bourgeois or too inquisitive sergeant.

As in India there were pariahs, despised even by the slave, and whose contact was pollution, so in France there were outcast races. These were called *marrons* in Auvergne; *cagots* or *cagoux* in the Pyrenees; *gaffots*, *caffots*, *capots*, in Béarn and Navarre; *cagueux*, *cacuas*, *cacoux*, in Bretagne; *gahets*, *gaffets*, in Guyenne. Whence came they, and who were they? Were they, as was said, descendants of the Mussulmans left in France by Abderrahman, or of the Spaniards who were driven from their homes by

the Arabs, or of converted heretics, or of ancient lepers? No one knew, not even those who persecuted them. The only sure thing is, that they were treated like veritable lepers, forbidden to frequent churches, taverns, public festivals; forced in Bretagne and Béarn to wear a red costume, and not permitted to go barefoot on the roads or to carry arms. Marriage or any contact with them was refused. They lived in isolated villages hidden in the country, or in obscure valleys; intermarrying, hated by all and hating all the world.

Although ancient slavery had disappeared from our soil through transformation into serfdom, there was a tendency to reconstitute it in Europe at the expense of the infidels taken in war. The Italian republics trafficked in their captives. In the twelfth century they were sold at fairs in Champagne, and Saracen slaves were bequeathed in a will to the bishop of Béziers. In the thirteenth century, slaves were traded in Provence. The new slavery was then in force in Roussillon, — which was not French territory, — but royal France spurned it. Then was established the maxim by virtue of which every slave who touched French soil became free. In 1402 and in 1406 the municipality of Toulouse applied this to the profit of fugitive slaves from Perpignan.

In the Middle Ages, the duty of charity toward the poor was generally discharged. The pouch full of money which hung at the belts of nobles and bourgeois, men and woman, was called an alms-purse; a chaplain was an almoner. Kings, nobles, and ladies were often surrounded, as they walked, by the poor whom they maintained. King Robert allowed them to enter so freely into his palace, to go under his table, to sit on the floor beside him, almost between his legs, that on a certain day one of them cut a gold acorn from his clothing. Not only did alms-givers aid the poor with money, food, and clothing; but seeing in them the image of suffering Christ, they gloried in sometimes serving them at table, and in washing their feet upon Holy Thursday. The religious orders, founded for the relief of the poor, consecrated to them at least a part of their revenues. In certain convents there were cells reserved for the poor; in nearly all, distributions of soup and bread were made at the door of the monastery.

Nevertheless, this charity of the Middle Ages was unintelligent enough. The kings would have done better to aid their people, instead of surrounding themselves with a few tatterdemalions;

the monasteries, while distributing their charity, became, by seizing upon the land, a cause of impoverishment for a vast radius around them. They relieved a few poor people; but these were infinitely less to be pitied than thousands of peasants crushed under feudal laws, the ecclesiastical tenth, or the laws of the royal treasury. The problem of how to aid the poor without increasing pauperism and without offering a reward to idleness, so difficult even to modern France, was not one which the Middle Ages could solve. Moreover, the French of the thirteenth century, thoroughly imbued with religious ideas, were charitable not from philanthropy, but from piety; to secure salvation. The "virtuous poor," with knees worn callous by many prostrations, with mouths full of prayers, well trained and indoctrinated by the Church, always present on the skirts of the sanctuary, always ready to reap the benefit of a pious thought, were very convenient to whoever wished to aquit himself of the Christian duty of charity. Poverty was too wide-spread to be possibly diminished; at least one did what one was called upon to do, leaving the rest to God.

The sick formed a more limited category of the distressed, and charity toward them was more efficacious. From the Merovingian epoch, St. Clotilde and St. Aboflède, the wife and sister of Clovis; St. Radegonde, the wife of Clotaire; St. Bathilde, the wife of Clovis II., are cited as founders of hospitals. The hospitals were usually annexed to a monastery, as was that of Bathilde to the royal abbey of Chelles. At the time of the Crusades, the valiant Knights of St. John prided themselves above all upon being Hospitallers. The diffusion of leprosy in the twelfth century brought about the creation of special hospitals — leper-houses. In the thirteenth century there were nearly two thousand of these in France. They were usually managed by Knights of St. Lazarus, another military order. Louis VII. established them at the end of the Faubourg St. Denis; their mother-house was the domain of Boigny. He also created at Saussaie near Villejuif a convent of women to care for lepers. The kings made large benefactions to these houses: when they died, their personal linen and all their horses, mules, etc., belonged to the leper-house of La Saussaie. When Jean II. died in England, so that the house was deprived of his horses, his son paid it an indemnity. Later, Charles VI. bought back from this convent for twenty-five hundred francs the horses of his father Charles V. The knights showed themselves deserving of these favors by caring not only for the lepers, but for all kinds of invalids.

St. Louis was a Grand-Hospitaller. It was he who enlarged and endowed the Maison-Dieu (Hotel-Dieu) of Paris, who founded the Hospital of the Quinze-Vingts for three hundred blind men, who instituted the *hostelleries des postes* in the principal towns of the kingdom. Devout nobles followed his example; and in the thirteenth century Elzéar de Sabran and his wife are cited as having given everything — life and fortune — to the service of the sick.

The Church did not content itself with offering prayers for travellers. In the most difficult passes of the mountains, in the snows of the Alps, rose pious hostelries: those of St. Bernard, of St. Gothard, of the Simplon, of Mont Cenis, are of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The wars with the Saracens, the Mussulman piracy on the Mediterranean, peopled the markets and prisons of the Orient and Africa with Christian captives. Religious orders, — the Mathurins, founded in 1198, and the Fathers of Mercy, founded in 1223, — went with money to ransom Christian prisoners.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

Ramsay, Allan, a Scottish poet; born at Leadhills, in Lanarkshire, October 15, 1686; died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1758. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a barber. He afterward set up as a wig-maker at Edinburgh, and began to write small poems, the earliest being produced at the age of twenty-six. About 1716 he established a bookstore and circulating library, and was also an industrious editor. A volume of his collected "Poems" was published in 1721. His most important work, "The Gentle Shepherd" (1725), was suggested by the critique of Pope's "Windsor Forest" in "The Guardian," April 7, 1713. It has been called "the first genuine pastoral after Theocritus." Among his other works are "The Table Miscellany," and "The Evergreen," the precursor of Percy's "Reliques" (1724); "Thirty Fables" (1730); and "Scots' Proverbs" (1737). He retired from business in 1755.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Oh, Bessy Bell and Mary Gray!
They are twa bonny lasses;
They bigged a bower on yon burn-brae,
And thecked it o'er with rashes:
Fair Bessy Bell I looed yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter,
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair 's like a lint tap,
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis's lap,
The hills with rays adorning;
White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet 's fou genty,
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, oh, wow! they 're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her eyes like diamonds glances;
She 's aye sae clean red up and braw,
She kills whene'er she dances;

Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae graceful still,
O Jove! she 's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are sic bonny lasses:
Wae 's me! for baith I canna get, —
To ane by law we 're stinted;
Then I 'll draw cuts, and take my fate,
And be with ane contented.

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I 've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear,
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They 'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That 's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that 's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love 's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse!
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I 'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I 'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I 'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

An thou were my ain Thing.

An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee.

Like bees that suck the morning dew
Frae flowers of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou',
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, etc.

Sae lang 's I had the use of light,
I 'd on thy beauties feast my sight;
Syne in saft whispers through the night
I 'd tell how much I looed thee.
An thou were, etc.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddess o'er the green:
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but myself aboon thee.
An thou were, etc.

I 'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs should twine,
Formed hardy to defend thee.
An thou were, etc.

Time 's on the wing and will not stay;
In shining youth let 's make our hay,
Since love admits of no delay;
Oh, let na scorn undo thee.
An thou were, etc.

While love does at his altar stand,
Hae, there 's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
And thou were, etc.

A Sang.

Tune — "Busk ye, my bonny bride."

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny marrow;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk, and go to the braes of Yarrow:
There will we sport and gather dew,
Dancing while lavrocks sing the morning;
There learn frae turtles to prove true:
O Bell! ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields;
And when the beams are kindly warming,
Blytheness appears o'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fresh and charming:
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead, —
Though on their banks the roses blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free consent my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee. —
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
Wha raised my hopes with kind relenting:
O queen of smiles! I ask nae mair,
Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

The Highland Lassie.

The Lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco saucy;
Sae proud they never can be kind,
Like my good-humored Highland lassie.

Chorus.

O my bonny, bonny Highland lassie,
My hearty, smiling Highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in borrows-town,
Wha makes their cheeks with patches motie,
I'd take my Katie but a gown,
Barefooted, in her little coatie.

Chorus.

Beneath the brier or breken bush,
  Whene'er I kiss and court my dautie,
Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
  My flighteren heart gangs pittie-pattie.
Chorus.

O'er highest heathery hills I 'll sten,
  With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
  To feast my lass on dishes dainty.
Chorus.

There 's noane shall dare, by deed or word,
  'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
  Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
Chorus.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
  And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
  While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
Chorus.

EDWARD BANNERMAN RAMSAY.

Ramsay, Edward Bannerman, a Scottish ecclesiastic and literary critic; born at Aberdeen, January 31, 1793; died at Edinburgh, December 27, 1872. He was graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1816; took orders in the Anglican Church, and was for several years a curate in England. In 1824 he became curate of St. George's, Edinburgh, and in 1827 assistant of Bishop Sandford of St. John's. He succeeded Sandford in 1830, and remained pastor of that church till his death. In 1846 he was appointed by Bishop Terrot Dean of Edinburgh, afterward becoming familiarly known in Scotland as "The Dean." He published several volumes of literary lectures, sermons, biographies, and theological essays; his latest works being "Christian Responsibilities" (1864) and "Pulpit Table-Talk" (1868). His best-known work, "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," originally appeared in 1858, but was subsequently considerably enlarged, and numerous editions of it have been put forth in Great Britain and the United States.

The Old Scottish Domestic Servant.

(From "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.")

We come now to a subject on which a great change has taken place in this country during my own experience. In many Scottish houses a great familiarity prevailed between members of the family and the domestics. For this many reasons might have been assigned. Indeed, when we consider the simple modes of life which discarded the ideas of ceremony or etiquette, the retired and uniform style of living which afforded few opportunities for break or change in the domestic arrangements, and when we add to these a free, unrestrained, unformal, and natural style of intercommunion, which seems rather a national characteristic, we need not be surprised to find in quiet Scottish families a sort of intercourse with old domestics which can hardly be looked for now, when habits are changing so fast, and where much of the quiet eccentricity

belonging to us as a national characteristic, is almost necessarily softened down or driven out. Many circumstances thus conspired to promote familiarity with old domestics which are now entirely changed. We take the case of a middle-aged servant, or a young servant passing year after year in a family. The servant grows up into old age and confirmed habits when the laird is becoming a man, a husband, father of a family. The domestic cannot forget the days when his master was a child, riding on his back, applying to him for help in difficulties about his fishing, his rabbits, his pony, his going to school. All the family know how attached he is; nobody likes to speak cross to him. He is a privileged man. The faithful old servant of thirty, forty, or fifty years, if with a tendency to be jealous, cross, and interfering, becomes a great nuisance. Still the relative position was the result of good feelings. If the familiarity sometimes became a nuisance, it was a wholesome nuisance, and relic of a simpler time gone by. But the case of the old servant, whether agreeable or troublesome, was often so fixed and established in the households of past days, that there was scarce a possibility of getting away from it. The well-known story of the answer of one of these domestic tyrants to the irritated master, who was making an effort to free himself from the thraldom, shows the idea entertained by *one* of the parties, at least, of the permanency of the tenure. I am assured by a friend that the true edition of the story was this: An old Mr. Erskine of Dun had one of these old retainers, under whose language and unreasonable assumption he had long groaned. He had almost determined to bear it no longer, when, walking out with his man, on crossing a field, the master exclaimed, "There 's a hare." Andrew looked at the place, and coolly replied, "What a big lee, it 's a cauff." The master, quite angry now, plainly told the old domestic that they *must* part. But the tried servant of forty years, not dreaming of the possibility of *his* dismissal, innocently asked, "Ay, sir; whare ye gaun? I 'm sure ye 're aye best at hame;" supposing that, if there were to be any disruption, it must be the master who would change the place. An example of a similar fixedness of tenure in an old servant was afforded in an anecdote related of an old coachman long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady fairly gave him notice to quit, and

told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer, "Na, na, my lady; I druve ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial." It is but fair, however, to give an anecdote in which the master and the servant's position was *reversed*, in regard to the wish for change: An old servant of a relative of my own, with an ungovernable temper, became at last so weary of his master's irascibility, that he declared he must leave, and gave as his reason the fits of anger which came on and produced such great annoyance that he could not stand it any longer. His master, unwilling to lose him, tried to coax him by reminding him that the anger was soon off. "Ay," replied the other very shrewdly, "but it 's nae suner aff than it 's on again." I remember well an old servant of the old school, who had been fifty years domesticated in a family. Indeed I well remember the celebration of the half-century service completed. There were rich scenes with Sandy and his mistress. Let me recall you both to memory. Let me think of you, the kind, generous, warm-hearted mistress. A gentlewoman by descent and by feeling. A true friend, a sincere Christian; and let me think, too, of you, Sandy, an honest, faithful, and attached member of the family. For you were in that house rather as a humble friend than a servant. But out of this fifty years of attached service there sprung a sort of domestic relation and freedom of intercourse which would surprise people in these days. And yet Sandy knew his place. Like Corporal Trim, who, although so familiar and admitted to so much familiarity with my Uncle Toby, never failed in the respectful address — never forgot to say "your honor." At a dinner party Sandy was very active about changing his mistress's plate, and whipped it off when he saw that she had got a piece of rich pattee upon it. His mistress not liking such rapid movements, and at the same time knowing that remonstrance was in vain, exclaimed, "Hout, Sandy, I 'm no dune," and dabbed her fork into the pattee as it disappeared, to rescue a morsel. I remember her praise of English mutton was a great annoyance to the Scottish prejudices of Sandy. One day she was telling me of a triumph Sandy had upon that subject. The smell of the joint roasting had become very offensive through the house. The lady called out to Sandy to have the doors closed, and adding, "That must be some horrid Scotch mutton you have got." To Sandy's delight, this was a leg of English mutton his mis-

tress had expressly chosen, and, as she significantly told me, "Sandy never let that down upon me."

On Deeside there existed, in my recollection, besides the Saunders Paul I have alluded to, a number of extraordinary acute and humorous Scottish characters amongst the lower classes. The native gentry enjoyed their humor, and hence arose a familiarity of intercourse which called forth many amusing scenes and quaint rejoinders. A celebrated character of this description bore the sobriquet of "Boaty." He had acted as Charon of the Dee at Banchory, and passed the boat over the river before there was a bridge. Boaty had many curious sayings recorded of him. When speaking of the gentry around, he characterized them according to their occupations and activity of habits; thus, "As to Mr. Russell of Blackha', he just works himsell like a paid laborer; Mr. Duncan 's a' the day fish, fish; but Sir Robert 's a perfect gentleman; he does naething, naething." Boaty was a first-rate salmon-fisher himself, and was much sought after by amateurs who came to Banchory for the sake of the sport afforded by the beautiful Dee. He was, perhaps, a little spoiled, and presumed upon the indulgence and familiarity shown to him in the way of his craft; as, for example, he was in attendance with his boat on a sportsman who was both skilful and successful, for he caught salmon after salmon. Between each fish catching he solaced himself with a good pull from a flask, which he returned to his pocket, however, without offering to let Boaty have any participation in the refreshment. Boaty, partly a little professionally jealous, perhaps, at the success, and partly indignant at receiving less than his usual attention on such occasions, and seeing no prospect of amendment, deliberately pulled the boat to shore, shouldered the oars, rods, landing-nets, and all the fishing apparatus which he had provided, and set off homewards. His companion, far from considering his day's work to be over, and keen for more sport, was amazed, and peremptorily ordered him to come back. But all the answer made by the offended Boaty was, "Na, na; them 'at drink by themsells may just fish by themsells."

The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner scene illustrative of this sort of

interference which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray of Abercairney had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Thomas was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt spoon," to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here, we lost a salt spoon." An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

In my own family I know a case of a very long service, and where, no doubt, there was much interest and attachment, but it was a case where the temper had not softened under the influence of years, but had rather assumed that form of disposition which we denominate *crusty*. My grand-uncle, Sir A. Ramsay, died in 1806, and left a domestic who had been in his service since he was ten years of age; and being at the time of his master's death past fifty or well on to sixty, he must have been more than forty years a servant in the family. From the retired life my grand-uncle had been leading, Jamie Layal had much of his own way, and, like many a domestic so situated, he did not like to be contradicted, and, in fact, could not bear to be found fault with. My uncle, who had succeeded to a part of my grand-uncle's property, succeeded also to Jamie Layal, and from respect to his late master's memory and Jamie's own services, he took him into his house, intending him to act as house servant. However, this did not answer, and he was soon kept on, more with the form than the reality of any active duty, and took any light work that was going on about the house. In this capacity it was his daily task to feed a flock of turkeys who were growing up to maturity. On one occasion, my aunt having followed him in his work, and having observed an enormous waste of food, and that the ground was actually covered with grain which they could not eat, and which would soon be destroyed and lost, naturally remonstrated, and suggested a more reasonable and provident supply. But all the answer she got from the offended Jamie was a bitter rejoinder, "Weel, then, neist time they shall get nane ava!" On another occasion a

family from a distance had called whilst my uncle and aunt were out of the house. Jamie came into the parlor to deliver the cards, or to announce that they had called. My aunt, somewhat vexed at not having been in the way, inquired what message Mr. and Mrs. Innes had left, as she had expected one. "No! no message." She returned to the charge, and asked again if they had not told him *anything* he was to repeat. Still, "No! no message." "But did they say nothing? Are you sure they said nothing?" Jamie, sadly put out and offended at being thus interrogated, at last burst forth, "They neither said ba nor bum," and indignantly left the room, banging the door after him. A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinner-party; the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper, at length he gave vent to his indignation in a remonstrance addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither, that 's the way to be served."

I have two characteristic and dry Scottish answers, traditional in the Lothian family, supplied to me by the present excellent and highly gifted young Marquis. A Marquis of Lothian of a former generation, observed in his walk two workmen very busy with a ladder to reach a bell, on which they next kept up a furious ringing. He asked what was the object of making such a din; to which the answer was, "Oh, juist, my lord, to ca' the workmen together." "Why, how many are there?" asked his lordship. "Ou, just Sandy and me," was the quiet rejoinder. The same Lord Lothian, looking about the garden, directed his gardener's attention to a particular plum-tree, charging him to be careful of the produce of that tree, and send the *whole* of it in marked, as it was of a very particular kind. "Ou," said the gardener, "I 'll do that, my lord; there 's juist twa o' them."

These dry answers of Newbattle servants remind us of a similar state of communication in a Yester domestic. Lord Tweeddale was very fond of dogs, and on leaving Yester for London, he instructed his head keeper, a quaint bodie, to give him a periodical report of the kennel, and particulars of his favorite dogs. Among the latter was an *especial* one, of the true Skye breed, called "Pickle," from which sobriquet we may form a pretty good judge of his qualities.

It happened one day, in or about the year 1827, that poor Pickle during the absence of his master was taken unwell; and the watchful guardian immediately warned the marquis of the sad fact (and of the progress of the disease), which lasted three days — for which he sent the three following laconic despatches: —

YESTER, May 1st, 18—.

MY LORD,
Pickle 's no weel.
Your Lordship's humble servant, etc.

YESTER, 2d May, 18—.

MY LORD,
Pickle will no do!
I am your Lordship's, etc.

YESTER, 3d May, 18—.

MY LORD,
Pickle's dead!
I am your Lordship's, etc.

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it aff." Of another servant when sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress, a woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that as the guests were coming in he must put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his excited reply, "indeed, there's sae muckle rinning here and rinning there, that I'm juist distrackit. I hae cuist'n my coat and waistcoat, and faith I dinna ken how lang I can thole my breeks." There is often a ready wit in this class of character, marked by their replies. I have the following communicated from an ear-witness: "Weel, Peggy," said a man to an old family servant, "I wonder yer aye single yet?" "Me marry," said she indignantly; "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

An old woman was exhorting a servant once about her ways. "You serve the deevil," said she. "Me!" said the girl; "na, na, I dinna serve the deevil, I serve ae single lady."

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down a garden. "Is 't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I 'm glad o' that, for there 's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there 's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

The answers of servants used curiously to illustrate habits and manners of the time, — as the economical modes of her mistress' life were well touched by the lass who thus described her ways and domestic habits with her household: "She 's vicious upo' the wark: but eh, she 's vary mysterious o' the victualling."

A country habit of making the gathering of the congregation in the churchyard previous to and after divine service an occasion for gossip and business, which I remember well, is thoroughly described in the following: A lady on hiring a servant-girl in the country, told her, as a great indulgence, that she should have the liberty of attending the church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of service. The lady, however, rather unexpectedly found a positive objection raised against this apparently reasonable arrangement. "Then I canna engadge wi' ye, mem; for 'deed I wadna gie the crack i' the kirkyard for a' the sermon."

The changes that many of us have lived to witness in this kind of intercourse between families and old servants is a part of a still greater change — the change in that modification of the feudal system, the attachment of clans. This, also, from transfers of property and extinction of old families in the Highlands, as well as from more general causes, is passing away; and it includes also changes in the intercourse between landed proprietors and cottagers, and abolition of harvest homes, and such meetings. People are now more independent of each other, and service is become a pecuniary and not a sentimental question.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

Randall, James Ryder, an American song-writer and journalist; born at Baltimore, Md., January 1, 1839. He was educated at Georgetown College, D. C., and when quite young removed to New Orleans, where he obtained a position on the "Sunday Delta." He is the author of a number of songs in behalf of the Confederate cause, including "Maryland, my Maryland," written in 1861 (his most popular work); "The Sole Sentry;" "There 's Life in the Old Land yet," and "The Battle Cry of the South." He is also the author of considerable fugitive verse. In 1866 he became editor-in-chief of the "Constitutionalist" of Augusta, Ga., and subsequently held other editorial positions in the South. "Randall," says Professor Hart, "is the Tyrtæus of the late war. He has not published any volume, but his war lyrics, particularly his 'Maryland, my Maryland,' and one or two others, spoke to the hearts of seven millions of people as nothing else, probably, that was written during the war."

My Maryland.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain:
"Sic semper!" 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And give a new key to thy song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek;
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb —
Huzza, she spurns the Northern scum;
She breathes, she burns — she 'll come! she 'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

FRANZ LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

RANKE, FRANZ LEOPOLD VON, a leading German historian; born at Wiehe, near Nuremberg, Thuringia, December 21, 1795; died at Berlin, May 23, 1886. He was a student at Leipsic, then a teacher in the gymnasium at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and, from 1825, Professor of History at Berlin. He was sent by the government to examine the archives at Vienna, Rome, Venice, and Florence. His thorough researches made him the father of a school of historiography. A "History of the Roman and Teutonic Nations" was his first work (1824), covering the period 1494–1535; this was followed by "Principles and Peoples of Southern Europe in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," "The Servian Revolution" (1829); and the "Conspiracy Against Venice in 1688" (1831). Then came his best known work, the "History of the Popes" (1834–37). After this, he produced a "History of Germany in the Time of the Reformation" (1839–47); "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg and History of Prussia during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" (1847–48); "Annals of the German Saxon Kings," "French History, Especially in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" (1852–61); a "History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century" (1859–67); a "Life of Wallenstein" (1869); "The Origin of the Seven Years' War" (1877); "History of the World" (1880–86). His complete works comprise forty-seven volumes.

THE FALL OF STRAFFORD.

(From "A History of England, Principally in the Seventeenth Century.")

THE King was still very far from giving up his own or Strafford's cause. On Saturday, May 1st, he declared that he would never again endure Strafford in his council or his presence, but that he thought him not deserving of death; and the Lords seemed of the same opinion. Equally little did it seem necessary to give way to the proposals against the bishops. On Sunday, May 2d, the wedding of the young Prince of Orange with the princess Mary of England — who however was but ten years

LORD STRAFFORD ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION

old, and was to stay longer in England — was celebrated at Whitehall. Charles himself presided with address and good-humor over the wedding festivities, and seemed to be well pleased with his new son-in-law. Once more a numerous court crowded with the usual zeal around the highest personages in the country. Yet at that very hour the pulpits of the city were ringing with fiery addresses on the necessity of bringing the arch-offender to justice; disquieting rumors were in the air, and kept every one in suspense. The next morning, Monday, May 3d, Westminster presented a disorderly spectacle. In order to throw into the scale the expression of their will on impending questions which already had been so effective once, thousands of petitioners repaired to the Houses of Parliament; the members of the lower House who had voted for the Bill of Attainder, and the unpopular Lords, were received on their arrival with insults and abusive cries. At the hour when the sitting of the lower House ought to have begun, — prayers were already over, — all the members remained in profound silence There was a presentiment of what was coming: the attempt of the clerk to bring on some unimportant matter was greeted with laughter. After some time the doors were closed, and John Pym rose to make a serious communication. He said that desperate plots against the Parliament and the peace of the realm were at work within and without the country, for bringing the army against Parliament, seizing the Tower, and releasing Strafford; that there was an understanding with France on the subject, and that sundry persons in immediate attendance on the Queen were deep in the plot.

Pym might and did know that the French government was in no way inclined to take part with the Queen; and the Parliamentary leaders had already sent their joint thanks to Cardinal Richelieu for preventing the Queen's journey. We must leave it in doubt whether Pym was notwithstanding led by the appearance of things and by rumor to believe in the possibility of an alliance between the French government and the Queen, or whether he merely thought it advisible to arouse the apprehension in others. His speech conveyed the idea that a plot was at work for the overthrow of Parliament and the Protestant religion, which must be resisted with the whole strength of the nation. The mob, assembled outside the doors, where vague reports of Pym's exordium reached them, certainly received this impression: a conspiracy had been detected, as bad as the Gunpowder

Plot or worse, for massacring the members of Parliament, and even all Strafford's opponents among the inhabitants. The fact that the Tower, which commanded the city, was reckoned on for this purpose, caused an indescribable agitation. At times the cry "To Whitehall!" was heard: at others it seemed as if the mob would go to the Tower in order to storm it. . . .

For several days the rumor of impending danger grew. The French ambassador was warned at that time, as if he or his government had a share in the matter, and it might still at any moment be carried out. But in truth the disclosure of the scheme was equivalent to its defeat. Jermyn and Percy fled; other persons suspected or implicated were arrested: the Queen herself one day prepared to quit London. But she had nowhere to go; she could not but be aware that the Governor of Portsmouth, with whom she intended to take refuge, had caused the discovery of the scheme.

Little as her attempt to cause a reaction may have been matured, it had nevertheless the effect of doubling the violence of the previous movement. The royal power itself immediately felt the force of the shock. The King had sanctioned the proposal to strengthen his hold on the Tower with trustworthy troops: the number of men that he desired to introduce was not more than a hundred, but even this now appeared a dangerous innovation. The commandant Balfour hesitated to admit the troops; the tumultuous mob directed against it a more urgent petition than ever. The Lords were induced to make representations on the subject to the King; who justified the arrangement on the score of his duty to provide for the safety of the ammunition stored in the Tower, but in view of the popular agitation did not insist on its being carried out. The Lords further empowered the Constable and Lord Mayor, if necessary, to introduce a body of militia into the Tower; and thus the control of the fortress which might keep the city in check began to slip out of the King's hands. The measures taken for the security of Portsmouth, for the arming of the militia in several inland counties for this purpose, and for the defence of Jersey and Guernsey, — those islands seeming to be in danger from France, — were in effect so many usurpations of the military authority of the Crown, however well justified they may have been under the circumstances.

Out of the necessity for satisfying the English army arose an idea involving the most serious consequences. As the Scottish

army must be paid and the Irish one disbanded, which was impossible without discharging the arrears due them, new and extensive loans were needed. Yet who was likely to lend money to the Parliament, so long as its existence depended on the resolve and arbitrary will of the King, with whom it had engaged in violent strife? As the only security for the capitalists, a provision was desired that Parliament should not be dissolved at the simple will of the King. On May 5th a motion was made to this effect: on the 6th the special committee brought the bill before the assembled House: on the 7th it passed the third reading, and went to the upper House, where it was agreed to after a few objections of trifling importance.

The fate of Strafford formed the central point of all these movements in the nation and in Parliament; of the tumultuous agitation in the one, and the far-seeing resolutions of the other. For new loans and for the payment of taxes one condition was on all sides insisted on: that the Viceroy of Ireland should first expiate his crimes by death.

The Lords had alleged the troubles as the reason why they could not immediately deal with the bill of attainder: but the continued terror at length made all further opposition impossible. The sittings were now attended chiefly by those in whom government by prerogative, such as Strafford aimed at, had awakened from the first a spirit of aristocratic resistance. And when an opinion of the Court of King's Bench was given, to the effect that on the points which had been taken as proved by the Lords, Strafford certainly merited the punishment for high treason, all opposition was at length silenced: the bill of attainder passed the upper House by a majority of 7 votes, 26 against 19.

A deputation of the Lords went immediately to the King, to recommend him to assent to the bill on account of the danger which would attend a refusal. It was Saturday, May $\frac{8}{18}$: in the afternoon the bill, together with the one for not dissolving Parliament, was laid before him by the two Houses, with a prayer for his immediate assent to both. Two or three thousand men had assembled at Whitehall to receive his answer. To their great indignation the King deferred his decision until Monday.

The following Sunday was to him a day for the most painful determination;— for what an admission it was, to recognize as a capital crime the having executed his own will and purposes! The political tendency it fully carried out obviously was to separate the Crown from its advisers, and make them dependent on

another authority than that of the King; to make the King's power inferior to that of the Parliament. Charles I. had solemnly declared that he found the accused not guilty of high treason; he had given him his word to let no evil befall him, not to let a hair of his head be harmed. Could he nevertheless sanction his execution? Verily it was a great moment for the King: what glory would attend his memory had he lived up to his convictions, and opposed to the pressure put upon him an immovable moral strength! To this end was he King, and possessed the right of sanctioning or of rejecting the resolutions of Parliament: that was the theory of the Constitution. But among the five bishops whom the King called to his side in this great case of conscience, only one advised him to follow his own convictions. The others represented that it was not the King's business to form a personal opinion on the legality of a sentence; that the acts which Strafford himself admitted had now been pronounced to be treasonable; and that he might allow the judgment without being convinced of its accuracy, as he would a judgment of the King's Bench or at the assizes. This may be the meaning of the doctrine attributed to Bishop Williams, that the King has a double conscience, a public and a private one, and that he may lawfully do as King what he would not do as a private man. But the constitutional principle essentially was that personal convictions in this high office should possess a negative influence. The distinction must be regarded as an insult to the theory of the Crown, implying its annihilation as a free power in the State. King Charles felt this fully; all the days of his life he regretted, as one his greatest faults, that in this case he had not followed the dictates of his conscience. But he was told that he must not ruin himself, his future, and his house for the sake of a single man: the question was not whether he would save Strafford, but whther he would perish with him. The movement begun in the city was spreading throughout the country; from every county, men were coming up to join the city populace. From a letter of one of the best informed and most intelligent eye-witnesses, we gather that the idea of appealing to the Commons of the country against the King's refusal was mooted in the lower House. And so far as the assurances given to the Viceroy of Ireland were concerned, a letter from Strafford was laid before the King, in which he released him from his promise, and entreated him to avoid the disasters which would result from the rejection of the bill, and to sacrifice him,

the writer, as he stood in the way of a reconciliation between the King and his people.

So it came to pass that on May 10th the King commissioned Lord Arundel and the Lord Keeper to signify his royal assent to the bill of attainder. The next day he made another attempt to return from the path of justice to that of mercy. Would it not be better to consign Strafford to prison for life, with the provision that for any participation in public affairs, or attempt at flight, his life would certainly and finally be forfeited. He asked the Lords whether this was possible: they replied that it would endanger himself and his wife and children. For no relaxation was to be obtained from the universal disposition both in Parliament and in the city. Unless the King gave way it would be scarcely possible to maintain his government any longer.

At the news of the King's submission, Strafford exclaimed that "No one should trust in princes, who are but men." The genuineness of his letter has been denied, it being supposed that others wrote it in order to remove the King's personal scruples; but a thorough examination of the fact removes every doubt. Though Strafford confirmed in his own person the experience expressed in the words of Scripture, he himself with his last words gave, with high-minded forbearance, the opinion that it was necessary to sacrifice him, in consideration of the general circumstances and of the possible consequences.

Strafford went to the scaffold in an exalted frame of mind. On his way he saw Laud, who at his request appeared at the window of his prison. The archbishop was unable to speak. Strafford bade him farewell, and prayed that God might protect his innocence; for he had no doubt that he was in the right in fulfilling his King's will, and establishing his prerogative. He persisted that he had never intended either to destroy the parliamentary constitution, or to endanger the Protestant Church. He did not appeal to the judgment of posterity, as if he had been conscious that great antagonisms are transmitted from generation to generation: he looked for a righteous judgment in the other world.

Such moments must come, in order to bring to light the absolute independence of success and of the world's judgment which strong characters possess.

His guilt was of a nature entirely political; he had done his best to guide the King in these complications, undoubtedly in

the belief that he was right in so doing, but still with indiscreet zeal. So also his execution was a political act: it was the expression of the defeat which he had suffered and occasioned, of the triumph of the ideas against which he had contended to the death.

The Rise of the Jesuits in Germany.

(From the "History of the Popes of Rome.")

At the diet of Augsburg, in the year 1550, Ferdinand I. was accompanied by his confessor, Bishop Urban of Laibach. Urban was one of the few prelates whose opinions had remained unshaken. At home he often ascended the pulpit to exhort the people, in their own provincial dialect, to be constant to the faith of their fathers; he preached to them of the one fold under the one Shepherd. At this time the Jesuit Le Jay was also at Augsburg, and excited great attention by his conversions. Bishop Urban made his acquaintance, and from him first heard of the colleges which the Jesuits had founded in several universities. In order to rescue Catholic theology from the neglect into which it had fallen in Germany, he advised his master to establish a similar college at Vienna. Ferdinand eagerly embraced the project; and in the letter he addressed on the subject to Ignatius Loyola, he expressed his conviction that the only means of propping the declining cause of Catholicism in Germany was to give the rising generation learned and pious Catholic teachers. The arrangements were quickly made. In the year 1551 thirteen Jesuits, among whom was Le Jay himself, arrived at Vienna, where Ferdinand instantly granted them a dwelling, chapel, and pension; and shortly after incorporated them with the university, and assigned them the superintendence of it.

They soon after arose into consideration at Cologne, where they had already dwelt for two years, but had been so far from making any progress that they had even been forced to live separate; nor was it till the year 1556 that the endowed school, established under a Protestant regent, gave them the means of acquiring a more secure footing. For as there was a party in the city which was most deeply interested in keeping the university Catholic, the partisans of the Jesuits at length prevailed on the citizens to confide the direction of the establishment to that order. Their great advocates were — the prior of the Carthu-

sians; the provincial of the Carmelites; and above all, Dr. Johann Gropper, who occasionally gave a feast to which he invited the most influential burghers, in order that, after the good old German fashion, he might further the interests he had most at heart, over a glass of wine. Fortunately for the Jesuits, one of their order was a native of Cologne, — Johann Rhetius, a man of patrician family, — to whom the endowed school could be more particularly intrusted. This could not however be done without very considerable restrictions; the Jesuits were expressly forbidden to introduce into the school those monastic rules of life which were in force in their colleges.

At the same period they also gained a firm footing in Ingolstadt. Their former attempts had been frustrated chiefly by the resistance of the younger members of the university, who would not suffer any privileged school to interfere with the private instruction they gave. In the year 1556, however, — after the duke, as we have already related, had been obliged to make important concessions in favor of the Protestants, — the duke's counsellors, who were zealous Catholics, deemed it a matter of urgent necessity to have recourse to some vigorous measures for the support of the ancient faith. The principal movers were the chancellor, Wiguleus Hund, — a man who displayed as much zeal in the support of the Church as in the study of her ancient history and constitution, — and the duke's private secretary, Heinrich Schwigger. By their instrumentality the Jesuits were recalled, and eighteen of them entered Ingolstadt on the day of St. Wilibald, the 7th of July, 1556. They chose that day because St. Wilibald was said to have been the first bishop of the diocese. They still had to encounter great difficulties in the town and in the university; but they gradually overcame all opposition by the assistance of the same patronage to which they owed their establishment.

From these three metropolitan settlements the Jesuits now spread in all directions.

From Vienna they immediately extended over the whole of the Austrian dominions. In 1556, Ferdinand I. removed some of them to Prague, and founded a school there, intended principally for the young nobility. To this he sent his own pages, and the order found support and encouragement from the Catholic portion of the Bohemian nobility, especially from the families of Rosenberg and Lobkowitz. One of the most considerable men in Hungary at that time was Nicolaus Olahus, Archbishop of Gran, — of Wallachian extraction, as his name denotes. His

father Stoia, in a fit of terror for the murder of a woiwode of his family, had consecrated him to the Church, and the success of his destination was complete. Under the last native kings he filled the important office of private secretary, and he had subsequently risen still higher in the service of the Austrian party. At the time of the general decline of Catholicism in Hungary, he perceived that the only hope of support for it was from the common people, who were not entirely alienated. But here also Catholic teachers were wanting; in order to form them, he founded a college of Jesuits at Tyrnau in 1561, and gave them a pension out of his own income, to which the Emperor Ferdinand added the grant of an abbey. An assembly of the clergy of the diocese had just been convoked when the Jesuits arrived. Their first labors were devoted to an attempt to reclaim the Hungarian priests and clergymen from the heterodox opinions to which they leaned. They were immediately after summoned to Moravia also. William Prussinowski, bishop of Olmütz, who had become acquainted with the order when he was studying in Italy, invited them to his diocese: Hurtado Perez, a Spaniard, was the first rector in Olmütz. Shortly after we find them likewise established at Brünn.

From Cologne the society spread over the whole of the Rhenish provinces. We have already mentioned that Protestantism had found adherents, and had occasioned some fermentation in Trèves. The archbishop Johann von Stein had determined to inflict only slight punishments on the recalcitrants, and to oppose innovation by argument rather than by force. He summoned the two principals of the Jesuit college of Cologne to repair to him at Coblentz, and represented to them that he wished to have some of the members of their body with him; "in order," as he expresses it, "to lead the flock intrusted to him in their duty, rather by means of admonition and friendly instruction, than by arms or threats." He then addressed himself to Rome, and very soon came to an understanding with both. Six Jesuits were sent to him from Rome; the rest came from Cologne. They opened their college with great solemnity on February 3d, 1561, and undertook to preach during the approaching season of Lent.

Two privy-councillors of the elector Daniel of Mayence, Peter Echter and Simon Bagen, now thought they perceived that the introduction of the Jesuits was the only means of restoring the declining university of Mayence. In spite of the opposition of

the canons and feudal lords, they founded for the order a college at Mayence and a preparatory school at Aschaffenburg.

The society continued to advance higher up the Rhine. What they more particularly desired was an establishment at Spires: partly because the body of assessors to the Kammergericht included so many remarkable men, over whom it would be of the greatest importance to obtain influence; and partly in order to place themselves in immediate and local opposition to the university of Heidelberg, which at that time enjoyed the greatest celebrity for its Protestant professors. The Jesuits gradually gained a footing at Spires.

Without further delay they also tried their fortune along the Main. Although Frankfort was wholly Protestant, they hoped to achieve something there during the fair. This was not to be done without danger, and they were forced to change their lodging every night for fear of being discovered.

At Würzburg they were far safer and more welcome. It seemed as if the exhortation which the Emperor Ferdinand addressed to the bishops at the Diet of 1559, imploring them to exert their strength at last in the support of the Catholic Church, had contributed greatly to the brilliant success of the order in the spiritual principalities. From Würzburg they spread throughout Franconia.

In the meanwhile the Tyrol had been opened to them from another point. At the desire of the Emperor's daughters they settled themselves at Innsbrück, and then at Hall in that neighborhood. In Bavaria they continued to make great progress. At Munich, which they entered in 1559, they were even better satisfied than at Ingolstadt, and pronounced it to be "the Rome of Germany." A large new colony had already arisen not far from Ingolstadt. In order to restore his university of Dillingen to its original purpose, Cardinal Truchsess resolved to dismiss all the professors who then taught there, and to commit the institution to the exclusive care of Jesuits. A formal treaty was accordingly concluded at Botzen, between German and Italian commissaries of the cardinal and of the order. In the year 1563 the Jesuits arrived in Dillingen, and took possession of the chairs of the university. They relate with great complacency how the cardinal, who, returning shortly afterward from a journey, made a solemn entrance into Dillingen, turned with marked preference to the Jesuits, amidst all the crowd arrayed to receive him, stretched out his hand to them to kiss, greeted them as his

brethren, visited their cells himself, and dined with them. He encouraged them to the utmost of his power, and soon established a mission for them in Augsburg.

This was a most extraordinary progress of the society in so short a time. As late as the year of 1551 they had no firm station in Germany: in 1566 their influence extended over Bavaria and Tyrol, Franconia and Suabia, a great part of the Rhineland, and Austria; they had penetrated into Hungary, Bohemia, and Moravia. The effects of their labors were already perceptible; in the year 1561, the papal nuncio affirms that "they gain over many souls, and render great service to the Holy See." This was the first counteracting impulse, the first anti-Protestant impression, that Germany received.

Above all, they labored at the improvement of the universities. They were ambitious of their rivalling the fame of those of the Protestants. The education of the time, being a purely learned one, rested exclusively on the study of the languages of antiquity. These the Jesuits cultivated with great ardor; and in a short time they had among them teachers who might claim to be ranked with the restorers of classical learning. They likewise addicted themselves to the strict sciences; at Cologne, Franz Koster taught astronomy in a manner equally agreeable and instructive. Theological discipline, however, of course continued the principal object. The Jesuits lectured with the greatest diligence, even during the holidays; they re-introduced the practice of disputations, without which they said all instruction was dead. These were held in public, and were dignified, decorous, rich in matter: in short, the most brilliant that had ever been witnessed. In Ingolstadt they soon persuaded themselves that they had attained to an equality with any other university in Germany, at least in the faculty of theology. Ingolstadt acquired (in the contrary spirit) an influence like that which Wittenberg and Geneva possessed.

The Jesuits devoted an equal degree of assiduity to the direction of the Latin schools. It was one of the principal maxims of Lainez, that the lower grammar-schools should be provided with good masters. He maintained that the character and conduct of man were mainly determined by the first impressions he received. With accurate discrimination, he chose men who, when they had once undertaken this subordinate branch of teaching, were willing to devote their whole lives to it; for it was only with time that so difficult a business could

be learned, or the authority indispensable to a teacher be acquired. Here the Jesuits succeeded to admiration; it was found that their scholars learned more in one year than those of other masters in two; and even Protestants recalled their children from distant gymnasia and committed them to their care.

Schools for the poor, modes of instruction suited to children, and catechizing, followed. Canisius constructed his catechism, which satisfied the mental wants of the learners by its well-connected questions and concise answers.

The whole course of instruction was given entirely in that enthusiastic, devout spirit which had characterized the Jesuits from their earliest institution.

The Last Years of Queen Johanna.

(From the "History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations.")

The old hereditary faction of the Nuñez and Gamboa, whose heads were Najara and the Condestable, had already again showed themselves among the grandees. What was next to come depended chiefly upon the Queen's state of health. The disease from which she was suffering first declared itself on Philip's journey to Lyons; that is, in the year 1503. After taking leave of him with many tears, she never more raised her eyes, or said a word save that she wished to follow him. When she learnt that he had obtained a safe-conduct for her also, she heeded her mother no longer; but ordered her carriage to proceed to Bayonne; thence — for horses were refused her — she attempted to set out on foot; and when the gate was closed, she remained, in spite of the entreaties of her attendant ladies and her father confessor, in her light attire, sitting upon the barrier until late into the November night; it was only her mother who at length contrived to persuade her to seek her chamber. At last she found her husband. She found him devoted to a beautiful girl with fair hair. In a momentary outburst of jealous passion, she had the girl's hair cut off. Philip did not conceal his vexation. Here — who can fathom the unexplored depths of the soul, see where it unconsciously works, and where it unconsciously suffers; who can discover where the root of its health or sickness lies? — her mind became overshadowed. In Spain her love for Philip, and in the Netherlands her reverence for her father, were her guiding passions: these two feelings possessed her whole being,

alternately influenced her, and excluded the rest of the world. Since then, she still knew the affairs of ordinary life, and could portray vividly and accurately to her mind distant things; but she knew not how to suit herself to the varying circumstances of life.

Whilst still in the Netherlands, she expressed the wish that her father should retain the government in his hands. On her return to Spain, she entered her capital in a black velvet tunic and with veiled face; she would frequently sit in a dark room, her cap drawn half over her face, wishing to be able only to speak for once with her father. But it was not until after her husband's death that her disease became fully developed. She caused his corpse to be brought into a hall, attired in dress half Flemish, half Spanish, and the obsequies celebrated over it. She never, the while, gave vent to a sob. She did not shed tears, but only sat and laid her hand to her chin. The plague drove her away from Burgos, but not away from her loved corpse. A monk had once told her that he knew of a king who awoke to life after being fourteen years dead. She took the corpse about with her. Four Frisian stallions drew the coffin, which was conveyed at night, surrounded by torches. Sometimes it halted, and the singers sang wailing songs. Having thus come to Furnillos, a small place of fourteen or fifteen houses, she perceived there a pretty house with a fine view, and remained there; "for it was unseemly for a widow to live in a populous city." There she retained the members of the government who had been installed, the grandees of her court dwelling with her. Around the coffin she gave her audiences. . . .

In Tortoles the King met his daughter. As soon as they set eyes on each other, the father took off his hat, and the daughter her mourning-veil. When she prostrated herself to kiss his feet, and he sank on one knee to recognize her royal dignity, they embraced and opened their hearts to each other. He shed tears. Tears she had none, but she granted his desire; only she would not consent to bury the corpse. "Why so soon?" she inquired. Nor would she go to Burgos, where she had lost her husband. He took her to Tordesillas. Here the queen of such vast realms lived for forty-seven years. She educated her youngest daughter, gazed from the window upon the grave of her dear departed, and prayed for his eternal happiness. Her soul never more disclosed itself to the world.

GEORGE RAWLINSON.

Rawlinson, George, an English Orientalist and historian; brother of Sir Henry Rawlinson; born at Chadlington, Oxfordshire, November 23, 1812. He took his degree at Oxford in 1838; became a Fellow and tutor of Exeter College; was Bampton lecturer 1859–61, and Camden Professor of Ancient History from 1861 to 1874, when he was made Canon of Canterbury Cathedral. His principal works are "Historical Evidence of the Truth of the Christian Records" (1860); "The Contrasts of Christianity with Heathenism and Judaism" (1861); "Manual of Ancient History" (1869). His great work is "Seven Great Monarchies of the Eastern World." These are I. Chaldæa; II. Assyria; III. Media; IV. Babylonia; V. Persia; VI. Parthia; VII. The Sassanian or New Persian Empire. The History of the first five Monarchies was published from 1862 to 1867; of the sixth, in 1873, and of the last, in 1875. His "History of Phœnicia" appeared in 1890. "The Story of Ancient Egypt," written by Canon Rawlinson in collaboration with Arthur Gilman for the "Story of the Nations Series," was published in 1887.

The Land of the Chaldees.

(From "Chaldæa.")

The broad belt of desert which traverses the eastern hemisphere from west to east, reaching from the Atlantic on the one hand nearly to the Yellow Sea on the other, is interrupted about its centre by a strip of rich vegetation, which at once breaks the continuity of the arid region and serves also to mark the point where the desert changes its character from that of a plain at a low level to that of an elevated plateau or table-land. West of the favored district, the Arabian and African wastes are seas of sand, seldom raised much above, often sinking below, the level of the ocean; while east of the same, in Persia, Kerman, Seistan, Chinese Tartary, and Mongolia, the desert consists of a series of plateaus having from 3,000 to nearly 10,000 feet of elevation.

The green and fertile region which is thus interposed between the "highland" and the "lowland" deserts participates curiously enough in both characters. Where the belt of sand is intersected by the valley of the Nile, no marked change of elevation occurs; and the continuous low desert is merely interrupted by a few miles of green and cultivated surface, the whole of which is just as smooth and as flat as the waste on either side of it. But it is otherwise at the more eastern interruption. There the verdant and productive country divides itself into two tracts running parallel to each other, of which the western presents features not unlike those that characterize the Nile valley, but on a far larger scale; while the eastern is a lofty mountain region, consisting, for the most part, of five or six parallel ranges, then mounting, in many places, far above the region of perpetual snow.

It is with the western, or plain tract, that we are here concerned. Between the outer limits of the Syro-Egyptian desert, and at the foot of the great mountain-range of Kurdistan and Luristan, intervenes a territory long famous in the world's history, and the site of three of the seven empires of whose history, geography, and antiquities it is proposed to treat. Known to the Jews as *Aram Naharaim*, or "Syria of the Two Rivers" to the Greeks and Romans as *Mesopotamia*, or "The Between-River Country," to the Arabs as *Al-Jezireh*, or "The Island," this district has always taken its name from the streams which constitute its most striking feature, and to which, in fact, it owes its existence. If it were not for the two great rivers — the Tigris and the Euphrates — with their tributaries, the northern part of the Mesopotamian lowland would in no respect differ from the Syro-Arabian desert on which it adjoins, and which in latitude, elevation, and general geological character it exactly resembles. Toward the south the importance of the rivers is still greater; for of Lower Mesopotamia it may be said with more truth than of Egypt, that it is an "acquired land," the actual "gift" of the two streams which wash it on either side; being, as it is, entirely a recent formation — a deposit which the streams have made in the shallow waters of a gulf into which they have owed for many ages. . . .

The extent of ancient Chaldæa is a question of some difficulty; for from the edge of the alluvium to the present coast of the Persian Gulf is a distance of above four hundred and thirty miles, while from the western shore of the Bahi-i-Nedjil to the

Tigris is a direct distance of one hundred and eighty-five miles. The present area of the alluvium west of the Tigris may be estimated at about 30,000 square miles. But the extent of ancient Chaldæa can scarcely have been so great. It is certain that the alluvium at the head of the Persian Gulf now grows with extraordinary rapidity. Accurate observations have shown that the present rate of increase amounts to as much as a mile each seventy years; while it is the opinion of those best qualified to judge that the *average* progress during the historic period has been as much as a mile in every thirty years. There is ample reason for believing that at the time when the first Chaldæan monarchy was established, the Persian Gulf reached inland one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty miles farther than at present.

We must deduct therefore from the estimate of extent grounded upon the existing state of things a tract of land one hundred and thirty miles long and some sixty or seventy broad, which has been gained from the sea in the course of about forty centuries. This reduction will reduce Chaldæa to a kingdom of somewhat narrow limits; for it will contain no more than about 23,000 square miles. This, it is true, exceeds the area of all ancient Greece, including Thessaly, Acarnania, and the Islands; it nearly equals that of the Low Countries, to which Chaldæa presents some analogy. It is almost exactly that of the modern kingdom of Denmark; but is less than Scotland or Ireland, or Portugal or Bavaria. It is more than doubled by England, more than quadrupled by Prussia, and more than octupled by Spain, France, and European Turkey. Certainly, therefore, it was not in consequence of its size that Chaldæa became so important a country in the early ages; but rather in consequence of certain advantages of the soil, climate, and position.

The Religion of the Medes and Persians.

(From "Media.")

The Iranic, Median, or Persian system of religion is a revolt from the earlier sensuous and superficial nature-worship of the country. It begins with a distinct recognition of spiritual intelligence — real Persons — with whom alone, and not with Powers, religion is concerned. It divides these intelligences into good and bad, pure and impure, benignant and

malevolent. To the former it applies the term *Asuras*, "living" or "spiritual beings," in a good sense; to the latter the term *Devas*, in a bad one. It regards the "Powers" hitherto worshipped chiefly as Devas, but it excepts from this unfavorable view a certain number, and, recognizing them as Asuras, places them above the *Izeds*, or "angels." Thus far it has made two advances, each of great importance — the substitution of real Persons for Powers as objects of the religious faculty, and the separation of the Persons into good and bad, pure and impure, righteous and wicked.

But it does not stop here. It proceeds to assert, in a certain sense, monotheism against polytheism. It boldly declares that at the head of the good intelligences is a single great Intelligence, Ahurô-Mazdâo, or Ormazd, the highest object of adoration, the true Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the universe. It sets before the soul a single Being as the source of all good and the proper object of the highest worship.

It has been said that this conception of Ormazd as the Supreme Being is "perfectly identical with the notion of Elohim, or Jehovah, which we find in the Old Testament." This is, no doubt, an over-statement. Ormazd is less spiritual and less awful than Jehovah. He is so predominantly the author of good things, the source of blessing and prosperity, that he could scarcely inspire his votaries with any feeling of fear. Still, this doctrine of the early Aryans is very remarkable; and its approximation to the truth sufficiently explains at once the favorable light in which its professors are viewed by the Jewish prophets, and the favorable opinion which they form of the Jewish system. Evidently the Jews and the Aryans, when they became known to one another, recognized mutually the fact that they were worshippers of the same great Being. Hence the favor of the Persians toward the Jews, and the fidelity of the Jews toward the Persians. The Lord God of the Jews being recognized as identical with Ormazd, a sympathetic feeling united the peoples. The Jews, so impatient generally of a foreign yoke, never revolted from the Persians; and the Persians, so intolerant, for the most part, of religions other than their own, respected and protected Judaism. . . .

Under the supreme God, Ormazd, the ancient Iranic system placed a number of angels. Some of these, as *Vohu-manô*, "The Good Mind," *Mazda*, "The Wise," and *Asha*, "The True," are scarcely distinguishable from attributes of the

divinity. *Armaiti*, however, the Genius of the Earth, and *Sraosha*, an angel, are very clearly personified. Sraosha is Ormazd's messenger; he delivers revelations, shows men the paths of happiness, and brings them the blessings which Ormazd has assigned to their share.

Another of his functions is to protect the true faith. He is called in a very special sense "the friend of Ormazd," and is employed by him not only to distribute his gifts, but also to conduct to him the souls of the faithful, when this life is over, and they enter on the celestial scene.

Armaiti is at once the Genius of the Earth and the Goddess of Piety. The early Ormazd-worshippers were agriculturists, and viewed the cultivation of the soil as a religious duty enjoined upon them by God. Hence they connected the notion of piety with earth-culture, and it was but a step from this to make a single goddess preside over the two. . . . Armaiti, further, "tells men the everlasting laws, which no one may abolish" — laws which she has learnt from converse with Ormazd himself. She is thus naturally the second object of worship to the old Zoroastrian; and converts to the religion were required to profess their faith in her in direct succession to Ormazd. From Armaiti must be carefully distinguished the *Gêus Urvâ*, or "Soul of the Earth" — a being who nearly resembles the *anima mundi* of the Greek and Roman philosophers. This spirit dwells in the Earth itself, animating it as a man's soul animates his body. . . .

The Zoroastrians were devout believers in the immortality of the soul and a conscious future existence. They taught that immediately after death the souls of men, both good and bad, proceeded together along an appointed path to "the bridge of the gatherer" (*chinvat peretu*). This was a narrow road conducting to heaven or paradise, over which the souls of the pious alone could pass, while the wicked fell from it into the gulf below, where they found themselves in the place of punishment. The good soul was assisted across the bridge by the angel Sraosha — "the happy, well-formed, swift, tall Sraosha" — who met the weary wayfarer, and sustained his steps as he effected the difficult passage. The prayers of his friends in this world were of much avail to the deceased, and helped him on his journey. As he entered, the archangel Vohu-manô rose from his throne, and greeted him with the words, "How happy art thou who hast come here to us, from the mortality to

the immortality!" Then the pious soul went joyfully onward to Ormazd, to the immortal saints, to the golden throne, to Paradise. As for the wicked, when they fell into the gulf, they found themselves in outer darkness, in the kingdom of Angrô-mainyus, where they were forced to remain and to feed upon poisoned banquets. . . .

Two phases of the early Iranic religion have been described: The first a simple and highly spiritual creed, remarkable for its distinct assertion of monotheism, its hatred of idolatry, and the strangely marked antithesis which it maintained between good and evil; the second — a natural corruption of the first — Dualistic — complicated by the importance which it ascribed to angelic beings, verging upon polytheism. It remains to give an account of a third phase into which the religion passed, in consequence of an influence exercised upon it from without by an alien system. When the Iranic nations, cramped for space in the countries east and south of the Caspian, began to push themselves farther to the west, and then to the south, they were brought into contact with various Scythic tribes, whose religion appears to have been Magism. . . .

Magism was essentially the worship of the elements — the recognition of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water as the only proper objects of human reverence. The Magi held no personal gods, and therefore naturally rejected temples, shrines, and images, as tending to encourage the notion that gods existed of a like nature with man, *i. e.*, possessing personality — living and intelligent beings. Theirs was a nature-worship, but a nature-worship of a very peculiar kind. They did not place gods over the different parts of nature, like the Greeks; they did not even personify the powers of nature, like the Hindoos; they paid their devotion to the actual material things themselves. Fire, as the most subtle and ethereal principle, and again as the most powerful agent, attracted their highest regards; and on their fire-altars the sacred flame, generally considered to have been kindled from heaven, was kept burning uninterruptedly from year to year and from age to age by hands of priests, whose special duty it was to see that the sacred spark was never extinguished. To defile the altar by blowing the flame with one's breath was a capital offence; and to burn a corpse was regarded as an act equally odious. Next to Fire, Water was reverenced. Sacrifice was offered to rivers, lakes,

and fountains. No refuse was allowed to be cast into a river, nor was it even lawful to wash one's hands in one. Reverence for Earth was shown by sacrifice, and by abstention from the usual mode of burying the dead. . . .

The original spirit of Zoroastrianism was fierce and intolerant. The early Iranians abhorred idolatry, and were disinclined to tolerate any religion except that which they had themselves worked out. But with the lapse of ages this spirit became softened. By the time that the Zoroastrians were brought into contact with Magism, the fervor of their religious zeal had abated, and they were in that intermediate condition of religious faith which at once impresses and is impressed, acts upon other systems and allows itself to be acted upon. The result which supervened upon contact with Magism seems to have been a fusion, an absorption into Zoroastrianism of all the chief points of the Magian belief, and all the more remarkable of the Magian religious usages.

HARDWICK DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY.

RAWNSLEY, HARDWICK DRUMMOND, an English poet and clergyman; born at Shiplake-on-Thames, September 28, 1850. He was educated at Uppingham and Balliol College, Oxford, and after taking holy orders in the English Church was for a time engaged in clerical work at Bristol, and later became Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick. His especial excellence as a poet is in the sonnet. He has published "A Book of Bristol Sonnets" (1877); "Sonnets at the English Lakes" (1881); "Village Sermons" (1883–85); "Sonnets Round the Coast" (1887); "Edward Thring: Teacher and Poet" (1889); "Poems, Ballads, and Bucolics" (1890); "Notes for the Nile" (1892); "Valete: Tennyson and Other Memorial Poems" (1893); "Idylls and Lyrics of the Nile" (1894); "Literary Associations of the English Lakes" (1894).

SERVICE IN THE OLD PARISH CHURCH, WHITBY.

WE climbed the steep where headless Edwin lies —
  The king who struck for Christ, and striking fell;
  Beyond the harbor, tolled the beacon bell;
Saint Mary's peal sent down her glad replies;
So entered we the church: white galleries,
  Cross-stanchions, frequent stairs, dissembled well
  A ship's mid-hold, — we almost felt the swell
Beneath, and caught o'erhead the sailors' cries.
But as we heard the congregational sound,
  And reasonable voice of common prayer
    And common praise, new wind was in our sails, —
Heart called to heart, beyond the horizon's bound
  With Christ we steered, through angel-haunted air,
    A ship that meets all storms, rides out all gales!

THE JET WORKER.

CLOSE prisoner in his narrow, dusty room,
  He bends and breathes above his whirring wheel;
  The treadle murmurs sad beneath his heel,
And sad he works his jewels of the tomb,

Emblems of sorrow from the darkened womb
Of worlds on which the Deluge set its seal —
Offerings from death to death: he needs must feel
A little of his craft's incessant gloom.
But, as the pewter disk to brightness runs,
On Iris wings light shoots across the dust,
And leaps out joyous from the heart of jet.
Lord of the Iris bow and thousand suns,
By wheels of work, if men will only trust,
In darkest souls Thy life and light are set.

CLEVELAND.

How free and fair the land from Esk to Tees,
Where Gower grew great, and Roger Ascham strolled,
Where that old Bible-rhymer, cloistered, told
His Saxon tale to sound of Whitby seas.
Fragrant of salt, the sunny upland lees
To purple moors, by lines of hedge are rolled;
The corn plates all the seaward cliffs with gold,
And deep in streamlet hollows hide the trees.
Three harvests bless the laborer: fisher-sails
Hunt through the gleaming night the silver droves;
And though great Vulcan's stithy sweats and rings,
And men have bruised the hills and mined the coves,
Still by his long-backed barn the thatcher sings,
And in the barn is heard the sound of flails.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, an American artist and poet; born in Chester County, Pa., March 12, 1822; died at New York, May 11, 1872. At the age of fifteen he made his way to Cincinnati, and not long afterward he became a portrait-painter in the West. In 1842 he took up his residence at Boston. In 1850, and again in 1853, he went to Italy in order to study art. He returned to the United States a short time before the outbreak of the Civil War, during which he composed several patriotic ballads, one of which, "Sheridan's Ride," became very popular. His first volume of poems appeared in 1847. It was followed the next year by a collection of "Lays and Ballads." A complete collection of his "Poems" was published in 1867. He possessed considerable merit as a painter, and made some not unsuccessful attempts as a sculptor. During most of the late years of his life he resided chiefly at Rome.

DRIFTING.

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote;

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius's misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands,

In lofty lines,
Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms, and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and sings.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by, —
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day, so mild,
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail;
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where Summer sings and never dies;

O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where Traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar:
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Sheridan's Ride.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,

"And Sheridan twenty miles away"

("Sheridan's Ride")

From a Painting by T. Buchanan Read

The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled;
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down:
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops:
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,

He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah! for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright: —
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester — twenty miles away!"

CHARLES READE.

READE, CHARLES, an eminent English novelist and dramatist; born at Ipsden House, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814; died at London, April 11, 1884. He took his degree at Oxford in 1840; became a Fellow of his college in 1842, and in 1843 was called to the bar, as a member of Lincoln's Inn. Between 1850 and 1854 he produced several dramatic pieces. His first novel, "Peg Woffington," appeared in 1853. His first play, "The Ladies' Battle," appeared in 1851; and he subsequently wrote "Masks and Faces," with Tom Taylor; "Christie Johnstone" (1853); "Clouds and Sunshine," and "Art" (1855); "It's Never Too Late to Mend" (1856); "White Lies" (1860); "The Course of True Love" (1857); "Drink" (from Zola's "L'Assommoir"); "Love Me Little, Love Me Long" (1859); "The Cloister and the Hearth" (1861); "Hard Cash" (1863); "Griffith Gaunt" (1866); "Foul Play" (1869); "Put Yourself in His Place" (1870); "A Terrible Temptation" (1871); "The Wandering Heir" (1872); "A Simpleton" (1873); "A Woman Hater" (1877); "The Scuttled Ship" (dramatized, with Dion Boucicault, from "Foul Play") (1879); "The Perilous Secret" (1884); "The Jilt, and Other Tales" (1884); "Good Stories of Men and Other Animals" (1884).

THE GOOD FAIRY.

(From "Peg Woffington.")

JAMES TRIPLET, water in his eye, but fire in his heart, went home on wings. Arrived there, he anticipated curiosity by informing all hands he should answer no questions. Only in the intervals of a work, which was to take the family out of all its troubles, he should gradually unfold a tale, verging on the marvellous, – a tale whose fault was, that fiction, by which alone the family could hope to be great, paled beside it. He then seized some sheets of paper, fished out some old dramatic sketches, and a list of *dramatis personæ*, prepared years ago, and plunged into a comedy. As he wrote, true to his promise, he painted, Triplet-wise, that story which we have coldly re-

lated, and made it appear, to all but Mrs. Triplet, that he was under the tutela, or express protection of Mrs. Woffington, who would push his fortunes until the only difficulty would be to keep arrogance out of the family heart.

Mrs. Triplet groaned aloud. "You have brought the picture home, I see," said she.

"Of course I have. She is going to give me a sitting."

"At what hour, of what day?" said Mrs. Triplet, with a world of meaning.

"She did not say," replied Triplet, avoiding his wife's eye.

"I know she did not," was the answer. "I would rather you had brought me the ten shillings than this fine story," said she.

"Wife!" said Triplet, "don't put me into a frame of mind in which successful comedies are not written." He scribbled away; but his wife's despondency told upon the man of disappointments. Then he stuck fast; then he became fidgety.

"Do keep those children quiet!" said the father.

"Hush, my dears," said the mother; "let your father write. Comedy seems to give you more trouble than tragedy, James," added she, soothingly.

"Yes," was his answer. "Sorrow comes somehow more natural to me; but for all that I have got a bright thought, Mrs. Triplet. Listen, all of you. You see, Jane, they are all at a sumptuous banquet, all the *dramatis personæ*, except the poet."

Triplet went on writing, and reading his work out: "Music, sparkling wine, massive plate, rose-water in the hand-glasses, soup, fish, — shall I have three sorts of fish? I will; they are cheap in this market. Ah! Fortune, you wretch, here at least I am your master, and I'll make you know it, — venison," wrote Triplet, with a malicious grin, "game, pickles, and provocatives in the centre of the table; then up jumps one of the guests, and says he —"

"O dear, I am so hungry."

This was not from the comedy, but from one of the boys.

"And so am I," cried a girl.

"That is an absurd remark, Lysimachus," said Triplet, with a suspicious calmness.

"How can a boy be hungry three hours after breakfast?"

"But, father, there was no breakfast for breakfast."

"Now I ask you, Mrs. Triplet," appealed the author, "how

PEG WOFFINGTON

From a Painting in the Kensington Gallery

I am to write comic scenes if you let Lysimachus and Roxalana here put the heavy business in every five minutes?"

"Forgive them; the poor things are hungry."

"Then let them be hungry in another room," said the irritated scribe. "They shan't cling round my pen, and paralyze it, just when it is going to make all our fortunes; but you women," snapped Triplet the Just, "have no consideration for people's feelings. Send them to all to bed; every man Jack of them!"

Finding the conversation taking this turn, the brats raised an unanimous howl.

Triplet darted a fierce glance at them. "Hungry, hungry," cried he; "is that a proper expression to use before a father who is sitting down here, all gayety" (scratching wildly with his pen) "and hilarity" (scratch) "to write a com — com — " he choked a moment; then in a very different voice, all sadness and tenderness, he said: "Where 's the youngest, — where 's Lucy? As if I didn't know you are hungry."

Lucy came to him directly. He took her on his knee, pressed her gently to his side, and wrote silently. The others were still.

"Father," said Lucy, aged five, the germ of a woman, "I am not tho very hungry."

"And I am not hungry at all," said bluff Lysimachus, taking his sister's cue; then going upon his own tact he added, "I had a great piece of bread and butter yesterday!"

"Wife, they will drive me mad!" and he dashed at the paper.

The second boy explained to his mother, *sotto voce*: "Mother, he *made* us hungry out of his book."

"It is a beautiful book," said Lucy. "Is it a cookery book?"

Triplet roared: "Do you hear that?" inquired he, all trace of ill-humor gone. "Wife," he resumed, after a gallant scribble, "I took that sermon I wrote."

"And beautiful it was, James. I 'm sure it quite cheered me up with thinking that we shall all be dead before so very long."

"Well, the reverend gentleman would not have it. He said it was too hard upon sin. 'You run at the Devil like a mad bull,' said he. 'Sell it in Lambeth, sir; *here* calmness and decency are before everything,' says he. 'My congregation

expect to go to heaven down hill. Perhaps the chaplain of Newgate might give you a crown for it,' said he," and Triplet dashed viciously at the paper. "Ah!" sighed he, "if my friend Mrs. Woffington would but drop these stupid comedies and take to tragedy, this house would soon be all smiles."

"O James!" replied Mrs. Triplet, almost peevishly, "how can you expect anything but fine words from that woman? You won't believe what all the world says. You will trust to your own good heart."

"I have n't a good heart," said the poor, honest fellow. "I spoke like a brute to you just now."

"Never mind, James," said the woman: "I wonder how you put up with me at all, — a sick, useless creature. I often wish to die, for your sake. I know you would do better. I am such a weight round your neck."

The man made no answer, but he put Lucy gently down, and went to the woman, and took her forehead to his bosom, and held it there; and after a while returned with silent energy to his comedy.

"Play us a tune on the fiddle, father."

"Ay, do, husband. That helps you often in your writing."

Lysimachus brought him the fiddle, and Triplet essayed a merry tune; but it came out so doleful, that he shook his head, and laid the instrument down. Music must be in the heart, or it will come out of the fingers — notes, not music.

"No," said he; "let us be serious and finish this comedy slap off. Perhaps it hitches because I forgot to invoke the comic muse. She must be a black-hearted jade, if she does n't come with merry notions to a poor devil, starving in the midst of his hungry little ones."

"We are past help from heathen goddesses," said the woman. "We must pray to Heaven to look down upon us and our children."

The man looked up with a very bad expression on his countenance.

"You forget," said he, sullenly, "our street is very narrow, and the opposite houses are very high."

"James!"

"How can Heaven be expected to see what honest folk endure in so dark a hole as this?" cried the man, fiercely.

"James," said the woman, with fear and sorrow, "what words are these?"

The man rose, and flung his pen upon the floor.

"Have we given honesty a fair trial, — yes, or no?"

"No!" said the woman without a moment's hesitation; "not till we die, as we have lived. Heaven is higher than the sky; children," said she, lest perchance her husband's words should have harmed their young souls, "the sky is above the earth, and heaven is higher than the sky; and Heaven is just."

"I suppose it is so," said the man, a little cowed by her. "Everybody says so. I think so, at bottom, myself; but I can't see it. I want to see it, but I can't!" cried he fiercely. "Have my children offended Heaven? They will starve — they will die! If I was Heaven, I'd be just, and send an angel to take these children's part. They cried to me for bread, — I had no bread; so I gave them hard words. The moment I had done that, I knew it was all over. God knows it took a long while to break my heart; but it is broken at last; quite, quite broken! broken! broken!"

And the poor thing laid his head upon the table, and sobbed, beyond all power of restraint. The children cried round him, scarce knowing why; and Mrs. Triplet could only say, "My poor husband!" and prayed and wept upon the couch where she lay.

It was at this juncture that a lady, who had knocked gently and unheard, opened the door, and with a light step entered the apartment; but no sooner had she caught sight of Triplet's anguish, than saying hastily, "Stay, I forgot something," she made as hasty an exit.

This gave Triplet a moment to recover himself; and Mrs. Woffington, whose lynx eye had comprehended all at a glance, and who had determined at once what line to take, came flying in again, saying, —

"Was n't somebody inquiring for an angel? Here I am. See, Mr. Triplet;" and she showed him a note, which said: "Madam, you are an angel. From a perfect stranger," explained she; "so it must be true."

"Mrs. Woffington," said Mr. Triplet to his wife.

Mrs. Woffington planted herself in the middle of the floor, and with a comical glance, setting her arms akimbo, uttered a shrill whistle.

"Now you will see another angel, — there are two sorts of them."

Pompey came in with a basket; she took it from him.

"Lucifer, avaunt!" cried she, in a terrible tone, that drove him to the wall; "and wait outside the door," added she, conversationally.

"I heard you were ill, ma'am, and I have brought you some physic, — black draughts from Burgundy;" and she smiled. And, recovered from their first surprise, young and old began to thaw beneath that witching, irresistible smile. "Mrs. Triplet, I have come to give your husband a sitting; will you allow me to eat my little luncheon with you? I am so hungry." Then she clapped her hands, and in ran Pompey. She sent him for a pie she professed to have fallen in love with at the corner of the street.

"Mother," said Alcibiades, "will the lady give me a bit of her pie?"

"Hush! you rude boy!" cried the mother.

"She is not much of a lady if she does not," cried Mrs. Woffington. "Now, children, first let us look at — ahem — a comedy. Nineteen *dramatis personæ!* What do you say, children, shall we cut out seven, or nine? that is the question. You can't bring your armies into our drawing-rooms, Mr. Dagger-and-bowl. Are you the Marlborough of comedy? Can you marshal battalions on a turkey carpet, and make gentlefolks witty in platoons? What is this in the first act? A duel, and both wounded! You butcher!"

"They are not to die, ma'am!" cried Triplet, deprecatingly; "upon my honor," said he, solemnly, spreading his hands on his bosom.

"Do you think I'll trust their lives with you? No! Give me a pen; this is the way *we* run people through the body." Then she wrote ("business." Araminta looks out of the garret window. Combatants drop their swords, put their hands to their hearts, and stagger off O. P. and P. S.). "Now, children, who helps me to lay the cloth?"

"I!"

"And I!" (The children run to the cupboard.)

Mrs. Triplet (half rising). "Madam, I — can't think of allowing you."

Mrs. Woffington replied: "Sit down, madam, or I must use brute force. If you are ill, be ill — till I make you well. Twelve plates, quick! Twenty-four knives, quicker! Forty-eight forks, quickest!" She met the children with the cloth and laid it; then she met them again and laid knives and forks,

all at full gallop, which mightily excited the bairns. Pompey came in with the pie, Mrs. Woffington took it and set it before Triplet.

MRS. WOFFINGTON. "Your coat, Mr. Triplet, if you please."

MR. TRIPLET. "My coat, madam!"

MRS. WOFFINGTON. "Yes, off with it, — there 's a hole in it, — and carve." Then she whipped to the other end of the table and stitched like wild-fire. "Be pleased to cast your eyes on that, Mrs. Triplet. Pass it to the lady, young gentleman. Fire away, Mr. Triplet, never mind us women. Woffington's housewife, ma'am, fearful to the eye, only it holds everything in the world, and there is a small space for everything else, — to be returned by the bearer. Thank you, sir." (Stitches away like lightning at the coat.) "Eat away, children! now is your time; when once I begin, the pie will soon end; I do everything so quick."

ROXALANA. "The lady sews quicker than you, mother."

WOFFINGTON. "Bless the child, don't come so near my sword-arm; the needle will go into your eye, and out at the back of your head."

This nonsense made the children giggle.

"The needle will be lost, — the child no more, — enter undertaker, — house turned topsy-turvy, — father shows Woffington to the door, — off she goes with a face as long and dismal as some people's comedies, — no names, — crying fine cha-ney oranges."

The children, all but Lucy, screeched with laughter.

Lucy said, gravely: —

"Mother, the lady is very funny."

"You will be as funny when you are as well paid for it."

This just hit poor Trip's notion of humor, and he began to choke, with his mouth full of pie.

"James, take care," said Mrs. Triplet, sad and solemn.

James looked up.

"My wife is a good woman, madam," said he; "but deficient in an important particular."

"O James!"

"Yes, my dear. I regret to say you have no sense of humor; num-more than a cat, Jane."

"What! because the poor thing can't laugh at your comedy?"

"No, ma'am; but she laughs at nothing."

"Try her with one of your tragedies, my lad."

"I am sure, James," said the poor, good, lackadaisical woman, "if I don't laugh, it is not for want of the will. I used to be a very hearty laugher," whined she; "but I have n't laughed this two years."

"O, indeed!" said the Woffington. "Then the next two years, you shall do nothing else."

"Ah, madam!" said Triplet. "That passes the art, even of the great comedian."

"Does it?" said the actress, coolly.

LUCY. "She is not a comedy lady. You don't ever cry, pretty lady?"

WOFFINGTON (ironically). "O, of course not."

LUCY (confidentially). "Comedy is crying. Father cried all the time he was writing his one."

Triplet turned red as fire.

"Hold your tongue," said he: "I was bursting with merriment. Wife, our children talk too much; they put their noses into everything, and criticise their own father."

"Unnatural offspring!" laughed the visitor.

"And when they take up a notion, Socrates could n't convince them to the contrary. For instance, madam, all this morning they thought fit to assume that they were starving."

"So we were," said Lysimachus, "until the angel came; and the devil went for the pie."

"There — there — there! Now, you mark my words; we shall never get that idea out of their heads —"

"Until," said Mrs. Woffington, lumping a huge cut of pie into Roxalana's plate, "we put a very different idea into their stomachs." This and the look she cast on Mrs. Triplet fairly caught that good, though sombre personage. She giggled; put her hand to her face, and said: "I 'm sure I ask your pardon, ma'am."

It was no use; the comedian had determined they should all laugh, and they were made to laugh. Then she rose, and showed them how to drink healths *à la Française;* and keen were her little admirers to touch her glass with theirs. And the pure wine she had brought did Mrs. Triplet much good, too; though not so much as the music and sunshine of her face and voice. Then, when their stomachs were full of good food, and the soul of the grape tingled in their veins, and their souls glowed under her great magnetic power, she suddenly seized the fiddle, and showed them another of her enchantments. She

put it on her knee, and played a tune that would have made gout, colic, and phthisic dance upon their last legs. She played to the eye as well as to the ear, with such a smart gesture of the bow, and such a radiance of face as she looked at them, that whether the music came out of her wooden shell, or her horse-hair wand, or her bright self, seemed doubtful. They pranced on their chairs; they could not keep still. She jumped up; so did they. She gave a wild Irish horroo. She put the fiddle in Triplet's hand.

"The wind that shakes the barley, ye divil!" cried she.

Triplet went *hors de lui;* he played like Paganini, or an intoxicated demon. Woffington covered the buckle in gallant style; she danced, the children danced. Triplet fiddled and danced, and flung his limbs in wild dislocation; the wineglasses danced; and last, Mrs. Triplet was observed to be bobbing about on her sofa, in a monstrous absurd way, droning out the tune, and playing her hands with mild enjoyment, all to herself. Woffington pointed out this pantomimic soliloquy to the two boys, with a glance full of fiery meaning. This was enough: with a fiendish yell, they fell upon her, and tore her, shrieking, off the sofa. And lo! when she was once launched, she danced up to her husband, and set to him with a meek deliberation that was as funny as any part of the scene. So then the mover of all this slipped on one side, and let the stone of merriment roll, — and roll it did; there was no swimming, sprawling, or irrelevant frisking; their feet struck the ground for every note of the fiddle, pat as its echo, their faces shone, their hearts leaped and their poor frozen natures came out, and warmed themselves at the glowing melody; a great sunbeam had come into their abode, and these human motes danced in it. The elder ones recovered their gravity first, they sat down breathless, and put their hands to their hearts; they looked at one another, and then at the goddess who had revived them. Their first feeling was wonder; were they the same, who, ten minutes ago, were weeping together? Yes! ten minutes ago they were rayless, joyless, hopeless. Now the sun was in their hearts, and sorrow and sighing were fled, as fogs disperse before the god of day. It was magical; could a mortal play upon the soul of man, woman, and child like this? Happy Woffington! and suppose this was more than half acting, but such acting as Triplet never dreamed of; and to tell the honest, simple truth, I myself should not have suspected it; but children are sharper than one would

think, and Alcibiades Triplet told, in after years, that, when they were all dancing except the lady, he caught sight of her face, — and it was quite, quite grave, and even sad; but, as often as she saw him look at her, she smiled at him so gayly, — he could n't believe it was the same face.

If it was art, glory be to such art so worthily applied! and honor to such creatures as this, that come like sunshine into poor men's houses, and tune drooping hearts to daylight and hope!

The Rescue.

(From "Christie Johnstone.")

Richard, Lord Viscount Ipsden, having dotted the sea-shore with sentinels, to tell him of Lady Barbara's approach, awaited his guest in the "Peacock;" but, as Gatty was a little behind time, he placed Saunders sentinel over the "Peacock," and strolled eastward; as he came out of the "Peacock," Mrs. Gatty came down the little hill in front, and also proceeded eastward; meantime Lady Barbara and her escort were not far from the New Town of Newhaven, on their way from Leith.

Mrs. Gatty came down, merely with a vague fear. She had no reason to suppose her son's alliance with Christie either would or could be renewed, but she was a careful player and would not give a chance away; she found he was gone out unusually early, so she came straight to the only place she dreaded; it was her son's last day in Scotland. She had packed his clothes, and he had inspired her with confidence by arranging pictures, etc., himself; she had no idea he was packing for his departure from this life, not Edinburgh only.

She came then to Newhaven with no serious misgivings, for, even if her son had again vacillated, she saw that, with Christie's pride and her own firmness, the game must be hers in the end; but, as I said before, she was one who played her cards closely, and such seldom lose.

But my story is with the two young fishwives, who, on their return from Leith, found themselves at the foot of the New Town, Newhaven, some minutes before any of the other persons who, it is to be observed, were approaching it from different points; they came slowly in, Christie in particular, with a listlessness she had never known till last week; for some days her strength had failed her, — it was Jean that carried the creel

now,—before, Christie, in the pride of her strength, would always do more than her share of their joint labor: then she could hardly be forced to eat, and what she did eat was quite tasteless to her, and sleep left her, and in its stead came uneasy slumbers, from which she awoke quivering from head to foot.

Oh! perilous venture of those who love one object with the whole heart.

This great but tender heart was breaking day by day.

Well, Christie and Jean, strolling slowly into the New Town of Newhaven, found an assemblage of the natives all looking seaward; the fishermen, except Sandy Liston, were away at the herring fishery, but all the boys and women of the New Town were collected; the girls felt a momentary curiosity; it proved, however, to be only an individual swimming in towards shore from a greater distance than usual.

A little matter excites curiosity in such places.

The man's head looked like a spot of ink.

Sandy Liston was minding his own business, lazily mending a skait-net, which he had attached to a crazy old herring-boat hauled up to rot.

Christie sat down, pale and languid, by him, on a creepie that a lass who had been baiting a line with mussels had just vacated; suddenly she seized Jean's arm with a convulsive motion; Jean looked up,—it was the London steamboat running out from Leith to Granton Pier to take up her passengers for London. Charles Gatty was going by that boat; the look of mute despair the poor girl gave went to Jean's heart; she ran hastily from the group, and cried out of sight for poor Christie.

A fishwife, looking through a telescope at the swimmer, remarked: "He 's coming in fast; he 's a gallant swimmer yon —"

"Can he dee 't?" inquired Christie of Sandy Liston.

"Fine thaat," was the reply; "he does it aye o' Sundays when ye are at the kirk."

"It 's no oot o' the kirk-window ye 'll hae seen him, Sandy, my mon," said a young fishwife.

"Rin for my glass ony way, Flucker," said Christie, forcing herself to take some little interest.

Flucker brought it to her, she put her hand on his shoulder, got slowly up, and stood on the creepie, and adjusted the focus of her glass; after a short view, she said to Flucker: —

"Rin and see the nock." She then levelled her glass again at the swimmer.

Flucker informed her the nock said "half eleven," — Scotch for "half-past ten."

Christie whipped out a well-thumbed almanac.

"Yon nock 's aye ahint," said she. She swept the sea once more with her glass, then brought it together with a click, and jumped off the stool: her quick intelligence viewed the matter differently from all the others.

"Noow," cried she, smartly, "wha 'll lend me his yawl?"

"Hets! dinna be sae interferin, lassie," said a fishwife.

"Hae nane o' ye ony spunk?" said Christie, taking no notice of the woman. "Speak, laddies!"

"M' uncle 's yawl is at the pier-head; ye 'll get her, my woman," said a boy.

"A schell'n for wha 's first on board," said Christie, holding up the coin.

"Come awa', Flucker, we 'll hae her schell'n;" and these two worthies instantly effected a false start.

"It 's no under your jackets," said Christie, as she dashed after them like the wind.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Sandy.

"What 's her business picking up a mon against his will?" said a woman.

"She 's an awfu' lassie," whined another.

The examination of the swimmer was then continued, and the crowd increased; some would have it he was rapidly approaching, others that he made little or no way.

"Wha est?" said another.

"It 's a lummy," said a girl.

"Na! it 's no a lummy," said another.

Christie's boat was now seen standing out from the pier. Sandy Liston, casting a contemptuous look on all the rest, lifted himself lazily into the herring-boat and looked seaward. His manner changed in a moment.

"The Deevil!" cried he; "the tide 's turned! You wi' your glass, could you no see yon man 's drifting oot to sea?"

"Hech!" cried the women, "he 'll be drooned, — he 'll be drooned!"

"Yes; he 'll be drooned!" cried Sandy, "if yon lassie does na come alongside him deevelich quick, — he 's sair spent, I doot."

Two spectators were now added to the scene, Mrs. Gatty and Lord Ipsden. Mrs. Gatty inquired what was the matter.

"It 's a mon drooning," was the reply.

The poor fellow, whom Sandy, by aid of his glass, now discovered to be in a worn-out condition, was about half a mile east of Newhaven pier-head, and unfortunately the wind was nearly due east. Christie was standing north-northeast, her boat-hook jammed against the sail, which stood as flat as a knife.

The natives of the Old Town were now seen pouring down to the pier and the beach, and strangers were collecting like bees.

"After wit is everybody's wit!" — Old Proverb.

The affair was in the Johnstone's hands.

"That boat is not going to the poor man," said Mrs. Gatty, "it is turning its back upon him."

"She canna lie in the wind's eye, for as clever as she is," answered a fishwife.

"I ken wha it is," suddenly squeaked a little fishwife; "it 's Christie Johnstone's lad; it 's yon daft painter fr' England. Hech!" cried she, suddenly, observing Mrs. Gatty, "it 's your son, woman."

The unfortunate woman gave a fearful scream, and, flying like a tiger on Liston, commanded him "to go straight out to sea and save her son."

Jean Carnie seized her arm. "Div ye see yon boat?" cried she; "and div ye mind Christie, the lass wha's hairt ye hae broken? aweel, woman, — *it 's just a race between deeth and Cirsty Johnstone for your son.*"

The poor old woman swooned dead away; they carried her into Christie Johnstone's house, and laid her down, then hurried back, — the greater terror absorbed the less.

Lady Barbara Sinclair was there from Leith; and, seeing Lord Ipsden standing in the boat with a fisherman, she asked him to tell her what it was; neither he nor any one answered her.

"Why does n't she come about, Liston?" cried Lord Ipsden, stamping with anxiety and impatience.

"She 'll no be lang," said Sandy; "but they 'll mak a mess o' 't wi' ne'er a man i' the boat."

"Ye 're sure o' thaat?" put in a woman.

"Ay, about she comes," said Liston, as the sail came down

on the first tack. He was mistaken; they dipped the lug as cleverly as any man in the town could.

"Hech! look at her hauling on the rope like a mon," cried a woman. The sail flew up on the other tack.

"She 's an awfu' lassie," whined another.

"He 's awa," groaned Liston, "he's doon!"

"No! he 's up again," cried Lord Ipsden; "but I fear he can't live till the boat comes to him."

The fisherman and the Viscount held on by each other.

"He does na see her, or maybe he 'd tak hairt."

"I 'd give ten thousand pounds if only he could see her. My God, the man will be drowned under our eyes. If he but saw her!"

The words had hardly left Lord Ipsden's lips, when the sound of a woman's voice came like an Æolian note across the water.

"Hurraih!" roared Liston, and every creature joined the cheer.

"She 'll no let him dee. Ah! she 's in the bows, hailing him an' waving the lad's bonnet ower her head to gie him coorage. Gude bless ye, lass; Gude bless ye!"

Christie knew it was no use hailing him against the wind, but the moment she got the wind she darted into the bows, and pitched in its highest key her full and brilliant voice; after a moment of suspense she received proof that she must be heard by him, for on the pier now hung men and women, clustered like bees, breathless with anxiety, and the moment after she hailed the drowning man, she saw and heard a wild yell of applause burst from the pier, and the pier was more distant than the man. She snatched Flucker's cap, planted her foot on the gunwale, held on by a rope, hailed the poor fellow again, and waved the cap round and round her head, to give him courage; and in a moment, at the sight of this, thousands of voices thundered back their cheers to her across the water. Blow, wind, — spring, boat, — and you, Christie, still ring life towards those despairing ears, and wave hope to those sinking eyes; cheer the boat on, you thousands that look upon this action; hurrah! from the pier; hurrah! from the town; hurrah! from the shore; hurrah! now, from the very ships in the roads, whose crews are swarming on the yards to look; five minutes ago they laughed at you; three thousand eyes and hearts hang upon you now; ay, these are the moments we live for!

And now dead silence. The boat is within fifty yards, they are all three consulting together round the mast; an error now is death; his forehead only seems above water.

"If they miss him on that tack?" said Lord Ipsden, significantly, to Liston.

"He 'll never see London Brigg again," was the whispered reply.

They carried on till all on shore thought they would run over him, or past him; but no, at ten yards distant they were all at the sail, and had it down like lightning; and then Flucker sprang to the bows, the other boy to the helm.

Unfortunately, there were but two Johnstones in the boat; and this boy, in his hurry, actually put the helm to port, instead of to starboard. Christie, who stood amidships, saw the error; she sprang aft, flung the boy from the helm, and jammed it hard-a-starboard with her foot. The boat answered the helm, but too late for Flucker; the man was four yards from him as the boat drifted by.

"He 's a deed mon!" cried Liston, on shore.

The boat's length gave one more little chance; the after-part must drift nearer him, — thanks to Christie. Flucker flew aft; flung himself on his back, and seized his sister's petticoats.

"F'ing yourself ower the gunwale," screamed he. "Ye 'll no hurt; I 'se haud ye."

She flung herself boldly over the gunwale; the man was sinking, her nails touched his hair, her fingers entangled themselves in it, she gave him a powerful wrench and brought him alongside; the boys pinned him like wild-cats.

Christie darted away forward to the mast, passed a rope round it, threw it the boys, in a moment it was under his shoulders. Christie hauled on it from the fore thwart, the boys lifted him, and they tumbled him, gasping and gurgling like a dying salmon, into the bottom of the boat, and flung net and jackets and sail over him, to keep the life in him.

Ah! draw your breath, all hands at sea and ashore, and don't try it again, young gentleman, for there was nothing to spare; when you were missed at the bow two stout hearts quivered for you; Lord Ipsden hid his face in his two hands, Sandy Liston gave a groan, and, when you were grabbed astern, jumped out of his boat, and cried: —

"A gill o' whiskey for ony favor, for it 's turned me as seeck as a doeg." He added: "He may bless yon lassie's fowr

banes, for she 's taen him oot o' Death's maw, as sure as Gude 's in heaven!"

Lady Barbara, who had all her life been longing to see perilous adventures, prayed, and trembled, and cried most piteously; and Lord Ipsden's back was to her, and he paid no attention to her voice; but when the battle was won, and Lord Ipsden turned and saw her, she clung to his arm and dried her tears; and then the Old Town cheered the boat, and the New Town cheered the boat, and the towns cheered each other; and the Johnstones, lad and lass, set their sail, and swept back in triumph to the pier; so then Lady Barbara's blood mounted and tingled in her veins like fire. "O, how noble!" cried she.

"Yes, dearest," said Ipsden. "You have seen something great done at last; and by a woman, too!"

"Yes," said Barbara, "how beautiful! oh! how beautiful it all is; only the next one I see I should like the danger to be over first, that is all."

The boys and Christie, the moment they had saved Gatty, up sail again for Newhaven; they landed in about three minutes at the pier.

Among the Gold-Diggers.

(From "It is Never too Late to Mend.")

George was very homesick.

"Have n't we got a thousand pounds apiece, yet?"

"Hush! no! not quite; but too much to bawl about."

"And we never shall till you take my advice, and trace the gold to its home in the high rocks. Here we are plodding for dust, and one good nugget would make us."

"Well! well!" said Robinson, "the moment the dry weather goes you shall show me the home of the gold." Poor George and his nuggets!

"That is a bargain," said George, "and now I have something more to say. Why keep so much gold in our tent? It makes me fret. I am for selling some of it to Mr. Levi."

"What, at three pounds the ounce? not if I know it."

"Then why not leave it with him to keep?"

"Because it is safer in its little hole in our tent. What do the diggers care for Mr. Levi? You and I respect him, but I am the man they swear by. No, George, Tom Weasel is n't

caught napping twice in the same year. Don't you see I 've been working this four months past to make my tent safe? and I 've done it. It is watched for me night and day, and if our swag was in the Bank of England it would n't be safer than it is. Put that in your pipe. Well, Carlo, what is the news in your part?"

Carlo came running up to George, and licked his face, which just rose above the hole.

"What is it, Carlo?" asked George, in some astonishment.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other. "Here is the very dog come out to encourage his faint-hearted master."

"No!" said George, "it can't be that, — he means something, — be quiet, Carlo, licking me all to pieces, — but what it is, Heaven only knows; don't you encourage him; he has no business out of the tent, — go back, Carlo, — go into kennel, sir;" and off slunk Carlo back into the tent, of which he was the day sentinel.

"Tom," remarked George, thoughtfully, "I believe Carlo wanted to show me something; he is a wonderful wise dog."

"Nonsense," cried Robinson, sharply, "he heard you at the old lay, grumbling, and came to say, 'cheer up, old fellow.'"

While Robinson was thus quizzing George, a tremendous noise was suddenly heard in their tent. A scuffle, — a fierce, muffled snarl, — and a human yell; with a cry, almost as loud, the men bounded out of their hole, and, the blood running like melting ice down their backs with apprehension, burst into the tent; then they came upon a sight that almost drew the eyes out of their heads.

In the centre of the tent, not six inches from their buried treasure, was the head of a man emerging from the bowels of the earth, and cursing and yelling, for Carlo had seized his head by the nape of the neck, and bitten it so deep, that the blood literally squirted, and was stamping and going back snarling and pulling and hauling in fierce jerks to extract it from the earth, while the burly-headed ruffian it belonged to, cramped by his situation, and pounced on unawares by the fiery teeth, was striving and battling to get down into the earth again. Spite of his disadvantage, such were his strength and despair, that he now swung the dog backwards and forwards. But the men burst in. George seized him by the hair of his head, Tom by the shoulder, and, with Carlo's help, wrenched him on to the floor of the tent, where he was flung on his back

with Tom's revolver at his temple, and Carlo flew round and round, barking furiously, and now and then coming flying at him; on which occasions he was always warded off by George's strong arm, and passed devious, his teeth clicking together like machinery, the snap and the rush being all one design that must succeed or fail together.

Captain Robinson put his lips to his whistle, and the tent was full of his friends in a moment.

"Get me a bullock rope."

"Ay!"

"And drive a stout pole into the ground."

"Ay!"

In less than five minutes brutus was tied up to a post in the sun, with a placard on his breast on which was written in enormous letters —

THIEF

and underneath in smaller letters —

Caught trying to shake Captain Robinson's tent.
First offence.
N. B. — To be hanged next time.

Then a crier was sent through the mine to invite inspection of brutus's features, and ere sunset thousands looked into his face, and when he tried to lower it pulled it savagely up.

"I shall know you again, my lad," was the common remark, "and, if I catch you too near my tent, rope or revolver, one of the two."

Captain Robinson's men did not waste five minutes with brutus. They tied him to the stake, and dashed into their holes to make up lost time, but Robinson and George remained quiet in their tent.

"George," said Tom, in a low, contrite, humble voice, "let us return thanks to Heaven, for vain is man's skill."

And they did.

"George," said Tom, rising from his knees, "the conceit is taken out of me for about the twentieth time; I felt so strong and I was nobody. The danger came in a way I never dreamed, and when it had come we were saved by a friend I never valued. Give a paw, Carlo."

Carlo gave a paw.

"He has been a good friend to us this day," said George.

"I see it all now; he must have heard the earth move and did not understand it, so he came for me, and, when you would not let me go, he went back, and says he, — 'I dare to say it is a rabbit burrowing up.' So he waited still as death, watching, and nailed six feet of vermin instead of bunny."

Here they both fell to caressing Carlo, who jumped and barked and finished with a pretended onslaught on the captain as he was kneeling, looking at their so late imperilled gold, and knocked him over and slobbered his face when he was down. Opinions varied, but the impression was he knew he had been a clever dog. This same evening, Jem made a collar for him, on which was written, "Policeman C."

The fine new tent was entered and found deserted, nothing there but an enormous mound of earth that came out of the subterranean, which Robinson got a light and inspected all the way to its *débouchure* in his own tent. As he returned, holding up his light and peering about, he noticed something glitter at the top of the arch; he held the light close to it and saw a speck or two of gold sparkling here and there. He took out his knife and scraped the roof in places, and brought to light in detached pieces a layer of gold-dust about the substance of a sheet of blotting paper and full three yards wide; it crossed the subterranean at right angles, dipping apparently about an inch in two yards. The conduct of brutus and co. had been typical. They had been so bent on theft, that they were blind to the pocketfuls of honest, safe, easy gold they rubbed their very eyes and their thick skulls against on their subterraneous path to danger and crime.

Two courses occurred to Robinson; one was to try and monopolize this vein of gold, the other to take his share of it and make the rest add to his popularity and influence in the mine. He chose the latter, for the bumptiousness was chilled in him. This second attack on his tent made him tremble.

"I am a marked man," said he. "Well, if I have enemies, the more need to get friends all round me." . . .

Towards evening he collected his whole faction, got on the top of two cradles, made a speech, thanked them for their goodwill, and told them he had now an opportunity of making them a return. He had discovered a vein of gold which he could have kept all to himself, but it was more just and more generous to share it with his partisans.

"Now, pass through this little mine one at a time," said he,

"and look at the roof, where I have stuck the two lighted candles, and then pass on quick to make room for others."

The men dived one after another, examined the roof, and, rushing wildly out at the other end in great excitement, ran and marked out claims on both sides of the subterranean.

But, with all their greediness and eagerness, they left ten feet square untouched on each side the subterranean.

"What is this left for?"

"That is left for the clever fellow that found the gold after a thief had missed it," cried one.

"And for the generous fellow that parted his find," roared another, from a distance.

Robinson seemed to reflect.

"No! I wont spoil the meat by cutting myself the fat, — no! I am a digger, but not only a digger, I aspire to the honor of being a captain of diggers; my claim lies out there."

"Hurrah; three cheers for Captain Robinson!"

"Will you do me a favor in return?"

"Hurrah! won't we?"

"I am going to petition the governor to send us out police to guard our tents."

"Hurrah!"

"And even beaks, if necessary" (doubtful murmurs). "And, above all, soldiers to take our gold safe down to Sydney."

"Hurrah!"

"Where we can sell it at three fifteen the ounce."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"Instead of giving it away here for three pounds, and then being robbed. If you will all sign, Mr. Stevens and I will draw up the petition; no country can stand without law!"

"Hurrah for Captain Robinson, the diggers' friend."

And the wild fellows jumped out of the holes, and four seized the diggers' friend, and they chaired him in their rough way, and they put Carlo into a cradle, and raised him high, and chaired him; and both man and dog were right glad to get safe out of the precarious honor.

The proceedings ended by brutus being loosed and set between two long lines of men with lumps of clay, and pelted and knocked down, and knocked up again, and driven bruised, battered, and bleeding out of that part of the camp. He found his way to a little dirty tent not much bigger than a badger's

hole, crawled in, and sunk down in a fainting state, and lay on his back stiff and fevered, and smarting soul and body, many days.

And while Robinson was exulting in his skill, his good fortune, his popularity, his swelling bag, and the constabulary force he was collecting and heading, this tortured ruffian, driven to utter desperation by the exposure of his features to all the camp with "Thief" blazing on him, lay groaning stiff and sore, — but lived for revenge.

"Let him keep his gold, — I don't care for his gold, now. I'll have his blood!"

The Thief.

(From "It is Never Too Late to Mend.")

An eye of red light suddenly opened in the silver stream shows three men standing by a snowy tent. It is the patrol waiting to be relieved. Three more figures emerge from the distant shade and join them. The first three melt into the shade.

The other three remain and mutter. Now they start on their rounds.

"What is that?" mutters one.

"I'll go and see."

"Well!"

"O, it is only that brown donkey that cruises about here. She will break her neck in one of the pits some day."

"Not she. She is not such an ass."

These three melted into the night, going their rounds; and now nothing is left in sight but a thousand cones of snow, and the donkey paddling carefully among the pits.

Now the donkey stands a moment still in the moonlight, — now he paddles slowly away and disappears on the dark side the captain's tent. What is he doing? He stoops, — he lies down, — he takes off his head and skin, and lays them down. It is a man! He draws his knife and puts it between his teeth. A pistol is in his hand, — he crawls on his stomach, — the tent is between him and the patrol. His hand is inside the tent, — he finds the opening and winds like a serpent into the tent.

Black Will no sooner found himself inside the tent than he took out a dark-lantern and opened the slide cautiously. There lay in one corner the two men fast asleep side by side. Casting

the glare around he saw at his feet a dog with a chain round him. It startled him for a moment,—but only for a moment. He knew that dog was dead. Mephistopheles had told him within an hour after the feat was performed. Close to his very hand was a pair of miner's boots. He detached them from the canvas and passed them out of the tent; and now looking closely at the ground he observed a place where the soil seemed loose. His eye flashed with triumph at this. He turned up the openings of the tent behind him to make his retreat clear if necessary. He made at once for the loose soil, and the moment he moved forward Robinson's gut-lines twisted his feet from under him. He fell headlong in the middle, and half a dozen little bells rang furiously at the sleepers' heads.

Up jumped Tom and George, weapons in hand, but not before Black Will had wrenched himself clear and bounded back to the door. At the door, in his rage at being balked, he turned like lightning and levelled his pistol at Robinson, who was coming at him cutlass in hand. The ex-thief dropped on his knees and made a furious upward cut at his arm. At one and the same moment the pistol exploded and the cutlass struck it and knocked it against the other side of the tent: the bullet passed over Robinson's head. Black Will gave a yell so frightful that for a moment it paralyzed the men, and even with this yell he burst backward through the opening, and with a violent wrench of his left hand brought the whole tent down and fled, leaving George and Robinson struggling in the canvas like cats in an empty flour-sack.

The baffled burglar had fled but a few yards, when, casting his eye back, he saw their helplessness. Losing danger in hatred he came back, not now to rob, but murder, his left hand lifted high and gleaming like his cruel eye. As he prepared to plunge his knife through the canvas, flash bang! flash bang! bang! came three pistol-shots in his face from the patrol, who were running right slap at him not thirty yards off, and now it was life or death. He turned and ran for his life, the patrol blazing and banging at him. Eighteen shots they fired at him, one after another; more than one cut his clothes, and one went clean through his hat, but he was too fleet, he distanced them; but at the reports diggers peeped out of distant tents, and at sight of him running, flash bang went a pistol at him from every tent he passed, and George and Robinson, who had struggled out into the night, saw the red flashes issue, and then heard the

loud reports bellow and re-echo as he dodged about down the line, and then all was still and calm as death under the cold pure stars.

They put up their tent again. The patrol came panting back. "He has got off, — but he carried some of our lead in him. Go to bed, captain, we won't leave your tent all night."

Robinson and George lay down again thus guarded. The patrol sat by the tent: two slept, one loaded the arms again and watched. In a few minutes the friends were actually fast asleep again, lying silent as the vast camp lay beneath the silver stars. . . .

A Hunt.

(From "It is Never Too Late to Mend.")

Full two hours before sunrise the patrol called Robinson by his own order, and the friends made for the bush, with a day's provision and their blankets, their picks, and their revolvers. When they arrived at the edge of the bush, Robinson halted and looked round to see if they were followed. The night was pretty clear; no one was in sight. The men struck rapidly into the bush, which at this part had been cut and cleared in places, lying as it did so near a mine.

"What, are we to run, Tom?"

"Yes! I want to get to the river of quartz as soon as possible," was the dry answer.

"With all my heart."

After running about half a mile, George pulled up, and they walked.

"What do you keep looking behind for, Tom?"

"O, nothing."

"You fidget me, Tom!"

"Can't help it. I shall be like that till daylight. They have shaken my nerves among them."

"Don't give way to such nonsense. What are you afraid of?"

"I am not afraid of anything. Come, George, another run."

"O, as you like: this beats all."

This run brought them to the end of the broad road, and they found two smaller paths; after some hesitation, Robinson took the left-hand one, and it landed them in such a terribly thick scrub they could hardly move. They forced their way through it, getting some frightful scratches, but after struggling

with it for a good half-hour, began to fear it was impenetrable and interminable, when the sun rising showed them a clear space some yards ahead. They burst through the remainder of the scrub, and came out upon an old clearing, full a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad. They gave a hurrah at the sight of it, but when they came to walk on it the ground was clay, and so sticky with a late shower, that they were like flies moving upon varnish, and at last were fain to take off their shoes and stockings, and run over it on the tips of their toes. At the end of this opening they came to a place like the "Seven-Dials," — no end of little paths into the wood, and none very promising. After a natural hesitation, they took the one that seemed to be most on their line of march, and followed it briskly till it brought them plump upon a brook, and there it ended. Robinson groaned.

"Confound the bush," cried he. "You were wrong not to let me bring Jacky. What is to be done?"

"Go back."

"I hate going back. I would rather go thirty miles ahead than one back. I've got an idea; off shoes and paddle up the stream; perhaps we shall find a path that comes to it from the other side."

They paddled up the stream a long way, and at last, sure enough, they found a path that came down to the stream from the opposite side. They now took a hasty breakfast, washing it down with water from the brook, then dived into the wood.

The sun was high in heaven, yet still they had not gone out of the bush.

"I can't make it out, George, there is nothing to steer by, and these paths twist and turn so. I don't think we shall do any good till night. When I see the Southern Cross in the sky I shall be able to steer northeast. That is our line."

"Don't give in," said George; "I think it looks clearer ahead. I believe we are at the end of it."

"No such luck, I am afraid," was the despondent reply.

For all that, in a few yards more they came upon an open place.

They could not help cheering. "At last!" cried they. But this triumph gave way to doubts.

"I am afraid we are not clear yet," said Robinson. "See, there is wood again on the other side. Why, it is that sticky clay again. Why, George, it is the clearing we crossed before breakfast."

"You are talking nonsense, Tom," cried George, angrily.

"No, I am not," said the other, sadly. "Come across. We shall soon know by our footsteps in the clay."

Sure enough, half-way across they found a track of footsteps. George was staggered. "It is the place, I really think," said he. "But, Tom, when you talk of the footsteps, look here! You and I never made all these tracks. This is the track of a party."

Robinson examined the ground.

"Tracks of three men: two barefoot, one in nailed boots."

"Well, is that us?"

"Look at the clearing, George, you have got eyes. It *is* the same."

"So 't is, but I can't make out the three tracks."

Robinson groaned. "I can. This third track has come since we went by."

"No doubt of that, Tom. Well?"

"Well, don't you see?"

"No. What?"

"You and I are being hunted."

George looked blank a moment. "Can't we be followed without being hunted?"

"No; others might, but not me. We are being hunted," said Robinson, sternly. "George, I am sick of this, let us end it. Let us show these fellows they are hunting lions and not sheep. Is your revolver loaded?"

"Yes."

"Then come on!" And he set off to run, following the old tracks. George ran by his side, his eyes flashing with excitement. They came to the brook. Robinson showed George that their pursuer had taken some steps down the stream. "No matter," said he, "don't lose time, George, go right up the bank to our path. He will have puzzled it out, you may take your oath."

Sure enough they found another set of footsteps added to their own. Robinson paused before entering the wood. He put fresh caps on his revolver. "Now, George," said he, in a low voice, "we could n't sleep in this wood without having our throats cut, but before night I 'll be out of danger or in my grave, for life is not worth having in the midst of enemies. Hush! hus-s-sh! You must not speak to me but in a whisper."

"No!" whispered George.

"Nor rustle against the boughs."

"No, I won't," whispered George. "But make me sensible, Tom. Tell me what all this caution is to lead to. What are you doing?"

"I AM HUNTING THE HUNTER." hissed Robinson, with concentrated fury. And he glided rapidly down the trodden path, his revolver cocked, his ears pricked, his eye on fire, and his teeth clenched.

George followed, silent and cautious, his revolver ready cocked in his hand.

As they glided thus, following their own footsteps, and hunting their hunter with gloomy brows, and nerves quivering, and hearts darkening with anger and bitterness, suddenly a gloom fell upon the wood, — it darkened and darkened. Meantime a breeze chill as ice disturbed its tepid and close air, forerunner of a great wind which was soon heard, first moaning in the distance, then howling and rushing up, and sweeping over the tall trees and rocking them like so many bulrushes. A great storm was coming. . . .

A tremendous snow-storm fell upon the mine and drove Jem into his tent, where he was soon after joined by Jacky, a circumstance in itself sufficient to prove the violence of the storm, for Jacky loathed indoors, it choked him a good deal.

The more was Jem surprised when he heard a lamentable howl coming nearer and nearer, and a woman burst into his tent, a mere pillar of snow, for she was covered with a thousand flakes each as big as a lady's hand.

"Ochone! ochone! ochone!" cried Mary M'Dogherty, and, on being asked what was the matter, she sat down and rocked herself and moaned and cried, "Ochone, — och captain avick what will I do for you? an' who will I find to save you? an' oh it is the warm heart and the kind heart that ye had to poor Molly M'Dogherty that ud give her life to save yours this day."

"The captain," cried Jem, in great alarm. "What is wrong with the captain?"

"He is lying could and stiff in the dark, bloody wood. Och the murthering villains! och what will I do at all! och captain avick warm was your heart to the poor Irish boys, but it is could now. Ochone! ochone!"

"Woman," cried Jem, in great agitation, "leave off blubbering and tell me what is the matter."

Thus blandly interrogated, Mary told him a story (often

interrupted with tears and sighs) of what had been heard and seen yester eve by one of the Irish boys, — a story that turned him cold, for it left on him the same impression it had left on the warmhearted Irishwoman, that at this moment his good friend was lying dead in the bush hard by.

He rose and loaded Robinson's double-barrelled gun: he loaded it with bullets, and, as he rammed them fiercely down, he said angrily: "Leave off crying and wringing your hands; what on earth is the use of that? here goes to save him or to revenge him."

"An' och, James, take the wild Ingine wid ye; they know them bloody, murthering woods better than our boys, glory be to God for taching them that same."

"Of course I shall take him. You hear, Jacky, will you show me how to find the poor dear captain and his mate if they are in life?"

"If they are alive, Jacky will find them a good deal soon, — if they are dead, still Jacky will find them."

The Irishwoman's sorrow burst out afresh at these words. The savage then admitted the probability of that she dreaded.

"And their enemies, — the cowardly villains, — what will you do to them?" asked Jem, black with rage.

Jacky's answer made Mary scream with affright, and startled even Jem's iron nerves for a moment. At the very first word of the Irishwoman's story, the savage had seated himself on the ground with his back turned to the others, and, unnoticed by them, had rapidly painted his face with the war-paint of his tribe. Words cannot describe the ghastly terrors, the fiendish ferocity, these traditional lines and colors gave his countenance. This creature, that looked so like a fiend, came erect into the middle of the tent with a single bound, as if that moment vomited forth by hell, and yet with a grander carriage and princelier presence than he had worn in time of peace; and even as he bounded he crossed his tomahawk and narrow wooden shield, to signify that his answer was no vulgar asseveration, but a vow of sacred war.

"KALINGALÙNGA WILL KILL THEM, AND DRINK THEIR BLOOD."

Kalingalùnga glided from the tent. Jem followed him. The snow fell in flakes as large as a lady's hand, and the air was dark; Jem could not see where the hunter was taking him, but he strode after him and trusted to his sagacity.

Five hours' hard walking, and then the snow left off. The

air became clear, and to Jem's surprise the bush, instead of being on his right hand, was now on his left; and there on its skirts, about a mile off, was the native camp. They had hardly come in sight of it when it was seen to break from quietude into extraordinary bustle.

"What is up?" asked Jem.

The hunter smiled, and pointed to his own face:—

"Kalingalùnga painted war."

"What eyes the beggars must have," said Jem.

The next minute a score of black figures came tearing up in such excitement that their long rows of white teeth and the whites of their eyes flashed like Bude-lights in their black heads.

Kalingalùnga soon calmed them down by letting them know that he was painted for a private, not a national feud. He gave them no further information. I suspect he was too keen a sportsman to put others on the scent of his game. He went all through the camp, and ascertained from the stragglers that no men answering the description of George and Robinson had passed out of the wood.

"They are in the wood," said he.

He then ordered a great fire,— bade Jem dry his clothes and eat; he collected two of his wives and committed Jem to their care, and glided like a panther into the wood.

What with the great heat succeeding to the great cold, and the great supper the gins gave him, Jem fell fast asleep. It was near daylight when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and there was Kalingalùnga.

"Not a track on the snow."

"No? then let us hope they are not in the wood."

The hunter hung his head.

"Me tink they are in the wood," said he gravely.

Jem groaned, "Then they are lying under the soil of it or in some dark pit."

It was about five in the afternoon. Kalingalùnga was bleeding all over with scratches, and Jem was torn to pieces and done up. He was just about to tell the other that he must give in, when Kalingalùnga suddenly stopped, and pointed to the ground:—

"Track!"

"What of?"

"A white man's shoe."

"How many are there?"

"One."

Jem sighed.

"I doubt it is a bad job, Jacky," said he.

"Follow, — not too close," was the low reply.

And the panther became a serpent, — so smooth and undulating were the motions with which he glided upon the track he had now discovered.

Jem, well aware that he could not move noiselessly like the savage, obeyed him and crept after at some distance.

The savage had followed the man's footsteps about half a mile, and the white man the savage, when suddenly both were diverted from their purpose. Kalingalùnga stood still and beckoned Jem. Jem ran to him, and found him standing snuffing the air with his great broad nostrils, like a stag.

"What is it?"

"White fellow burn wambiloa wood."

"How d' ye know? how d' ye know?"

"Wambiloa wood smell a good way off when him burn."

"And how do you know it is a white man?"

"Black fellow never burn wambiloa wood; not good to burn that. Keep it for milmeridien."

The chief now cut off a few of his long hairs and held them up to ascertain the exact direction of the wind. This done, he barked a tree to mark the spot to which he had followed the trail, and striking out into quite a different direction he hunted by scent.

Jem expected to come on the burning wambiloa very soon, but he underrated either the savage's keen scent or the acrid odor of the sacred wood, — perhaps both. They had gone half a mile at least before his companion thought it necessary to show any caution. At last he stopped short, and then Jem smelled a smell as if "cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves," were all blazing in one bonfire. With some difficulty he was prevailed on to stand still and let the subtle native creep on, nor would he consent to be inactive until the other solemnly vowed to come back for him and give him his full share of the fighting. Then Kalingalùnga went gliding like a shadow and flitted from tree to tree.

Woe be to the enemy, the subtle, noiseless, pitiless, remorseless savage surprises; he has not put on his war paint in sport or for barren show.

A man was hunting Robinson and George Fielding, and they

were hunting him. Both parties inflamed with rage and bitterness; both master of the other's fate, they thought.

A change of wind brought a fall of snow, and the fall of snow baffled both parties in five minutes. Down came the Australian flakes large as a woman's hand (I am not romancing), and effaced the tracks of the pursuing and pursued and pursuers. So tremendous was the fall that the two friends thought of nothing but shelter. They drew their blankets over their heads and ran hither and thither looking for a friendly tree. At last they found an old tree with a prodigious stem that parted about ten feet up into two forks. With some effort they got up into this cleft, and then they were on a natural platform. Robinson always carried nails in his pocket, and he contrived to nail the two blankets to the forks so as to make a screen. Then they took out their provisions and fortified themselves with a hearty supper.

As they were eating it they were suddenly startled by an explosion so tremendous that their tree seemed to have been struck by lightning. Out went Robinson with his mouth full on to a snowdrift four feet high. He looked up and saw the cause of the fracas. A large bough of a neighboring tree had parted from the trunk with the enormous weight of the snow. Robinson climbed back to George and told him. Supper recommenced, but all over the wood at intervals they now heard huge forks and boughs parting from their parent stems with a report like a thirty-two pounder ringing and echoing through the wood: others so distant that they were like crackers.

These sounds were very appalling in the ghostly wood. The men instinctively drew closer to each other; but they were no chickens: use soon hardened them even to this. They settled it that the forks they were sitting on would not give way, because there were no leaves on them to hold a great burden of snow: and soon they yielded to nature and fell fast asleep in spite of all the dangers that hemmed them.

At his regular hour, just before sunrise, Robinson awoke and peeped from below the blanket. He shook George.

"Get up directly, George. We are wasting time when time is gold."

"What is it?"

"'What is it?' There is a pilot in the sky, that will take us out of this cursed trap, if the day does not come and spoil all."

George's eye followed Robinson's finger.

"I know it, Tom. When I was sailing to this country, we came to a part where the north star went down and down to the water's edge, and this was all we got in exchange for it."

"George," said Tom, rather sternly, "how do you know they don't hear us, and here we are surrounded by enemies, and would you run down our only friend? That silver star will save our lives if they are to be saved at all. Come on; and, George, if you were to take your revolver and blow out my brains, it is no more than I deserve for sleeping away the precious hours of night, when I ought to have been steering out of this cursed timber-net by that blessed star."

With these words Robinson dived into the wood, steering due east by the Southern Cross. It was like going through a frozen river. The scrub was loaded with snow, which it discharged in masses on the travellers at every step.

"Keep your revolver dry in your hat and your lucifers too," cried Robinson. "We shall have to use them both ten to one. As to our skins, that is hopeless."

Then the men found how hard it is to take a line and keep it in the Australian bush. When the Southern Cross was lost in a cloud, though but for a minute, they were sure to go all wrong, as they found upon its reappearance; and sometimes the scrub was impenetrable and they were forced to go round it and walk four hundred yards, advancing eastward but twenty or thirty.

Thus they baffled on till the sun rose.

"Now we shall be all in the dark again," said poor Robinson, "here comes a fog."

"Stop, Tom," said George; "ought n't we to make this good before we go on?"

"What do you mean?"

"We have come right by the star so far, have we not?" "Yes."

"Then let us bark fifty of these trees for a mark. I have seen that varmint Jacky do that."

"A capital idea, George; out with our knives,—here goes."

"No breakfast to-day, Tom."

"No, George, nor dinner either, till we are out of the wood."

These two poor fellows walked and ran and crept and struggled all day, sometimes hoping, sometimes desponding. At last, at five o'clock in the afternoon, their bellies gnawed with hunger, their clothes torn to rags, their skin bleeding, they came out upon some trees with the bark stripped. They gave

one another a look that words can hardly paint. They were the trees they had barked twelve hours ago!

The men stood silent,—neither cared to tell the other all he felt, — for now there crept over these two stout bosoms a terrible chill, the sense of a danger new to them in experience, but not new in report. They had heard of settlers and others who had been lost in the fatal labyrinth of the Australian bush, and now they saw how easily it might be true."

"We may as well sit down here and rest; we shall do no good till night. What, are you in pain, George?"

"Yes, Tom, a little."

"Where?"

"Something gnaws my stomach like an adder."

"O, that is the soldier's gripes," said Tom, with a ghastly attempt at a jest. "Poor George!" said he, kindly, "I dare say you never knew what it was to go twenty-four hours without food before."

"Never in my life, Tom."

"Well, I have, and I'll tell you the only thing to do: when you can't fill the bread-basket, — shut it. Go to sleep till the Southern Cross comes out again."

"What, sleep in our dripping clothes?"

"No, we will make a roaring fire with these strips of bark; they are dry as tinder by now."

A pyre four feet high was raised, the strips being laid from north to south and east to west alternately, and they dried their blankets and warmed their smoking bodies.

"George, I have got two cigars; they must last us two days."

"O, I'm no great smoker, — keep them for your own comfort."

Robinson wore a sad smile.

"We can't afford to smoke them; this is to chew; it is not food, George, but it keeps the stomach from eating itself. We must do the best for our lives we can for Susan's sake."

"Give it me, Tom; I'll chew it, and thank you kindly. You are a wise companion in adversity, Tom; it is a great grief to me that I have brought you into this trouble, looking for what I know you think is a mare's nest, as the saying is."

"Don't talk so, George. True pals like you and me never reproach one another. They stand and fall together like men. The fire is warm, George, — that is one comfort."

"The fire is well enough, but there's nothing down at it. I'd give a hundred pounds for a mutton chop."

The friends sat like sacrifices by the fire, and chewed their cigars in silence, with foreboding hearts. After a while, as the heat laid hold of him, George began to doze. Robinson felt inclined to do the same: but the sense that perhaps a human enemy might be near caused him to fight against sleep in this exposed locality; so, whenever his head bobbed down, he lifted it sharply and forced his eyes open. It was on one of these occasions that, looking up, he saw, set as it were in a frame of leaves, a hideous countenance glaring at him; it was painted in circular lines, red, blue, and white.

"Get up, George," roared Robinson: "they are upon us!"

And both men were on their feet, revolvers pointed. The leaves parted, and out came this diabolical face which they had never seen before, but with it a figure they seemed to know, and a harsh cackle they instantly recognized, and it sounded like music to them.

"O my dear Jacky," cried George, "who'd have thought it was you! Well, you are a godsend! Good afternoon. O Jacky!—how d'ye do?"

"Jacky not Jacky now, cos um a good deal angry, and paint war. Kalingalùnga berywelltanku" (he always took these four words for one). "Now I go fetch white fellow;" and he disappeared.

"Who is he going to fetch? is it the one that was following us?"

"No doubt. Then, Tom, it was not an enemy after all!"

Jacky came back with Jem, who, at sight of them alive and well, burst into extravagances. He waved his hat round his head several times and then flung it into a tree; then danced a *pas seul* consisting of steps not one of them known at the opera-house, and chanted a song of triumph the words of which were "Ri tol de riddy iddy dol," and the ditty naught; finally he shook hands with both.

"Never say die!"

"Well, that is hearty! and how thoughtful of him to come after us, and above all to bring Jacky!"

"That it was," replied George. "Jem," said he, with feeling, "I don't know but what you have saved two men's lives."

"If I don't it shan't be my fault, farmer."

GEORGE. "O Jacky, I am so hungry! I have been twenty-four hours without food."

KALINGALÙNGA "You stupid fellow to go widout food, always a good deal food in bush."

GEORGE. "Is there? then for Heaven's sake go and get us some of it."

KALINGALÙNGA. "No need go, food here."

He stepped up to the very tree against which George was standing, showed him an excrescence on the bark, made two clean cuts with his tomahawk, pulled out a huge white worm and offered it George. George turned from it in disgust; the wild chief grinned superior and ate it himself, and smacked his lips with infinite gusto.

Meantime his quick eye had caught sight of something else. "A good deal dinner in dis tree," said he, and he made the white men observe some slight scratches on the bark. "Possum claws go up tree." Then he showed them that there were no marks with the claw reversed, a clear proof the animal had not not come down. "Possum in tree."

The white man looked up into the bare tree with a mixture of wonder and incredulity. Jacky cut steps with his tomahawk and went up the main stem, which was short, and then up a fork, one out of about twelve, among all these he jumped about like a monkey till he found one that was hollow at the top.

"Throw Kalingalùnga a stone, den he find possum a good deal quick."

They could not find a stone for their lives, so, being hungry, Robinson threw a small nugget of gold he had in his pocket. Jacky caught it, placed it at the top of the hollow fork and let it drop. Listening keenly his fine ear heard the nugget go down the fork, striking the wood first one side then another, and then at a certain part sound no more. Down he slips to that silent part, makes a deep cut with his tomahawk just above the spot, thrusts in his hand and pulls out a large opossum, yelling and scratching and emitting a delicious scent in an agony of fear. The tomahawk soon silenced him, and the carcass fell among the applauding whites. Now it was Robinson's turn, he carved the raw animal for greater expedition, and George helped him to wrap each limb and carcass in a thin covering of clay. Thus prepared it was thrust into the great pile of burning ashes.

"Look yonder, do! look at that Jem! Why, Jem, what are you up to, patrolling like a sentinel out there?"

"Never you heed Jem," was the dry reply; "you mind the roast, captain, and I 'll mind — my business;" and Jem con

tinued to parade up and down with his gun cocked and his eye piercing the wood.

To Robinson's repeated and uneasy inquiries what meant this pantomime, Jem persisted in returning no answer but this: "You want your dinner, captain; eat your dinner, and then I'll hoffer a hobservation; meantime, as these woods are queer places, a little hextra caution is no sin."

The pie dishes were now drawn out of the ashes and broken, and the meat baked with all its juices was greedily devoured. "It tastes like a rabbit stuffed with peppermint," said George, "and uncommon nice it is. Now I am another man."

"So am I; Jacky forever!"

"Now, Jem, I have dined: your story, if you please. Why are you here? for you are a good fellow, but you have n't got gumption enough to say to yourself, 'These two will get lost in the bush, I'll take Jacky and pull them out.'"

"You are right, captain, that was n't the way at all; and since your belly is full and your courage up, you will be able to enjoy my story better than you could afore."

"Yes, so let us have it;" and Robinson leaned back luxuriously, being filled and warmed.

"First and foremost," commenced this artful narrator, "there is a chap prowling in this wood at the present time with a double-barrelled gun to blow out your brains, captain."

"The devil," cried Robinson, starting to his feet.

"And yours, farmer."

"How do you know?" asked George, without moving.

"That is what I am going to tell you. That Mary M'Dogherty came crying to my tent all through the snow. 'What is up?' says I; says she, 'Murder is up.' Then she told me her cousin, an Irish boy, was at Bevan's store and he heard some queer talk, and he looked through a chink in the wall and saw two rascals putting their heads together, and he soon made out they were driving a bargain to rob you two. One was to do it, the other was a egging him on. 'I must have fifty pounds first,' says this one. 'Why?' says the other. 'Because he has been and locked my pal up that was to be in it with me.'"

"Ah!" cried Robinson. "Go on, Jem,—there is a clew, any way."

"I have got a thicker one behind. Says the other, 'Agreed! when will you have it?' 'Why, now,' says t' other. Then this one gave him a note. Pat could n't see that it was a fifty, but

no doubt it was, but he saw the man take it and put it in a little tin box and shove it in his bosom."

"That note was the price of blood," said Robinson. "O the black-hearted villains. Tell me who they were, that is all; tell me but who they were!"

"The boy did n't know."

"There! it is always so. The fools! they never know."

"Stop a bit, captain, there is a clew (your own word)."

"Ay, and what is the clew?"

"As soon as ever the note was safe in his bosom he says: 'I sold you, blind mate; I 'd have given fifty sooner than not done this job. Look here!' says he, 'I have sworn to have a life for each of these;' and, captain," said Jem, suddenly lowering his voice, "with that it seems he held up his right hand."

"Well, yes! yes! eh!"

"And there were two fingers a missing on it!"

"Ah!"

"Now those two fingers are the ones you chopped off with your cutlass the night when the tent was attacked."

"Why, Tom, what is this? you never told me of this," cried George.

"And which are in my pocket."

"In your pocket?" said George, drawing away from him.

"Ay, farmer! wrapped up in silver paper, and they shall never leave my pocket till I have fitted them on the man, and seen him hung or shot with them two pickers and stealers tied round his blood-thirsty mercenairy aass-aassinating neck, say that I said it."

GEORGE. "Jacky, show us the way out of this wood."

Kalingalùnga bowed assent, but he expressed a wish to take with him some of the ashes of the wambiloa. George helped him.

Robinson drew Jem aside. "You should n't have mentioned that before George; you have disgusted him properly."

"O, hang him! he need n't be so squeamish; why, I 've had 'em salt —"

"There, there! drop it, Jem, do!"

"Captain! are you going to let them take us out of the wood before we have hunted it for that scoundrel?"

"Yes, I am. Look here, Jem, we are four, and he is one, but a doubled-barrelled gun is an awful enemy in a dark wood. No, Jem, we will outwit him to the last. We will clear the

wood and get back to the camp. He doesn't know we have got a clew to him. He will come back without fear, and we will nail him with the fifty-pound note upon him: and then, — Jack Ketch."

The whole party was now on the move, led by Kalingalùnga, bearing the sacred ashes.

"What on earth is he going to do with them?"

The chief heard this query, and looking back said gravely, "He take them to 'Milmeridien;'" and the party followed Jacky, who twisted and zigzagged about the bush, till at last he brought them to a fairy spot, whose existence in that rugged wood none of them had deemed possible.

GOLD.

(From "It is Never Too Late to Mend.")

THEY awoke at daylight rather cold, and found piles of snow upon their blankets, and the lizards and skeletons and imps and tartan shawls deteriorated. The snow had melted on their bodies, and the colors had all run, — some of them away. *Quid multa?* we all know how beauties look when the sun breaks on them after a ball.

They asked for Jacky: to their great chagrin he was not to be found. They waited, getting crosser and crosser, till nine o'clock, and then out comes my lord from the wood, walking towards them with his head down on his bosom, the picture of woe, — the milmeridien movement over again.

"There! don't let us scold him," said George, "I am sure he has lost a relation, or maybe a dear friend, any way I hope it is not his sweetheart, — poor Jacky. Well, Jacky! I *am* glad you have washed your face, now I know you again. You can't think how much better you look in your own face than painted up in that unreasonable way, like — like — like — I dono-what-all."

"Like something between a devil and a rainbow," suggested Robinson.

"But what is wrong?" asked George, kindly. "I am almost afraid to ask, though!"

Encouraged by the tone of sympathy, the afflicted chief pointed to his face, sighed, and said: —

"Kalingalùnga paint war, and now Kalingalùnga wash um face and not kill anybody first. Kalingalùnga Jacky again, and show your white place in um hill a good deal soon."

And the amiable heathen cleared up a little at the prospect of serving George, whom he loved — aboriginally.

Jem remained with the natives upon some frivolous pretence. His real hope was to catch the ruffian whom he secretly believed to be still in the wood. "He is like enough to creep out this way," thought Jem, "and then — won't I nail him!"

In half an hour they were standing under the spot whose existence Robinson had so often doubted.

"Well, George, you painted it true: it really is a river of quartz running between those two black rocks. And that you think is the home of the gold, eh?"

"Well, I do. Look here, Tom! look at this great large heap of quartz bowlders, all of different sizes; they have all rolled down here out of that river of quartz."

"Why, of course they have! who doubts that?"

"Many is the time I have sat on that green mound where Jacky is sitting now, and eaten my bread and cheese."

"I dare say! but what has that to do with it? what are we to do? Are we to go up the rock, and peck into that mass of quartz?"

"Well, I think it is worth while."

"Why, it would be like biting a piece out of the world! Look here, Master George, we can put your notion about the home of the gold to the test without all that trouble."

"As how?"

"You own all these quartz stones rolled out of yon river; if so, they are samples of it. Ten thousand quartz stones is quite sample enough, so begin and turn them all over, examine them, — break them, if you like. If we find but a speck of gold in one of them I'll believe that quartz river is gold's home, — if not, it is all humbug!"

George pulled a wry face; he found himself pinned to his own theory.

"Well," said he, "I own the sample tells us what is in the barn; so now I am vexed for bringing you here."

"Now we *are* here, give it a fair trial; let us set to and break every bowlder in the thundering heap."

They went to work and picked the quartz bowlders; full two hours they worked, and by this time they had made a considerable heap of broken quartz; it glittered in the sun, but it glittered white, not a speck of yellow came to light.

George was vexed. Robinson grinned; expecting nothing,

he was not disappointed. Besides, he was winning an argument, and we all like to turn our prophets. Presently a little cackle from Jacky.

"I find um!"

"Find what?" asked Robinson, without looking up.

"A good deal yellow stone," replied Jacky, with at least equal composure.

"Let me see that," said George, with considerable curiosity; and they both went to Jacky.

Now the fact is that this heap of quartz stones was in reality much larger than they thought, only the greater part of it had been overgrown with moss and patches of grass a few centuries of centuries ago.

Jacky, seated on what seemed a grassy mound, was in reality perched upon a part of the antique heap; his keen eye saw a little bit of yellow protruding through the moss, and he was amusing himself clipping it with his tomahawk, cutting away the moss and chipping the stone, which made the latter glitter more and yellower.

"Hallo!" cried George, "this looks better."

Robinson went on his knees without a word.

"It is all right," said he, in a great flutter, "it is a nugget, — and a good-sized one, — a pound weight, I think. Now then, my lad, out you come;" and he dug his fingers under it to jerk it out.

But the next moment he gave a screech and looked up amazed.

"Why, this is the point of the nugget; it lies the other way, not flat. George! I can't move it! The pick! O Lord! O Lord! The pick! the pick!"

"Stand clear," shouted George, and he drove the point of the pick down close by the prize, then he pressed on the handle. "Why, Tom, it is jammed somehow."

"No, it is not jammed, — it is its own weight. Why, George!"

"Then, Tom! it is an hundred-weight if it is an ounce!"

"Don't be a fool," cried the other, trembling all over; "there is no such thing in nature."

The nugget now yielded slowly to the pressure, and began to come up into the world again inch by inch after so many thousand years. Of course, before it could come all out, the soil must open first, and when Robinson, glaring down, saw a

square foot of earth part and gape as the nugget came majestically up, he gave another cry, and with trembling hands laid hold of the prize, and pulled and tugged and rolled it on the clean moss, — to lift it was not so easy. They fell down on their knees by the side of it like men in a dream. Such a thing had never been seen or heard of, — a hundred-weight of quartz and gold, and beautiful as it was great. It was like honeycomb, the cells of which had been sliced by a knife; the shining metal brimmed over in the delicate quartz cells.

They lifted it. Yes, full a hundred-weight; half the mass was quartz, but four-fifths of the weight they knew must be gold. Then they jumped up and each put a foot on it, and shook hands over it.

"O you beauty!" cried George, and he went on his knees and kissed it; "that is not because you are gold, but because you take me to Susan. Now, Tom, let us thank Heaven for its goodness to us, and back to camp this very day."

"Ay! but stop, we must wrap it in our wipes or we shall never get back alive. The very honest ones would turn villains at sight of it. It is the wonder of the world."

"I see my Susan's eyes in it," cried George, in rapture. "O Tom, good, kind, honest Tom, shake hands over it once more!"

Extract from a Sixteenth-Century Letter.

(From "The Cloister and the Hearth.")

[Margaret has received a letter from her young husband, Gerard, who is travelling afoot to Italy. She reads it to his father and mother, brothers and sister.]

Eli. "Whisht, wife!"

"And I did sigh, loud and often. And me sighing so, one came carolling like a bird adown t' other road. 'Ay, chirp and chirp,' cried I bitterly. 'Thou hast not lost sweetheart and friend, thy father's hearth, thy mother's smile, and every penny in the world.' And at last he did so carol and carol, I jumped up in ire to get away from his most jarring mirth. But ere I fled from it, I looked down the path to see what could make a man so light-hearted in this weary world; and lo! the songster was a humpbacked cripple, with a bloody bandage o'er his eye, and both legs gone at the knee."

"He! he! he! he! he!" went Sybrandt, laughing and cackling.

Margaret's eyes flashed; she began to fold the letter up.

"Nay, lass," said Eli, "heed him not! Thou unmannerly cur, offer 't but again and I put thee to the door."

"Why, what was there to gibe at, Sybrandt?" remonstrated Catherine more mildly. "Is not our Kate afflicted? and is she not the most content of us all, and singeth like a merle at times between her pains? But I am as bad as thou: prithee read on, lass, and stop our gabble wi' somewhat worth the hearkening."

"'Then,' said I, 'may this thing be?' And I took myself to task: 'Gerard, son of Eli, dost thou well to bemoan thy lot, that hast youth and health; and here comes the wreck of nature on crutches, praising God's goodness with singing like a mavis?'"

CATHERINE. "There you see."

ELI. "Whisht, dame, whisht!"

"And whenever he saw me, he left carolling and presently hobbled up and chanted, 'Charity, for love of Heaven, sweet master, charity;' with a whine as piteous as wind at keyhole. 'Alack, poor soul,' said I, 'charity is in my heart, but not my purse; I am poor as thou.' Then he believed me none, and to melt me undid his sleeve, and showed a sore wound on his arm, and said he, 'Poor cripple though I be, I am like to lose this eye to boot, look else.' I saw and groaned for him, and to excuse myself, let him wot how I had been robbed of my last copper. Thereat he left whining all in a moment, and said in a big manly voice, 'Then I'll e'en take a rest. Here, youngster, pull thou this strap: nay, fear not!' I pulled, and down came a stout pair of legs out of his back; and half his hump had melted away, and the wound in his eye no deeper than the bandage."

"Oh!" ejaculated Margaret's hearers in a body.

"Whereat, seeing me astounded, he laughed in my face, and told me I was not worth gulling, and offered me his protection. 'My face was prophetic,' he said. 'Of what?' said I. 'Marry,' said he, 'that its owner will starve in this thievish land.' Travel teaches e'en the young wisdom. Time was I had turned and fled this impostor as a pestilence; but now I listened patiently to pick up crumbs of counsel. And well I did; for nature and his adventurous life had crammed the poor knave with shrewdness and knowledge of the homelier sort — a child was I beside him. When he had turned me inside out,

said he, 'Didst well to leave France and make for Germany; but think not of Holland again. Nay, on to Augsburg and Nürnberg, the Paradise of craftsmen; thence to Venice, an thou wilt. But thou wilt never bide in Italy nor any other land, having once tasted the great German cities. Why, there is but one honest country in Europe, and that is Germany; and since thou art honest, and since I am a vagabond, Germany was made for us twain.' I bade him make that good: how might one country fit true men and knaves! 'Why, thou novice,' said he, 'because in an honest land are fewer knaves to bite the honest man, and many honest men for the knave to bite.' 'I was in luck, being honest, to have fallen in with a friendly sharp.' 'Be my pal,' said he: 'I go to Nürnberg; we will reach it with full pouches. I'll learn ye the *cul de bois*, and the *cul de jatte*, and how to maund, and chaunt, and patter, and to raise swellings, and paint sores and ulcers on thy body would take in the divell.' I told him, shivering, I'd liefer die than shame myself and my folk so."

ELI. "Good lad! good lad!"

"'Why, what shame was it for such as I to turn beggar? Beggary was an ancient and most honorable mystery. What did holy monks, and bishops, and kings, when they would win Heaven's smile? why, wash the feet of beggars, those favorites of the saints. The saints were no fools,' he told me. Then he did put out his foot. 'Look at that, that was washed by the greatest king alive, Louis of France, the last holy Thursday that was. And the next day, Friday, clapped in the stocks by the warden of a petty hamlet.'

"So I told him my foot should walk between such high honor and such low disgrace, on the safe path of honesty, please God. 'Well, then, since I had not spirit to beg, he would indulge my perversity. I should work under him; he be the head, I the fingers.' And with that he set himself up like a judge, on a heap of dust by the road's side, and questioned me strictly what I could do. I began to say I was strong and willing. 'Bah!' said he, 'so is an ox. Say, what canst do that Sir Ox cannot?'—I could write; I had won a prize for it. 'Canst write as fast as the printers?' quo' he, jeering: 'what else?'—I could paint. 'That was better.' I was like to tear my hair to hear him say so, and me going to Rome to write.—I could twang the psaltery a bit. 'That was well. Could I tell stories?' Ay, by the score. 'Then,' said

he, 'I hire you from this moment.' 'What to do?' said I. 'Naught crooked, Sir Candor,' says he. 'I will feed thee all the way and find thee work; and take half thine earnings, no more.' 'Agreed,' said I, and gave my hand on it.

"'Now, servant,' said he, 'we will dine. But ye need not stand behind my chair, for two reasons: first, I ha' got no chair; and next, good-fellowship likes me better than state.' And out of his wallet he brought flesh, fowl, and pastry, a good dozen of spices lapped in flax-paper, and wine fit for a king. Ne'er feasted I better than out of this beggar's wallet, now my master. When we had well eaten I was for going on. 'But,' said he, 'servants should not drive their masters too hard, especially after feeding, for then the body is for repose and the mind turns to contemplation;' and he lay on his back gazing calmly at the sky, and presently wondered whether there were any beggars up there. I told him I knew but of one, called Lazarus. 'Could he do the *cul de jatte* better than I?' said he, and looked quite jealous like. I told him nay; Lazarus was honest, though a beggar, and fed daily of the crumbs fal'n from a rich man's table, and the dogs licked his sores. 'Servant,' quo' he, 'I spy a foul fault in thee. Thou liest without discretion; now, the end of lying being to gull, this is no better than fumbling with the divell's tail. I pray Heaven thou mayst prove to paint better than thou cuttest whids, or I am done out of a dinner. No beggar eats crumbs, but only the fat of the land; and dogs lick not a beggar's sores, being made with spearwort, or ratsbane, or biting acids, — from all which dogs, and even pigs, abhor. My sores are made after my proper receipt; but no dog would lick e'en them twice. I have made a scurvy bargain: art a cozening knave, I doubt, as well as a nincompoop.' I deigned no reply to this bundle of lies, which did accuse heavenly truth of falsehood for not being in a tale with him.

"He rose and we took the road; and presently we came to a place where were two little wayside inns, scarce a furlong apart. 'Halt,' said my master. 'Their armories are sore faded — all the better. Go thou in; shun the master; board the wife; and flatter her inn sky-high, all but the armories, and offer to color them dirt cheap.' So I went in and told the wife I was a painter, and would revive her armories cheap; but she sent me away with a rebuff. I to my master. He groaned. 'Ye are all fingers and no tongue,' said he: 'I have made a

scurvy bargain. Come and hear me patter and flatter.' Between the two inns was a high hedge. He goes behind it a minute and comes out a decent tradesman. We went on to the other inn, and then I heard him praise it so fulsome as the very wife did blush. 'But,' says he, 'there is one little, little fault: your armories are dull and faded. Say but the word, and for a silver franc my apprentice here, the cunningest e'er I had, shall make them bright as ever.' Whilst she hesitated, the rogue told her he had done it to a little inn hard by, and now the inn's face was like the starry firmament. 'D' ye hear that, my man?' cries she: 'The Three Frogs have been and painted up their armories. Shall The Four Hedgehogs be outshone by them?' So I painted, and my master stood by like a lord, advising me how to do, and winking to me to heed him none, and I got a silver franc. And he took me back to The Three Frogs, and on the way put me on a beard and disguised me, and flattered The Three Frogs, and told them how he had adorned The Four Hedgehogs, and into the net jumped the three poor simple frogs, and I earned another silver franc. Then we went on and he found his crutches, and sent me forward, and showed his *cicatrices d'emprunt*, as he called them, and all his infirmities, at The Four Hedgehogs, and got both food and money.

"'Come, share and share,' quoth he: so I gave him one franc. 'I have made a good bargain,' said he. 'Art a master limner, but takest too much time.' So I let him know that in matters of honest craft things could not be done quick and well. 'Then do them quick,' quoth he. And he told me my name was Bon Bec; and I might call him Cul de Jatte, because that was his lay at our first meeting. And at the next town my master Cul de Jatte bought me a psaltery, and sat himself up again by the roadside in state like him that erst judged Marsyas and Apollo, piping for vain glory. So I played a strain. 'Indifferent well, harmonious Bon Bec,' said he haughtily. 'Now tune thy pipes.' So I did sing a sweet strain the good monks taught me; and singing it reminded poor Bon Bec, Gerard erst, of his young days and home, and brought the water to my e'en. But looking up, my master's visage was as the face of a little boy whipt soundly, or sipping foulest medicine. 'Zounds, stop that belly-ache blether,' quoth he: 'that will ne'er wile a stiver out o' peasants' purses; 't will but sour the nurses' milk, and gar the kine jump into

rivers to be out of earshot on't. What, false knave, did I buy thee a fine new psaltery to be minded o' my latter end withal? Hearken! these be the songs that glad the heart and fill the minstrel's purse.' And he sung so blasphemous a stave, and eke so obscene, as I drew away from him a space that the lightning might not spoil the new psaltery. However, none came, being winter; and then I said, 'Master, the Lord is debonair. Held I the thunder, yon ribaldry had been thy last, thou foul-mouthed wretch.'

"'Why, Bon Bec, what is to do?' quoth he. 'I have made an ill bargain. O perverse heart, that turneth from doctrine.' So I bade him keep his breath to cool his broth: ne'er would I shame my folk with singing ribald songs. . . .

"Then I to him, 'Take now thy psaltery, and part we here; for art a walking prison, a walking hell.' But lo! my master fell on his knees, and begged me for pity's sake not to turn him off. 'What would become of him? He did so love honesty.' 'Thou love honesty?' said I. 'Ay,' said he; 'not to enact it; the saints forbid: but to look on. 'T is so fair a thing to look on. Alas, good Bon Bec,' said he; 'hadst starved peradventure but for me. Kick not down thy ladder! Call ye that just? Nay, calm thy choler! Have pity on me! I must have a pal: and how could I bear one like myself after one so simple as thou? He might cut my throat for the money that is hid in my belt. 'T is not much; 't is not much. With thee I walk at mine ease; with a sharp I dare not go before in a narrow way. Alas! forgive me. Now I know where in thy bonnet lurks the bee, I will 'ware his sting; I will but pluck the secular goose.' 'So be it,' said I. 'And example was contagious: he should be a true man by then we reached Nürnberg. 'T was a long way to Nürnberg.' Seeing him so humble, I said, 'Well, doff rags, and make thyself decent: 't will help me forget what thou art.' And he did so; and we sat down to our nonemete.

"Presently came by a reverend palmer with hat stuck round with cockle-shells from Holy Land, and great rosary of beads like eggs of teal, and sandals for shoes. And he leaned aweary on his long staff, and offered us a shell apiece. My master would none. But I, to set him a better example, took one, and for it gave the poor pilgrim two batzen, and had his blessing. And he was scarce gone when we heard savage cries, and came a sorry sight, — one leading a wild woman in a chain, all rags,

and howling like a wolf. And when they came nigh us, she fell to tearing her rags to threads. The man sought an alms of us, and told us his hard case. 'T was his wife stark raving mad; and he could not work in the fields, and leave her in his house to fire it, nor cure her could he without the saintys help, and had vowed six pounds of wax to St. Anthony to heal her, and so was fain beg of charitable folk for the money. And now she espied us, and flew at me with her long nails, and I was cold with fear, so devilish showed her face and rolling eyes and nails like birdys talons. But he with the chain checked her sudden, and with his whip did cruelly lash her for it, that I cried, 'Forbear! forbear! She knoweth not what she doth;' and gave him a batz.

"And being gone, said I, 'Master, of those twain I know not which is the more pitiable.' And he laughed in my face. 'Behold thy justice, Bon Bec,' said he. 'Thou railest on thy poor, good, within-an-ace-of-honest master, and bestowest alms on a "vopper."' 'Vopper!' said I: 'what is a vopper?' 'Why, a trull that feigns madness. That was one of us, that sham maniac, and wow but she did it clumsily. I blushed for her and thee. Also gavest two batzen for a shell from Holy Land, that came no farther than Normandy. I have culled them myself on that coast by scores, and sold them to pilgrims true and pilgrims false, to gull flats like thee withal.' 'What!' said I: 'that reverend man?' 'One of us!' cried Cul de Jatte; 'one of us! In France we call them "Coquillarts," but here "Calmierers." Railest on me for selling a false relic now and then, and wastest thy earnings on such as sell naught else. I tell thee, Bon Bec,' said he, 'there is not one true relic on earth's face. The saints died a thousand years agone, and their bones mixed with the dust: but the trade in relics, it is of yesterday; and there are forty thousand tramps in Europe live by it, selling relics of forty or fifty bodies: oh, threadbare lie! And of the true Cross enow to build Cologne Minster. Why then may not poor Cul de Jatte turn his penny with the crowd? Art but a scurvy tyrannical servant to let thy poor master from his share of the swag with your whoreson pilgrims, palmers, and friars, black, gray, and crutched; for all these are of our brotherhood and of our art, — only masters they, and we but poor apprentices, in guild.' For his tongue was an ell and a half.

"'A truce to thy irreverend sophistries,' said I, 'and say what company is this a-coming.' 'Bohemians,' cried he. 'Ay, ay,

this shall be the rest of the band.' With that came along so motley a crew as never your eyes beheld, dear Margaret. Marched at their head one with a banner on a steel-pointed lance, and girded with a great long sword, and in velvet doublet and leathern jerkin, the which stuffs ne'er saw I wedded afore on mortal flesh, and a gay feather in his lordly cap, and a couple of dead fowls at his back, — the which an the spark had come by honestly, I am much mistook. Him followed wives and babes on two lean horses, whose flanks still rattled like parchment drum, being beaten by kettles and caldrons. Next an armed man a-riding of a horse, which drew a cart full of females and children: and in it, sitting backwards, a lusty, lazy knave, lance in hand, with his luxurious feet raised on a holy-water pail that lay along; and therein a cat, new kittened, sat glowing o'er her brood, and sparks for eyes. And the cart-horse cavalier had on his shoulders a round bundle; and thereon did perch a cock and crowed with zeal, poor ruffler, proud of his brave feathers as the rest, — and haply with more reason, being his own. And on an ass another wife and new-born child; and one poor quean afoot scarce dragged herself along, so near her time was she, yet held two little ones by the hand, and helplessly helped them on the road. And the little folk were just a farce: some rode sticks with horses' heads between their legs, which pranced and caracoled, and soon wearied the riders so sore they stood stock-still and wept, which cavaliers were presently taken into cart and cuffed. And one, more grave, lost in a man's hat and feather, walked in Egyptian darkness, handed by a girl; another had the great saucepan on his back, and a tremendous three-footed clay pot sat on his head and shoulders, swallowing him so as he too went darkling, led by his sweetheart three foot high. When they were gone by, and we had both laughed lustily, said I, 'Natheless, master, my bowels they yearn for one of that tawdry band; even for the poor wife so near the down-lying, scarce able to drag herself, yet still, poor soul, helping the weaker on the way.'"

CATHERINE. "Nay, nay, Margaret. Why, wench, pluck up heart. Certes thou art no Bohemian."

KATE. "Nay, mother, 't is not that, I trow, but her father. And, dear heart, why take notice to put her to the blush?"

RICHART. "So I say."

"And he derided me. 'Why, that is a "biltreger,"' said he, 'and you waste your bowels on a pillow,' or so forth. I told

him he lied. 'Time would show,' said he: 'wait till they camp.' And rising after meat and meditation, and travelling forward, we found them camped between two great trees on a common by the wayside; and they had lighted a great fire, and on it was their caldron; and one of the trees slanting o'er the fire, a kid hung down by a chain from the tree-fork to the fire, and in the fork was wedged an urchin turning still the chain to keep the meat from burning, and a gay spark with a feather in his cap cut up a sheep; and another had spitted a leg of it on a wooden stake; and a woman ended chanticleer's pride with wringing of his neck.

"And under the other tree four rufflers played at cards and quarreled, and no word sans oath; and of these lewd gamblers one had cockles in his hat and was my reverend pilgrim. And a female, young and comely and dressed like a butterfly, sat and mended a heap of dirty rags. And Cul de Jatte said, 'Yon is the "vopper;"' and I looked incredulous, and looked again, and it was so: and at her feet sat he that had so late lashed her — but I ween he had wist where to strike, or woe betide him; and she did now oppress him sore, and made him thread her very needle, the which he did with all humility: so was their comedy turned seamy side without; and Cul de Jatte told me 't was still so with 'voppers' and their men in camp: they would don their bravery though but for an hour, and with their tinsel, empire; and the man durst not the least gainsay the 'vopper,' or she would turn him off at these times, as I my master, and take another tyrant more submissive. And my master chuckled over me.

"Natheless we soon espied a wife set with her back against the tree, and her hair down, and her face white; and by her side a wench held up to her eye a new-born babe, with words of cheer; and the rough fellow, her husband, did bring her hot wine in a cup, and bade her take courage. And just o'er the place she sat, they had pinned from bough to bough of those neighboring trees two shawls, and blankets two, together, to keep the drizzle off her. And so had another poor little rogue come into the world: and by her own particular folk tended gypsywise; but of the roasters and boilers, and voppers and gamblers, no more noticed — no, not for a single moment — than sheep which droppeth her lamb in a field, by travellers upon the way. Then said I, 'What of thy foul suspicions, master? over-knavery blinds the eye as well as over-simplicity.' And he laughed and said,

'Triumph, Bon Bec, triumph. The chances were nine in ten against thee.' Then I did pity her, to be in a crowd at such a time; but he rebuked me:—'I should pity rather your queens and royal duchesses, which by law are condemned to groan in a crowd of nobles and courtiers, and do writhe with shame as well as sorrow, being come of decent mothers; whereas these gypsy women have no more shame under their skins than a wolf ruth, or a hare valor. And, Bon Bec,' quoth he, 'I espy in thee a lamentable fault. Wastest thy bowels. Wilt have none left for thy poor good master which doeth thy will by night and day.'

"Then we came forward; and he talked with the men in some strange Hebrew cant whereof no word knew I; and the poor knaves bade us welcome and denied us naught. With them, and all they had, 't was lightly come and lightly go; and when we left them my master said to me, 'This is thy first lesson, but to-night we shall lie at Hansburg. Come with me to the "rotboss" there, and I 'll show thee all our folk and their lays; and especially the "lossners," the "dutzers," the "schleppers," the "gickisses," the "schwanfelders" (whom in England we call "shivering Jemmies"), the "süntvegers," the "schwiegers," the "joners," the "sessel-degers," the "gennscherers" (in France "marcandiers" or "rifodés"), the "veranerins," the "stabulers," with a few foreigners like ourselves, such as "pietres," "francmitoux," "polissons," "malingreux," "traters," "rufflers," "whipjalks," "dommerars," "glymmerars," "jarkmen," "patricos," "swadders," "autem morts," "walking motts"'—'Enow,' cried I, stopping him: 'art as gleesome as the Evil One a-counting of his imps. I 'll jot down in my tablet all these caitiffs and their accursed names; for knowledge is knowledge. But go among them, alive or dead, that will I not with my good will. Moreover,' said I, 'what need, since I have a companion in thee who is all the knaves on earth in one?' and thought to abash him; but his face shone with pride, and hand on breast he did bow low to me. 'If thy wit be scant, good Bon Bec, thy manners are a charm. I have made a good bargain.'

"So he to the 'rotboss:' and I to a decent inn, and sketched the landlord's daughter by candlelight, and started at morn batzen three the richer, but could not find my master; so loitered slowly on, and presently met him coming west for me, and cursing the quiens. Why so? Because he could blind the culls but not the quiens. At last I prevailed on him to leave cursing and canting, and tell me his adventure.

"Said he, 'I sat outside the gate of yon monastery, full of sores, which I showed the passers-by. O Bon Bec, beautifuller sores you never saw; and it rained coppers in my hat. Presently the monks came home from some procession, and the convent dogs ran out to meet them, curse the quiens!' 'What, did they fall on thee and bite thee, poor soul?' 'Worse, worse, dear Bon Bec. Had they bitten me I had earned silver. But the great idiots — being, as I think, puppies, or little better — fell on me where I sat, downed me, and fell a-licking my sores among them. As thou, false knave, didst swear the whelps in heaven licked the sores of Lazybones, a beggar of old.' 'Nay, nay,' said I, 'I said no such thing. But tell me, since they bit thee not, but sportfully licked thee, what harm?' — 'What harm, noodle? why, the, sores came off.' — 'How could that be?' — 'How could aught else be, and them just fresh put on? Did I think he was so weak as bite holes in his flesh with ratsbane? Nay, he was an artist, a painter like his servant; and had put on sores made of pig's blood, rye meal, and glue.' — 'So when the folks saw my sores go on tongues of puppies, they laughed, and I saw cord or sack before me. So up I jumped, and shouted, "A miracle! a miracle! The very dogs of this holy convent be holy, and have cured me. Good fathers," cried I, "whose day is this?" "St. Isidore's," said one. "St. Isidore!" cried I, in a sort of rapture. "Why, St. Isidore is my patron saint; so that accounts." And the simple folk swallowed my miracle as those accursed quiens my wounds. But the monks took me inside and shut the gate, and put their heads together: but I have a quick ear, and one did say "Caret miraculo monasterium;" which is Greek patter, I trow — leastways it is no beggar's cant. Finally they bade the lay brethren give me a hiding, and take me out a back way and put me on the road; and threatened me did I come back to the town to hand me to the magistrate and have me drowned for a plain impostor. "Profit now by the Church's grace," said they, "and mend thy ways." So forward, Bon Bec, for my life is not sure nigh hand this town.'

"As we went he worked his shoulders. 'Wow, but the brethren laid on! And what means yon piece of monk's cant, I wonder?' So I told him the words meant 'The monastery is in want of a miracle,' but the application thereof was dark to me. 'Dark!' cried he: 'dark as noon. Why, it means they are going to work the miracle, my miracle, and gather all the grain I sowed. Therefore these blows on their benefactor's shoulders;

therefore is he that wrought their scurvy miracle driven forth with stripes and threats. Oh, cozening knaves!' Said I, 'Becomes you to complain of guile.' 'Alas, Bon Bec,' said he, 'I but outwit the simple; but these monks would pluck Lucifer of his wing-feathers.' And went a league bemoaning himself that he was not convent-bred like his servant, — 'he would put it to more profit;' and railing on quiens. 'And as for those monks, there was one Above —' 'Certes,' said I, 'there is one Above: what then?' '— who will call those shavelings to compt, one day,' quoth he. 'And all deceitful men,' said I.

"At one that afternoon I got armories to paint; so my master took the yellow jaundice, and went begging through the town, and with his oily tongue and saffron-water face did fill his hat. Now in all the towns are certain licensed beggars, and one of these was an old favorite with the townsfolk; had his station at St. Martin's porch, the greatest church: a blind man; they called him Blind Hans. He saw my master drawing coppers on the other side the street, and knew him by his tricks for an impostor; so sent and warned the constables, and I met my master in the constable's hands, and going to his trial in the town-hall. I followed, and many more; and he was none abashed, neither by the pomp of justice nor memory of his misdeeds, but demanded his accuser like a trumpet. And blind Hans's boy came forward, but was sifted narrowly by my master, and stammered and faltered, and owned he had seen nothing, but only carried blind Hans's tale to the chief constable. 'This is but hearsay,' said my master. 'Lo ye, now, here standeth Misfortune backbit by Envy. But stand thou forth, blind Envy, and vent thine own lie.' And blind Hans behooved to stand forth, sore against his will. Him did my master so press with questions, and so pinch and torture, asking him again and again how, being blind, he could see all that befell, and some that befell not, across a way; and why, an he could not see, he came there holding up his perjured hand, and maligning the misfortunate, that at last he groaned aloud and would utter no word more. And an alderman said, 'In sooth, Hans, ye are to blame; hast cast more dirt of suspicion on thyself than on him.' But the burgomaster, a wondrous fat man, and methinks of his fat some had gotten into his head, checked him and said: 'Nay, Hans we know this many years, and be he blind or not, he hath passed for blind so long, 't is all one. Back to thy porch, good Hans, and let the strange varlet leave the town incontinent on pain of whipping.'

"Then my master winked to me: but there rose a civic officer in his gown of state and golden chain, — a Dignity with us lightly prized, and even shunned of some, but in Germany and France much courted save by condemned malefactors, to wit, the hangman; and says he, 'An 't please you, first let us see why he weareth his hair so thick and low.' And his man went and lifted Cul de Jatte's hair, and lo the upper gristle of both ears was gone. 'How is this, knave?' quoth the burgomaster. My master said carelessly, he minded not precisely: his had been a life of misfortunes and losses. 'When a poor soul has lost the use of his legs, noble sirs, these more trivial woes rest lightly in his memory.' When he found this would not serve his turn, he named two famous battles, in each of which he had lost half an ear, a-fighting like a true man against traitors and rebels. But the hangman showed them the two cuts were made at one time, and by measurement. ''T is no bungling soldier's-work, my masters,' said he; ''t is ourn.' Then the burgomaster gave judgment: 'The present charge is not proven against thee; but an thou beest not guilty now, thou hast been at other times, witness thine ears. Wherefore I send thee to prison for one month, and to give a florin towards the new hall of the guilds now a-building, and to be whipt out of the town and pay the hangman's fee for the same.' And all the aldermen approved, and my master was haled to prison with one look of anguish. It did strike my bosom.

"I tried to get speech of him, but the jailer denied me. But lingering near the jail I heard a whistle, and there was Cul de Jatte at a narrow window twenty feet from earth. I went under, and he asked me what made I there? I told him I was loath to go forward and not bid him farewell. He seemed quite amazed; but soon his suspicious soul got the better. That was not all mine errand, I told him — not all: the psaltery. 'Well, what of that?' ''T was not mine, but his: I would pay him the price of it. 'Then throw me a rix-dollar,' said he. I counted out my coins, and they came to a rix-dollar and two batzen. I threw him up his money in three throws, and when he had got it all he said, softly, 'Bon Bec.' 'Master,' said I. Then the poor rogue was greatly moved. 'I thought ye had been mocking me,' said he: 'O Bon Bec, Bon Bec, if I had found the world like thee at starting, I had put my wit to better use, and I had not lain here.' Then he whimpered out, 'I gave not quite a rix-dollar for the jingler,' and threw me back that he had gone to cheat me of; honest for once, and over late: and so with many sighs bade me Godspeed.

"Thus did my master, after often baffling men's justice, fall by their injustice; for his lost ears proved not his guilt only, but of that guilt the bitter punishment: so the account was even; yet they for his chastisement did chastise him. Natheless he was a parlous rogue. Yet he holp to make a man of me. Thanks to his good wit, I went forward richer far with my psaltery and brush than with yon as good as stolen purse; for that must have run dry in time, like a big trough, but these a little fountain."

Monk and Father.

(From "The Cloister and the Hearth.")

He staggered to his den. "I am safe here," he groaned: "she will never come near me again, — unmanly, ungrateful wretch that I am." And he flung his emaciated, frozen body down on the floor, not without a secret hope that it might never rise thence alive.

But presently he saw by the hour-glass that it was past midnight. On this, he rose slowly and took off his wet things; and moaning all the time at the pain he had caused her he loved, put on the old hermit's cilice of bristles, and over that his breastplate. He had never worn either of these before, doubting himself worthy to don the arms of that tried soldier. But now he must give himself every aid: the bristles might distract his earthly remorse by bodily pain, and there might be holy virtue in the breastplate.

Then he kneeled down and prayed God humbly to release him that very night from the burden of the flesh. Then he lighted all his candles, and recited his psalter doggedly: each word seemed to come like a lump of lead from a leaden heart, and to fall leaden to the ground; and in this mechanical office every now and then he moaned with all his soul. In the midst of which he suddenly observed a little bundle in the corner he had not seen before in the feebler light, and at one end of it something like gold spun into silk.

He went to see what it could be; and he had no sooner viewed it closer, than he threw up his hands with rapture. "It is a seraph," he whispered, "a lovely seraph. Heaven hath witnessed my bitter trial, and approves my cruelty; and this flower of the skies is sent to cheer me, fainting under my burden."

He fell on his knees, and gazed with ecstasy on its golden hair, and its tender skin, and cheeks like a peach.

"Let me feast my sad eyes on thee ere thou leavest me for thine ever-blessed abode, and my cell darkens again at thy parting, as it did at hers."

With all this, the hermit disturbed the lovely visitor. He opened wide two eyes, the color of heaven; and seeing a strange figure kneeling over him, he cried piteously, "Mum-ma! Mum-ma!" And the tears began to run down his little cheeks.

Perhaps, after all, Clement, who for more than six months had not looked on the human face divine, estimated childish beauty more justly than we can; and in truth, this fair Northern child, with its long golden hair, was far more angelic than any of our imagined angels. But now the spell was broken.

Yet not unhappily. Clement, it may be remembered, was fond of children; and true monastic life fosters this sentiment. The innocent distress on the cherubic face, the tears that ran so smoothly from those transparent violets, his eyes, and his pretty, dismal cry for his only friend, his mother, went through the hermit's heart. He employed all his gentleness and all his art to soothe him: and as the little soul was wonderfully intelligent for his age, presently succeeded so far that he ceased to cry out, and wonder took the place of fear; while in silence, broken only in little gulps, he scanned with great tearful eyes this strange figure that looked so wild but spoke so kindly, and wore armor, yet did not kill little boys, but coaxed them. Clement was equally perplexed to know how this little human flower came to lie sparkling and blooming in his gloomy cave. But he remembered he had left the door wide open; and he was driven to conclude that owing to this negligence, some unfortunate creature of high or low degree had seized this opportunity to get rid of her child forever. At this his bowels yearned so over the poor deserted cherub, that the tears of pure tenderness stood in his eyes; and still, beneath the crime of the mother, he saw the Divine goodness which had so directed her heartlessness as to comfort his servant's breaking heart.

"Now bless thee, bless thee, bless thee, sweet innocent, I would not change thee for e'en a cherub in heaven."

"At's pooty," replied the infant, — ignoring contemptuously, after the manner of infants, all remarks that did not interest him.

"What is pretty here, my love, besides thee?"

"Ookum-gars," said the boy, pointing to the hermit's breastplate.

"Quot liberi, tot sententiunculæ!" Hector's child screamed at his father's glittering casque and nodding crest: and here was a mediæval babe charmed with a polished cuirass, and his griefs assuaged.

"There are prettier things here than that," said Clement; "there are little birds; lovest thou birds?"

"Nay. Ay. En um ittle, ery ittle? Not ike torks. Hate torks; um bigger an baby."

He then confided, in very broken language, that the storks, with their great flapping wings, scared him, and were a great trouble and worry to him, darkening his existence more or less.

"Ah, but my birds are very little, and good, and oh, so pretty!"

"Den I ikes 'm," said the child authoritatively. "I ont my mammy."

"Alas, sweet dove! I doubt I shall have to fill her place as best I may. Hast thou no daddy as well as mammy, sweet one?"

The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell, and with it, and in it, and almost as swift as it, Margaret Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

"Gerard, you do not reject us. You cannot."

The startled hermit glared from his nursling to Margaret, and from her to him, in amazement equalled only by his agitation at her so unexpected return. The child lay asleep on his left arm, and she was at his right knee; no longer the pale, scared, panting girl he had overpowered so easily an hour or two ago, but an imperial beauty, with blushing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and lips sweetly parted in triumph, and her whole face radiant with a look he could not quite read, for he had never yet seen it on her, — maternal pride.

He stared and stared from the child to her, in throbbing amazement.

"Us?" he gasped at last. And still his wonder-stricken eyes turned to and fro.

Margaret was surprised in her turn. It was an age of impressions, not facts. "What!" she cried, "doth not a father know his own child? and a man of God too? Fie, Gerard, to pretend! nay, thou art too wise, too good, not to have — why, I watched thee; and e'en now look at you twain! 'T is thine own flesh and blood thou holdest to thine heart."

Clement trembled. "What words are these?" he stammered; "this angel mine?"

"Whose else? since he is mine."

Clement turned on the sleeping child, with a look beyond the power of the pen to describe, and trembled all over, as his eyes seemed to absorb the little love.

Margaret's eyes followed his. "He is not a bit like me," said she, proudly; "but oh, at whiles he is thy very image in little; and see this golden hair. Thine was the very color at his age; ask mother else. And see this mole on his little finger; now look at thine own: there! 'T was thy mother let me weet thou wast marked so before him: and O Gerard, 't was this our child found thee for me; for by that little mark on thy finger I knew thee for his father, when I watched above thy window and saw thee feed the birds:" here she seized the child's hand and kissed it eagerly, and got half of it into her mouth, heaven knows how. "Ah, bless thee! thou didst find thy poor daddy for her, and now thou hast made us friends again after our little quarrel; the first, the last. Wast very cruel to me but now, my poor Gerard, and I forgive thee — for loving of thy child."

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN.

Renan, Joseph Ernest, a famous French Orientalist, philologist, essayist, and historian; born at Tréguier, February 27, 1823; died at Paris, October 2, 1892. He entered the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, but devoted himself to Semitic philology and philosophy, rather than to theology. In 1848 he gained the Volney prize for an essay on the Semitic languages; in 1849 he put forth an essay on the Greek language during the Middle Ages which was "crowned" by the Institute, and he was sent to Italy by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. In 1852 he was put in charge of the department of manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Nationale. In 1860 he was sent by the Government upon a literary mission to Syria. In 1863 he published his "Life of Jesus," the best known of all his works, and also embodied in his "History of the Origins of Christianity," which, ultimately extending to seven volumes, was not completed until 1882. Notwithstanding the theological opposition to him, he was in 1881 chosen Director of the French Academy, and in 1883 was made Vice-Rector of the Collège de France. In 1883 he published his "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse." M. Renan's latest works are "L'Histoire du Peuple d'Israel" (1887); "L'Avenir de la Science" (1890); "Feuilles Détachées" (1892); and "Recollections and Letters" (1892).

Jesus at Capernaum.

(From the "Life of Jesus.")

Possessed by an idea more and more imperious and exclusive, Jesus will henceforth advance with a kind of impassible fatality along the path which his astonishing genius and the extraordinary circumstances in which he lived had marked out for him. Thus far he had communicated his thoughts only to a few persons attracted to him privately; henceforth his teaching becomes public and popular. He was scarcely thirty years of age. The little group of hearers who had accompanied him to John the Baptist had doubtless increased, and perhaps some of John's disciples had joined him. It is with this first nu-

cleus of a Church that he boldly announces, on his return into Galilee, the "good tidings of the kingdom of God." That kingdom was at hand, and he, Jesus, was that "Son of man" whom the prophet Daniel had perceived in his vision as the divine executor of the final and supreme revelation.

We must remember that, in the ideas of the Jews, antipathetic to art and mythology, the simple form of man was superior to that of the *cherubs*, and the fantastic animals, which the imagination of the people, since it had been subjected to the influence of Assyria, supposed to be ranged around the divine Majesty. Already in Ezekiel, the being seated upon the supreme throne, far above the monsters of the mysterious chariot, the great revelator of the prophetic visions has the likeness of a man. In the Book of Daniel, in the midst of the vision of empires represented by animals, just as the sitting of the great judgment commences and the books are opened, a being "like the son of man" advances towards the Ancient of days, who confers on him the power to judge the world, and to govern it forever. *Son of man* is in the Semitic languages, especially in the Aramæan dialects, simply a synonym of *man*. But this great passage of Daniel struck the imagination; the word *son of man* became, at least in certain schools, one of the titles of the Messiah portrayed as the judge of the world and as king of the new era which was about to open. The application which Jesus made of it to himself was therefore the proclamation of his Messiahship and the declaration of the speedy catastrophe in which he was to appear as judge, clothed with the full powers which had been delegated to him by the Ancient of days.

The success of the preaching of the new prophet was now decided. A group of men and women, all characterized by a common spirit of youthful candor and artless innocence, adhered to him and said: "Thou art the Messiah." As the Messiah must be the son of David, they naturally gave him that title, which was a synonym of the first. Jesus permitted it to be given him with pleasure, although it caused him some embarrassment, his birth being well known. For his own part, the title which he preferred was that of "Son of man," a title apparently humble, but one which attached itself directly to the expectations of a Messiah. It is by this expression that he designates himself, so much so that in his mouth "the Son of man" was synonymous with the pronoun "I," which he

avoided using. But he is never thus addressed, doubtless because the name in question could be fully accorded to him only at the period of his second coming.

The centre of activity of Jesus, at this epoch of his life, was the little city of Capernaum, situated upon the border of the Lake of Genesareth. The name of Capernaum, into the composition of which enters the word *caphar*, "village," seems to designate a small straggling town of the ancient style, in opposition to the great cities built according to the Roman fashion, like Tiberias. This name was so little known that Josephus, in one passage of his writings, took it for the name of a fountain, the fountain being more celebrated than the village which was situated near it. Like Nazareth, Capernaum had no history, and had in nowise participated in the unhallowed progress favored by the Herods. Jesus attached himself very closely to this town and made it a second home. Soon after his return, he had made an effort at Nazareth which was unsuccessful. He could there do no mighty work, according to the naïve remark of one of his biographers. The acquaintance of the Nazarenes with his family, which was of little note, was too injurious to his authority. They could not regard as the son of David one whose brother, sister and brother-in-law they saw every day. It is remarkable, moreover, that his family made strenuous opposition to him, and flatly refused to believe in his mission. The citizens, far more violent, desired, it is said, to kill him by casting him headlong from a steep cliff. Jesus aptly remarked that this experience was the common lot of all great men, and applied to himself the proverb: "No man is a prophet in his own country."

This failure was far from discouraging him. He returned to Capernaum, where he organized a series of visits to the little villages around. The people of that beautiful and fertile country were scarcely ever united except on Saturday. He chose this day for his teachings. Each village had then its synagogue or place of meeting. This was a rectangular hall, rather small, with a portico decorated with the Grecian orders. The Jews, having no distinctive architecture, had never attempted to give to their edifices an original style. The ruins of many ancient synagogues still exist in Galilee. They are all constructed of large and good materials; but their style is very mean on account of that profusion of vegetable ornaments, of foliage and of twists, which characterizes Jewish monuments.

In the interior, there were benches, a chair for the public reading, a closet to keep the sacred scrolls. These edifices, which had nothing in common with the temple, were the centre of all the Jewish life. The people assembled there on the Sabbath day for prayer and the reading of the Law and the Prophets. As Judaism, out of Jerusalem, had no clergy proper, any person arose, read the lessons of the day (*parascha* and *haphtara*), and added to this a *midrasch* or commentary, entirely personal, in which he set forth his peculiar ideas. This was the origin of the "homily," of which we find the complete model in the small treatises of Philo. Any one had the right to make objections and to question the reader; so the congregation soon degenerated into a sort of free assembly. It had a president, "elders," a *hazzan*, appointed reader or beadle, "envoys," a species of secretaries or messengers who carried on the correspondence between one synagogue and another, and a *schammasch* or sacristan. The synagogues were thus in fact little independent republics; they had an extended jurisdiction. Like all municipal corporations up to an advanced period of the Roman Empire, they made honorary decrees, adopted resolutions having the force of law over the community, pronounced sentence for penal offences, the executor of which was ordinarily the *hazzan*.

With the extreme activity of mind which always characterized the Jews, such an institution, notwithstanding the arbitrary severities which it permitted, could not fail to occasion very animated discussions. Thanks to the synagogues, Judaism has been able to preserve itself intact through eighteen centuries of persecution. They were so many little worlds apart, in which the national spirit was preserved, and which offered to intestine struggle a field ready prepared. There was expended an enormous amount of passion. Disputes of precedence were intense among them. To have a seat of honor in the first row was the recompense of a lofty piety, or the privilege of the rich which was most envied. On the other hand, the liberty, accorded to whomsoever chose to take it, of constituting himself the reader and commentator of the sacred text, gave wonderful facilities for the propagation of new ideas. This was one of the great opportunities of Jesus and the means which he employed most habitually to establish his doctrinal teaching. He entered the synagogue, and rose to read; the *hazzan* handed him the book, he unrolled it, and reading the

parascha or the *haphtara* of the day, drew from that lesson some development conformable to his ideas. As there were few Pharisees in Galilee, the discussion against him did not assume that degree of intensity and that acrimonious tone which, at Jerusalem, would have stopped him short at the first step. The good Galileans had never heard discourse so adapted to their cheerful imaginations. They admired him, they caressed him, they believed that he spoke well and that his reasons were convincing. The most difficult objections he resolved with authority; the charm of his speech and of his person captivated these people still young and not withered by the pedantry of the doctors.

The authority of the young master thus went on increasing day by day, and, naturally, the more others believed in him, the more he believed in himself. His sphere of action was quite limited. It was entirely confined to the basin of Lake Tiberias, and even in this basin it had a favorite region. The lake is twelve or fifteen miles long, by eight or ten broad; although presenting the appearance of a regular oval, it forms, from Tiberias to the entrance of the Jordan, a kind of bay, the curve of which measures about eight miles. Here was the field in which the seed which Jesus sowed found at length the earth well prepared. Let us go over it step by step, endeavoring to lift the mantle of barrenness and death with which the demon of Islam has covered it.

On leaving Tiberias, we find at first rocky cliffs, a mountain which seems crumbling into the sea. Then the mountains trend away; a plain (*El-Ghoueir*) opens almost at the level of the lake. This is a delightful grove of high verdure, furrowed by abundant waters, which come in part from a large round basin of antique construction (*Ain-Medawara*). At the entrance of this plain, which is the country of Gennesaret proper, is found the miserable village of *Medjdel*. At the other end of the plain (still following the sea) the site of a village is encountered (*Khan-Minyeh*), very fine fountains (*Ain-et-Tin*), a good road, straight and deep, cut in the rock, which Jesus certainly often trod, and which is the passage between the plain of Gennesaret and the northern slope of the lake. A mile further on, we cross a little salt-water river (*Ain-Tabiga*) flowing out of the earth by several large springs a few steps from the lake, which it enters in the midst of a thicket of verdure. Finally, two miles beyond, upon the arid slope which extends from Ain-Tabiga to

the mouth of the Jordan, a few huts and a cluster of rather massive ruins are found, called *Tell-Hum.*

Five little cities, of which men will speak forever, as much as of Rome or Athens, were, in the time of Jesus, scattered over the space which extends from the village of Medjdel to Tell-Hum. Of these five villages, Madgala, Dalmanutha, Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin, the first only can now be identified with certainty. The wretched village of Medjdel doubtless preserves the name and the place of the little market town which gave to Jesus his most faithful friend. Dalmanutha was probably near by. It is not impossible that Chorazin was a little inland to the north. As to Bethsaida and Capernaum, it is in truth entirely by conjecture that they are located at Tell-Hum, at Ain-et-Tin, at Khan-Minyeh, at Ain-Medawara. It would seem that in topography, as in history, there has been a profound design to conceal the traces of the great founder. It is doubtful whether we shall ever succeed, amid this complete devastation, in identifying the places to which humanity would fain come to kiss the imprints of his feet.

The lake, the horizon, the shrubs, the flowers, these are all that remain of the little region of eight or ten miles in which Jesus founded his divine work. The trees have totally disappeared. In this country, where the vegetation was formerly so brilliant that Josephus saw in it a sort of miracle, — nature, according to him, being pleased to collect here, side by side, the plants of the cold latitudes, the productions of the torrid zones, and the trees of the temperate climes, burdened all the year with flowers and fruit; — in this country, I say, the traveller now calculates a day in advance the spot in which he may find on the morrow a little shade for his repast. The lake has become deserted. A single bark, in the most miserable condition, plows to-day these waves once so rich in life and joy. But the waters are still light and transparent. The beach, composed of rocks or of pebbles, is almost that of a little sea, not that of a pond, like the shore of Lake Huleh. It is clean, neat, without mud, always beaten at the same level by the slight movement of the waves. Little promontories, covered with oleanders, tamarind trees, and the prickly caper, complete the outline. At two places especially, at the egress of the Jordan, near Tarichœa and at the border of the plain of Gennesaret, there are intoxicating parterres, where the waves die away amid clumps of grass and flowers. The brook of Ain-

Tabiga forms a little estuary full of pretty shell-fish. Clouds of swimming birds cover the lake. The horizon is sparkling with light. The water, of a celestial azure, deeply encased between frowning rocks, seems, when viewed from the summit of the mountains of Safed, to be in the bottom of a cup of gold. To the north, the snowy ravines of Hermon stand out in white lines against the sky; on the east, the high undulating plains of the Gaulonitis and of Peræa, completely arid, and clothed by the sun in a species of velvety atmosphere, form a continuous mountain-range, or rather a long, elevated terrace, which, from Cæsarea Philippi, trends indefinitely towards the south.

The heat upon the borders is now very oppressive. The lake occupies a depression of six hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and thus shares the torrid conditions of the Dead Sea. An abundant vegetation formerly tempered these excessive heats; it is difficult to comprehend that such an oven as the whole basin of the lake now is, from the month of May, was ever the scene of such extraordinary activity. Josephus, moreover, considers the country very temperate. Doubtless there has been here, as in the Roman campagna, some change of climate, brought about by historical causes. It is Islamism, especially the Moslem reaction against the crusades, which has blasted, like a sirocco of death, the region favored of Jesus. The beautiful land of Gennesaret did not suspect that beneath the brow of this peaceful wayfarer her destinies were swaying. A dangerous compatriot, Jesus was fatal to the country which had the perilous honor of producing him. Become to all an object of love or of hate, envied by two rival fanaticisms, Galilee, as the price of its glory, was to be changed into a desert. But who would say that Jesus had been happier had he lived to the full age of man, obscure in his native village? And who would think of these ingrate Nazarenes, if, at the risk of compromising the future of their little town, one of them had not recognized his Father, and proclaimed himself son of God?

Four or five large villages, situated two or three miles apart,—this then, was the little world of Jesus, at the period at which we have arrived. It does not appear that he was ever at Tiberias, a city altogether profane, inhabited in great part by pagans and the habitual residence of Antipater. Sometimes, however, he left his favorite region. He went in a boat to the eastern shore, to Gergesa for example. Toward the north, we

behold him at Paneas, Cæsarea Philippi, at the foot of Hermon. Once, indeed, he made a journey towards Tyre and Sidon, a country which must then have been marvellously flourishing. In all these regions he was in the full sweep of paganism. At Cæsarea, he saw the celebrated grotto of the *Panium*, in which the source of the Jordan was placed, and which the popular belief surrounded with strange legends; he could behold the marble temple which Herod had built near this in honor of Augustus; he probably stopped before the many votive statues to Pan, to the Nymphs, to the Echo of the grotto, which piety had already accumulated in this beautiful place. An Evhemerist Jew, accustomed to regard strange gods as divinized men or as demons, must have considered all these figured representations as idols. To the seductions of the naturalistic worships, which intoxicated the more sensitive races, he was insensible. He had not probably any knowledge that the old sanctuary of Melkarth, at Tyre, still contained something of a primitive worship more or less analogous to that of the Jews. Paganism, which, in Phœnicia, had reared on every hill a temple and a sacred grove, all this appearance of great industry and of worldly riches, could have had little charm for him. Monotheism takes away all ability to comprehend the pagan religions; the Mussulman thrown into polytheistic countries seems to have no eyes. Jesus, without doubt, learned nothing in these voyages. He returned again to his well-loved shore of Gennesaret. The centre of his thoughts was there; there he found faith and love.

. . . . . .

Jesus is not a founder of dogmas, a maker of symbols; he is the world's initiator into a new spirit. The least Christian of men were, on the one hand, the doctors of the Greek Church, who from the fourth century involved Christianity in a series of puerile metaphysical discussions, and, on the other hand, the scholastics of the Latin middle ages, who attempted to draw from the Gospel the thousands of articles of a colossal "Summation." To adhere to Jesus, in view of the kingdom of God, was what it was originally to be a Christian.

Thus we comprehend how, by an exceptional destiny, pure Christianity still presents itself, at the end of eighteen centuries, with the character of a universal and eternal religion. It is because in fact the religion of Jesus is, in some respects, the final religion. The fruit of a perfectly spontaneous move-

ment of souls, free at its birth from every dogmatic constraint, having struggled three hundred years for liberty of conscience, Christianity, in spite of the falls which followed, still gathers the fruits of this surpassing origin. To renew itself, it has only to turn to the Gospel. The kingdom of God, as we conceive it, is widely different from the supernatural apparition which the first Christians expected to see burst forth in the clouds. But the sentiment which Jesus introduced into the world is really ours. His perfect idealism is the highest rule of unworldly and virtuous life. He has created that heaven of free souls, in which is found what we ask in vain on earth, the perfect nobility of the children of God, absolute purity, total abstraction from the contamination of the world, that freedom, in short, which material society shuts out as an impossibility, and which finds all its amplitude only in the domain of thought. The great master of those who take refuge in this ideal kingdom of God, is Jesus still. He first proclaimed the kingliness of the spirit; he first said, at least by his acts: "My kingdom is not of this world." The foundation of the true religion is indeed his work. After him, there is nothing more but to develop and fructify.

"Christianity" has thus become almost synonymous with "religion." All that may be done outside of this great and good Christian tradition will be sterile. Jesus founded religion on humanity, as Socrates founded philosophy, as Aristotle founded science. There had been philosophy before Socrates and science before Aristotle. Since Socrates and Aristotle, philosophy and science have made immense progress; but all has been built upon the foundation which they laid. And so, before Jesus, religious thought had passed through many revolutions; since Jesus it has made great conquests; nevertheless it has not departed, it will not depart, from the essential condition which Jesus created; he has fixed for eternity the idea of the pure worship. The religion of Jesus, in this sense, is not limited. The Church has had its epochs and its phases; it has shut itself up in symbols which have had or will have their day: Jesus founded the absolute religion, excluding nothing, determining nothing, save its essence. His symbols are not fixed dogmas, but images susceptible of indefinite interpretations. We should seek vainly in the gospel for a theological proposition. All the professions of faith are disguises of the idea of Jesus, much as the scholasticism of the middle ages,

by proclaiming Aristotle the sole master of a perfect science, was false to the thought of Aristotle. Aristotle, had he witnessed the discussions of the schools, would have repudiated this narrow doctrine; he would have been of the party of progressive science against the party of routine, which was shielding itself under his authority; he would have applauded his contradictors. And so, were Jesus to return among us, he would acknowledge as his disciples, not those who claim to include him entirely in a few phrases of the catechism, but those who labor to continue him. The eternal glory, in every order of grand achievements, is to have laid the first stone. It may be that, in the "Physics" and in the "Meteorology" of modern times there is found no word of the treatises of Aristotle which bear these titles: Aristotle is none the less the founder of natural science. Whatever may be the transformations of dogma, Jesus will remain in religion the creator of its pure sentiment: the Sermon on the Mount will never be surpassed. No revolution will lead us not to join in religion the grand intellectual and moral line at the head of which beams the name of Jesus. In this sense, we are Christians, even though we separate upon almost all points from the Christian tradition which has preceded us.

And this great foundation was truly the personal work of Jesus. To become adored to such a degree, he must have been adorable. Love does not exist without an object worthy to enkindle it, and did we know nothing of Jesus but the passion which he inspired in those around him, we must yet affirm that he was great and pure. The faith, the enthusiasm, the constancy of the first Christian generation is explained only by supposing at the beginning of the whole movement a man of colossal proportions. When we look upon the marvellous creations of the ages of faith, two impressions, equally fatal to good historical criticism, arise in the mind. On the one hand, we are led to suppose these creations too impersonal; we attribute to a collective action what often has been the work of one powerful will, of one superior spirit. On the other hand, we refuse to see men like ourselves in the authors of these extraordinary movements which nature conceals in her breast. Our civilizations, governed as they are by a minute policy, can give us no idea of the power of man in the ages when the originality of each had a freer field for development. Suppose a solitary dweller in the quarries near our capitals, going

thence from time to time to the palaces of sovereigns, forcing an entrance, and, in an imperious tone, announcing to kings the approach of revolutions of which he has been the promoter. The idea alone makes us smile. Such, nevertheless, was Elijah. Elijah the Tishbite, in our days, could not pass the gate of the Tuileries. The preaching of Jesus and his freedom of action in Galilee are no less entirely beyond the social conditions to which we are accustomed. Untrammeled by our polite conventionalities, exempt from the uniform education which refines us, but which diminishes so greatly our individuality, these complete souls carry into action a surprising energy. They appear to us like the giants of a heroic age, who must have been unreal. Entire mistake! These men were our brothers; they were of our stature; they felt and thought as we do. But the breath of God was free with them; with us it is enchained by the iron bands of a society mean and condemned to an irremediable mediocrity.

Let us then place the person of Jesus on the highest summit of human grandeur.

FRITZ REUTER.

REUTER, FRITZ, a German poet; born at Stavenhagen, November 7, 1810; died at Eisenach, July 12, 1874. His full baptismal name was Heinrich Ludwig Christian Friedrich. He went to Rostock University in 1831, and to Jena in 1832, but during a visit to Berlin in October, 1833, he was arrested and imprisoned at Silberberg. He was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment, but was released after seven years' confinement in Magdeburg, Berlin. In 1850 he went to Treptow and published, three years later, his first volume of humorous poems in Low German, entitled "Laüschen un Rimels." In 1856 he moved to New Brandenburg, and published some comedies and a second book of poems. In 1859 he published the first part of the "Olle Kamellen," a series of prose tales including "Wo aus ik tan ne Fru kamm" ("How I got a Wife"); "Ut de Franzsosentid" (1859), translated with the title "The Year Thirteen;" "Ut mine Festungstid" ("My Prison Life") (1862); "Ut mine Stromtid" (1862–64), translated in 1878 as "An Old Story of My Farming Days;" and "Dörchläuchting" ("His Highness") 1865. Among his other works are "Hanne Nüte," a poem, which appeared in 1860, and "Schurr Murr," published in 1861. In 1863 he settled at Eisenach, his last home.

THE OLD PARSON'S DEATH.

(From "My Apprenticeship on the Farm.")

EVERY house in the parish had its share of happiness, each of them after its kind; but one house formed an exception to this rule, although it used to have its full share. In winter round the fireside, and in summer under the great lime-tree, or in the arbor in the garden, there always used to be a calm, peaceful happiness, in which the child Louisa, as she played about the old house and grounds, and little Mrs. Behrens, who ruled all things, duster in hand, had had part; and also the good old clergyman, who had now done with all earthly things forever. Peace had taken leave of the house, and had gone forth calmly to the place from whence she came; and during that time of

illness, care and sorrow had taken up their abode there, deepening with the growing weakness of the good old man. He did not lie long in bed, and had no particular illness; so that Dr. Strump of Rahnstädt could not find amongst all the three thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven diseases of which he knew, one that suited the present case. Peace seemed to have laid her hand on the old man's head in blessing, and to have said to him: "I am going to leave thee, but only for a short time. I shall afterward return to thy Regina. Thou needst me no more, because thou hast had me in thy heart during all the long years thou hast fought the good fight of faith. Now sleep softly: thou must needs be tired."

And he was tired, — very tired. His wife had laid him on the sofa under the pictures, that he might look out at the window as much as he liked; Louisa had covered him comfortably with rugs and shawls: and then they had both left the room softly, that he might rest undisturbed. Out of doors the first flakes of snow were falling slowly, slowly, from the sky; it was as quiet and still outside as within his heart: and he felt as if the blessing of Christ were resting upon him. No one saw it, but his Regina was the first to find it out. — He rose, and pushing the large arm-chair up to the cupboard, opened the door, and sitting down, began to examine the treasures that he had kept as relics of the past. Some of them had belonged to his father, and some to his mother: they were all reminiscences of what he had loved.

This cupboard was the place where he had stowed away whatever reminded him of all the chief events of his life; and they had become relics, the sight of which did him good when he was down-hearted. They were not preserved in crystal vessels or in embroidered cases, but were simply placed on the shelf, and kept there to be looked at whenever he wanted to see them. When he felt low and sad, it did him good to take out these relics and to live over again in thought the happy days of which they reminded him; and he never closed the cupboard door without gaining strength and courage, or without thanking God silently for his many blessings. There lay the Bible his father had given him when he was a boy; the beautiful glass vase his old college friend had sent him; the pocket-book his Regina had worked for him during their engagement; the shell which a sailor had sent him in token of his gratitude for having been shown the way to become a better man; the pieces of paper on

which Louisa, Mina, and Lina had written their Christmas and New Year's Day messages of affection, — as also some of their earlier bits of handiwork; the withered myrtle wreath his wife had worn on her wedding day; the large pictorial Bible with the silver clasps, that Hawermann had given him on his seventieth birthday, and the silver-mounted meerschaum that Bräsig had given him on the same occasion; and down below on the lowest shelf were three pairs of shoes, — the shoes that Louisa, Regina, and he had worn when they first entered the parsonage.

Old shoes are not beautiful in themselves, but the memories attached to these made them beautiful in his eyes; so he took them out of the cupboard, and laid them down by his side, and then placing his first Bible on his knee, he opened it at our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and began to read. No one saw him, but that was not necessary; and his Regina knew when it was all over. He grew very tired; and resting his head in the corner of the great chair, fell asleep like a little child.

And so they found him when they came back. Mrs. Behrens seated herself on the arm of his chair, clasped him in her arms, closed his eyes, and then, resting her head against his, wept silently. Louisa knelt at his feet, and laying her folded hands on his knee, looked with tearful eyes at the two quiet faces that were so dear to her. Then Mrs. Behrens rose, and folding down the leaf of the Bible, drew it softly out of her husband's hand; and Louisa also rose, and threw her arms round her foster-mother's neck. They both wept long and passionately; till at last, when it was growing dusk, Mrs. Behrens replaced the shoes in the cupboard, saying, as she did so, "I bless the day when we came to this house together;" and while laying Louisa's little shoes beside them, she added, "And I bless the day when the child came to us."

She then closed the cupboard door.

The good old clergyman was buried three days later in the piece of ground he had long ago sought out for his last resting-place; and any one standing by the grave which was lighted by the earliest rays of the morning sun, might easily see into the parlor in the parsonage-house.

The people who had been at the funeral were all gone home, and Hawermann had also been obliged to go; but Uncle Bräsig, who had spent the day at the parsonage, helping his friends in every possible way, had announced his intention of remaining for the night. Seeing the two women standing arm-in-arm at

the window, buried in sad thought, he slipped quietly upstairs to his bedroom, and going to the window looked sorrowfully down into the church-yard, where the newly made grave showed distinctly against the white snow surrounding it. He thought of the good man who lay there, and who had so often helped him with kindness and advice; and he swore to himself that he would be a faithful friend to Mrs. Behrens. Downstairs the two sad-hearted women were gazing at the same grave, and silently vowing to show each other all the love and tenderness that he who was gone from them had been wont to bestow. Little Mrs. Behrens thanked God and her husband for the comforter she had in her adopted daughter, whom she held in her arms, and whose smooth hair she stroked as she kissed her lovingly. Louisa prayed that God would bless the lessons she had learned from her foster-father, and would give her strength to be a good and faithful daughter to the kind woman who had been as a mother to her. New-made graves may be likened to flower-beds in which the gardener puts his rarest and most beautiful plants; but alas, ill weeds sometimes take root there also.

The Miller and the Justice.

(From "In the Year '13.")

I was baptized, and had godfathers — four of them; and if my godfathers were still alive, and walked through the streets with me, people would stop and say, "Look, what fine fellows! You won't see many such." They were indeed godfathers! And one of them was a head taller than the others, and towered above them as Saul did above his brethren. This was old Amtshauptmann Weber. He used to wear a well-brushed blue coat, yellowish trousers, and well-blacked boots; and his face was so marked by the small-pox that it looked as if the Devil had been threshing his peas on it, or as if he had sat down upon his face on a cane-bottomed chair. On his broad forehead there stood written, "Not the fear of Man, but the fear of God." And he was the right man in the right place.

About eleven o'clock in the morning he might be seen sitting in an arm-chair in the middle of the room, whilst his wife fastened a napkin under his chin, put the powder on his hair, tied it behind, and twisted it into a neat pigtail.

When the old gentleman walked up and down under the shade of the chestnut-trees at noon, his little rogue of a pigtail

wagged merrily, and nodded over the collar of his blue coat, as if it wanted to say to any one who would listen: "Yes; look, old fellow! What do you think of me? I am only the tip of his hair; and if I wag so comically out here, you may fancy how merry it must be inside his head."

When I took him a message from my father, and managed to give it straight off, he would pat me on the head, and then say: "Now, away with you, boy. Off like a shot! When you pull the trigger, the gun must n't hang fire, but must go off like a flash of lightning. Run to Ma'm'selle Westphalen, and ask her for an apple."

To my father he would say: "Well, friend, what do *you* think? Are you not glad that you have a son? Boys are much better than girls: girls are always fretting and crying. Thank God, I have a boy too, — my Joe. What say you, eh?"

My father told my mother. "Do you know," said he, "what the old Amtshauptmann says? boys are better than girls." Now, I was in the room at the time, and overheard this; and of course I said to myself: "My godfather is always right: boys *are* better than girls, and every one should have his deserts." So I took the large piece of plum-cake for myself, and gave my sister the small one, and thought not a little of myself, for I knew now that I was the larger half of the apple. But this was not to last: the tables were to be turned.

One day — it was at the time when the rascally French had just come back from Russia, and everything was in commotion — some one knocked at the Herr Amtshauptmann's door. "Come in," cried the old gentleman; and in came old Miller Voss of Gielow, ducking his head nearly down to the ground by way of a bow.

"Good afternoon, Herr Amtshauptmann," said he.

"Good morning, miller."

Now, though the one said "good afternoon," and the other said "good morning," each was right from his own point of view: for the miller got up at four o'clock in the morning, and with him it was afternoon; while with the Amtshauptmann it was still early in the morning, as he did not rise until eleven.

"What is it, miller?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, I 've come to you about a weighty matter. I'll tell you what it is; I want to be made a bankrupt."

"What, miller!"

"I want to be made a bankrupt, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Hm — hm," muttered the Amtshauptmann, "that's an ugly business." And he paced up and down the room scratching his head. "How long have you been at the bailiwick of Stemhagen?"

"Three-and-thirty years, come midsummer."

"Hm — hm," again muttered the Amtshauptmann: "and how old are you, miller?"

"Come peas-harvest five-and-sixty, or maybe six-and-sixty; for as to our old Pastor Hammerschmidt, he was n't much given to writing, and did n't trouble his head about parish registers; and the Frau Pastor, who made the entries — i' faith she had a deal to do besides, — only attended to them every three years, so that there might be enough to make it worth while, and then some fine afternoon she would go through the village and write down the children's ages — but more according to height and size than to what they really were; and my mother always said she had cut a year from me because I was small and weakly. But less than five-and-sixty I'm not. I am sure of that."

During this speech the Amtshauptmann had kept walking up and down the room, listening with only one ear; he now stood still before the miller, looked straight into his eyes, and said sharply, "Then, Miller Voss, you're much too old for anything of the kind."

"How so, Herr?" exclaimed the poor miller, quite cast down.

"Bankruptcy is a hard matter: at your age you could not carry it through."

"Do you think so, Herr?"

"Yes, I do. We are both too old for it. We must leave such things to younger people. What do you think folks would say if I were to get myself declared brukrupt? Why, they would say, of course, the old Amtshauptmann up at the Schloss had gone quite mad! And," added he, laying his hand gently on the miller's shoulder, "they would be right, Miller Voss. What say you, eh?"

The miller looked down at the toes of his boots, and scratched his head: "It's true, Herr."

"Tell me," said the old gentleman, patting him kindly on the shoulder, "where does the shoe pinch? What is troubling you?"

"Troubling, say you! Herr Amtshauptmann," shouted the miller, clapping his hand to the side of his head as if a wasp had stung him, "troubling! torturing, you mean. Torturing! That Jew! that cursed Jew! and then the lawsuit, Herr Amtshauptmann, the cursed lawsuit!"

"Look you, miller, that's another of your follies, — entangling yourself at your age in a lawsuit."

"True enough, Herr: but when I began it I was in my prime, and thought to be able to fight it out; now I see clear enough that your lawsuit has a longer breath than an honest miller."

"But I think it is coming to an end now."

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann, and then I shall be hard up; for my affairs are in a bad way. The lawyers have muddled them; and as for my uncle, old Joe Voss, — why, his son, who will soon get possession of all, is a downright vagabond, and they say he's sworn a great oath to oust me from the Borcherts Inn at Malchin. But I have the right on my side, Herr Amtshauptmann, and how I got into this lawsuit I don't know to this day; for old Frau Borcherts while she was still alive — she was the aunt of my mother's sister's daughter — and Joe Voss — he was my cousin — "

"I know the story," interrupted the Amtshauptmann; "and if you would follow my advice you would make it up."

"But I can't, Herr: for Joe Voss's rascally son would n't be satisfied with less than half the money; and if I pay that I shall be a beggar. No, Herr Amtshauptmann, it may go as it will; but one thing I'm resolved on: I won't give in though I go to prison for it. Is a ruffian like that, who struts about with his father's money in his pocket, spending it right and left, and who does n't know what it is to have to keep up a house in these hard times, — and who's never had his cattle carried off by those cursed French, nor his horses stolen out of the stable, nor his house plundered, — is such a rascal as that to get the better of me? By your leave, Herr, I could kick the fellow."

"Miller Voss, gently, Miller Voss," said the old gentleman: "the lawsuit will come to an end some time or other. It is going on."

"Going, Herr Amtshauptmann? It's flying, as the Devil said when he tied the Bible to his whip and swung it around his head."

"True, true, Miller Voss; but at present you're not much pressed."

"Pressed? Why, I'm fixed in a vice — in a vice — and say! That Jew, Herr Amtshauptmann, that thrice-cursed Jew!"

"What Jew is it?" asked the Herr Amtshauptmann; and the miller twirls his hat between his finger and thumb, looks

cautiously round to see that no one is listening, draws closer to the old gentleman, and laying a finger on his lips, whispers, "Itzig, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Whew!" said the old Herr. "How came you to be mixed up with that fellow?"

"Herr Amtshauptmann, how came the ass to have long ears? Some go to gather wild strawberries, and get stung by nettles. The sexton of Gägelow thought his wheelbarrow was full of holy angels, and when he had got to the top of the mountain, and expected to see them fly up to heaven, the Devil's grandmother was sitting in the wheelbarrow, and she grinned at him and said, 'Neighbor, we shall meet again!' In my troubles, when the enemy had taken everything I had, I borrowed two hundred thalers from him; and for the last two years I have been obliged to renew the bill from term to term, and the debt has crept up to five hundred thalers, and the day after to-morrow I shall be forced to pay it."

"But, miller, did you sign?"

"Yes, Herr Amtshauptmann."

"Then you must pay. What 's written is written."

"But, Herr Amtshauptmann, I thought —"

"It can't be helped, miller. What 's written is written."

"But the Jew —?"

"Miller, what 's written is written."

"Then, Herr Amtshauptmann, what shall I do?"

The old gentleman began again to walk backwards and forwards in the room, tapping his forehead. At last he stopped, looked earnestly in the miller's face, and said, "Miller, young people get out of such difficulties better than old ones: send me one of your boys."

The old miller looked once more at the toes of his boots, and then turning his face away, said in a tone which went straight to the old Amtshauptmann's heart, "Sir, whom shall I send. My Joe was ground to death in the mill; and Karl was carried off to Russia by the French last year, and he 's not come back."

"Miller," replied the old Amtshauptmann, patting him on the back, "have you then no children at all?"

"I have," said he, wiping a tear from his eye, "a little girl left."

"Well, miller, I am not particularly fond of girls myself: they are always fretting and crying."

"That 's true, sir: they *are* always fretting and crying."

"And they can be of no use in a matter like this, miller."

"But what will happen to me, then?"

"The Jew will put in an execution, and will take away everything."

"Well, Herr Amtshauptmann, the French have done that twice already, so the Jew may as well try it now. At any rate he will leave the millstone behind; and you think I'm too old to be made bankrupt?"

"Yes, miller, I fear so."

"Well, then, good day, Herr Amtshauptmann;" and so saying, he went away.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

Richardson, Samuel, an early English novelist; born in Derbyshire in 1689; died in London, July 4, 1761. At seventeen he was apprenticed to a London printer. After completing his apprenticeship he worked several years longer as compositor and proof-reader, and then set up in business for himself. He became printer of the Journals of the House of Commons; in 1754 was chosen Master of the Stationers' Company. Richardson has been styled "the inventor of the English novel;" but he had passed the age of fifty before the idea of becoming a novelist ever entered his mind. The result was "Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded," which (2 vols., 1740) met with unexampled success. His subsequent novels are "The History of Clarissa Harlowe" (8 vols., 1748), and "History of Sir Charles Grandison" (6 vols., 1753). Among his other writings is a clever paper of "Advice to the Unmarried," published in Dr. Johnson's "Rambler" in 1751.

Pamela Immured by her Lover.

(From "Pamela.")

Thursday.

This completes a terrible week since my setting out, as I hoped to see you, my dear father and mother.

My impatience was great to walk in the garden, to see if anything had offered answerable to my hopes; but this wicked Mrs. Jewkes would not let me go without her, and said she was not at leisure. We had a great many words about it: I told her it was very hard I could not be trusted to walk by myself in the garden for a little air, but must be dogged and watched worse than a thief.

"I remember," said she, "your asking Mr. Williams if there were any gentry in the neighborhood. This makes me suspect you want to go away to them, to tell your dismal story, as you call it."

"Why," said I, "are you afraid I should confederate with them to commit a robbery upon my master?"

"Maybe I am," said she; "for to rob him of yourself would be the worst that could happen to him, in his opinion."

"And pray," said I, walking on, "how came I to be his property, what right has he to me, but such as a thief may plead to stolen goods?"

"Why, was ever the like heard!" says she. "This is downright rebellion, I protest! Well, well, lambkin" (which the foolish woman often calls me), "if I was in his place, he should not have his property in you so long questionable."

"Why, what would you do," said I, "if you were he?"

"Not stand shill-I shall-I, as he does, but put you and himself both out of pain."

"Why, Jezebel," said I (I could not help it), "would you ruin me by force?"

Upon this she gave me a deadly slap upon the shoulder. "Take that," said she: "whom do you call Jezebel?"

I was so surprised (for you never beat me, my dear father and mother, in your lives), that I was like one thunder-struck, and looked round as if I wanted somebody to help me; but alas, I had nobody! and said, rubbing my shoulder, "Is this also in your instructions? Alas for me! am I to be beaten too?" And so I fell a-crying, and threw myself upon the grass-walk we were upon.

Said she in a great pet, "I won't be called such names, I'll assure you. Marry come up! I see you have a spirit: you must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such little provoking things as you, I warrant ye! Come, come: we'll go indoors, and I'll lock you up; you shall have no shoes, nor anything else, if this be the case."

I did not know what to do. This was a cruel thing to me: I blamed myself for my free speech; for now I had given her some pretence for severity, and had by my pertness ruined the only project I had left.

The gardener saw the scene: but she called to him, "Well, Jacob, what do you stare at? Pray mind what you are upon." And away he walked to another quarter, out of sight.

"Well," thought I, "I must put on the dissembler a little, I see."

She took my hand roughly. "Come, get up," said she, "and come in a' doors. I'll Jezebel you, I will!"

"Why, dear Mrs. Jewkes —" said I.

"None of your dears and your coaxing," said she: "why not Jezebel again?"

She was in a passion, I saw; and I was out of my wits. I have often heard women blamed for their tongues. I wished mine had been shorter.

"But I can't go in," said I; "indeed I can't."

"Why," said she, "can't you? I'll warrant I can take such a thin body as you under my arm, and carry you in, if you won't walk. You don't know my strength."

"Yes, but I do," said I, "too well; and will you not use me worse when I come in?" So I arose; and she muttered to herself all the way, — she to be a Jezebel with me, that had used me so well, and such like.

When I came near the house, I said, sitting down upon a bench, "Well, I will not go in until you say you forgive me, Mrs. Jewkes. If you will forgive me calling you that name, I will forgive your beating me."

She sat down by me, and seemed in a great pucker, and said, "Well, come, I will forgive you this time;" and so kissed me as a mark of reconciliation.

"But pray," said I, "tell me where I am to walk or go, and give me what liberty you can; and when I know the most you can favor me with, you shall see I will be as content as I can, and not ask you for more."

"Aye," she said, "this is something like: I wish I could give you all the liberty you desire; for you must think it no pleasure to me to tie you to my petticoat, as it were, and not let you stir without me. But people that will do their duties must have some trouble; and what I do is to serve as good a master as lives."

"Yes," said I, "to every one but me."

"He loves you too well, to be sure," said she; "that 's the reason! so you ought to bear it. Come," said she, "don't let the servant see you have been crying, nor tell her any tales; for you won't tell them fairly, I 'm sure. I 'll send her to you, and you shall take another walk in the garden, if you will: maybe it will get you a stomach for your dinner; for you don't eat enough to keep life and soul together. You are a beauty to the bone, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little stomach, so little rest, and so much pining and whining for nothing at all."

"Well," thought I, "say what thou wilt, so I can be rid of thy bad tongue and company; and I hope to find some opportunity now to come at my sunflower." But I walked the other way to take that in my return, to avoid suspicion.

I forced my discourse to the maid, but it was all upon general things; for I found she is asked after everything I say or do.

When I came near the place, as I had been devising, I said, "Pray step to the gardener, and ask him to gather a salad for me to dinner."

She called out, "Jacob!"

Said I, "He can't hear you so far off: and pray tell him I should like a cucumber too, if he has one."

When she had stepped about a bowshot from me, I popt down, and whipt my fingers under the upper tile; and pulled out a letter without direction, and thrust it into my bosom, trembling for joy. She was with me before I could secure it; and I was in such a taking that I feared I should discover myself.

"You seem frightened, madam," said she.

"Why," said I, with a lucky thought (alas! your poor daughter will make an intriguer by-and-by; but I hope an innocent one!), "I stooped to smell at the sunflower, and a great nasty worm ran into the ground, that startled me; for I can't abide worms."

Said she, "Sunflowers don't smell."

"So I find," I replied. And then we walked in.

Mrs. Jewkes said, "Well, you have made haste now. You shall go another time."

I went to my closet, locked myself in, and opening my letter, found in it these words: —

I am infinitely concerned in your distress. I most heartily wish it may be in my power to serve and save so much innocence, beauty, and merit. My whole dependence is upon Mr. B., and I have a near view of being provided for by his favor to me. But yet I would sooner forfeit all my hopes in him (trusting to God for the rest) than not assist you, if possible. I never looked upon Mr. B. in the light he now appears in. I am entirely of opinion you should, if possible, get out of his hands, and especially as you are in very bad ones in Mrs. Jewkes's.

We have here the widow Lady Jones; mistress of a good fortune, and a woman of virtue, I believe. We have also Sir Simon Darnford, and his lady, who is a good woman; and they have two daughters, virtuous young ladies. All the rest are but middling people, and traders, at best. I will try, if you please, either Lady Jones or Lady Darnford, if they 'll permit you to take refuge with

them. I see no probability of keeping myself concealed in this matter, but will, as I said, risk all things to serve you; for never saw I sweetness and innocence like yours: your hard case has attached me entirely to you; for I well know, as you so happily express, if I can serve you in this case, I shall thereby perform all the acts of religion in one.

As to Lady Davers, I will convey a letter, if you please; but it must not be from our post-house, I give you caution: for the man owes all his bread to Mr. B., and his place too; and I believe, from something that dropped from him over a can of ale, has his instructions. You don't know how you are surrounded: all which confirms me in your opinion that no honor is meant you, let what will be professed; and I am glad you want no caution on that head.

Give me leave to say, that I had heard much in your praise, but I think greatly short of what you deserve, both as to person and mind: my eyes convince me of the one, your letter of the other. For fear of losing the present lucky opportunity, I am longer than otherwise I should be. But I will not enlarge any further than to assure you that I am, to the best of my power, your faithful friend and servant,

ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

I will come once every morning, and once every evening, after school-time, to look for your letters. I'll come in, and return without going into the house if I see the coast clear; otherwise, to avoid suspicion, I'll come in.

I instantly, in answer to this pleasing letter, wrote as follows: —

REVEREND SIR, — Oh, how suited to your function and your character is your kind letter! God bless you for it! I now think I am beginning to be happy. I should be very sorry to have you suffer on my account; but I hope it will be made up to you a hundredfold by that God whom you so faithfully serve.

Any way you think best I shall be pleased with; for I know not the persons, nor in what manner to apply to them.

I should think, sir, if either of these ladies would give me leave, I might get out by favor of your key. As it is impossible, watched as I am, to know when it can be, suppose, sir, you could get one made by it, and put it the next opportunity under the sunflower. If, sir, I had this key, I could, if these ladies would not shelter me, run away anywhere: and if I was once out of the house, they could have no pretence to force me in again; for I have done no harm, and hope to make my story good to any impassionate body: by this way you need not be known. Torture should not wring it from me, I assure you.

I enclose you a letter of a deceitful wretch (for I can intrust you with anything), poor John Arnold. Perhaps by his means something may be discovered; for he seems willing to atone for his treachery to me by the intimation of future services. I leave the hint to you to improve upon. I am, Reverend Sir, your forever obliged and faithful servant.

I hope sir, by your favor, I could send a little packet now and then to my poor father and mother. I have about five or six guineas: shall I put half in your hands, to defray the charge of a man and horse, or any other incidents?

I am just come off from a walk in the garden and have deposited my letter: we took a turn in the garden to angle, as Mrs. Jewkes had promised me. She baited the hook, I held it, and soon hooked a lovely carp.

"I 'll try my fortune," said she, and took the rod.

"Do," answered I; "and I will plant life, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some horse-beans, and will go and stick them in one of the borders, to see how long they will be coming up; and I will call them my garden."

So you see, dear father and mother, that this furnishes me with a good excuse to look after my garden another time; and if the mould should look a little fresh, it won't be so much suspected: she mistrusted nothing of this; and I went and stuck in here and there my beans, for about the length of six yards, on each side of the sunflower, and easily deposited my letter. And not a little proud am I of this. Sure something will do at last.

FRIDAY, SATURDAY.

I have just now told of a trick of mine; now I 'll tell you a trick of this wicked woman's.

She came up to me and said, "I have a bill I cannot change till to-morrow, and a tradesman wants his money sadly; I don't love to turn poor tradesmen away without their money: have you any about you?"

"I have a little," replied I: "how much will do?"

"Oh," said she, "I want eight pounds."

"Alack!" said I, "I have only between five and six."

"Lend me that," said she, "till to-morrow."

I did so, and she went downstairs; and when she came up, she laughed and said, "Well, I have paid the tradesman."

"I hope," said I, "you 'll give it me to-morrow."

At this she laughing said, "To tell the truth, lambkin, I did n't want it. I only feared your making bad use of it: and

now I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the key of your portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with money nor fine things."

And now I have not five shillings left to support me, if I can get away. The more I think of this, the more I regret it, and blame myself.

This night the postman brought a letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which one was enclosed for me; she brought it up to me, and said, "Well, my good master don't forget us: he has sent you a letter; and see what he writes to me."

So she read that he hoped her fair charge was well, happy, and contented. "Aye, to be sure," said I, "I can't but choose!" That he did not doubt her care and kindness to me; that I was dear to him, and she could not use me too well; and the like. "There 's a master," said she: "sure you will love and pray for him!"

I desired her to read the rest. "No," said she, "but I won't." "Then," said I, "are there any orders for taking my shoes away, and for beating me?" "No," said she, "nor about Jezebel neither." "Well," returned I, "I cry truce; for I have no mind to be beat again." "I thought," said she, "we had forgiven one another."

My letter is as follows:—

My dear Pamela, —I begin to repent already that I have bound myself, by promise, not to see you till you give me leave; for I think the time very tedious. Can you place so much confidence in me as to invite me down? Assure yourself that your generosity shall not be thrown away upon me. I would press this, as I am uneasy for your uneasiness; for Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me that you take your restraint very heavily, and neither eat, drink, nor rest well. I have too great an interest in your health, not to wish to shorten the time of this trial; which will be the consequence of my coming down to you. John too has intimated to me your concern, with a grief that hardly gave him leave for utterance, — a grief that a little alarmed my tenderness for you. I will only say one thing: that if you will give me leave to attend you at the hall (consider who it is that requests this from you as a favor), I solemnly declare that you shall have cause to be pleased with this obliging mark of your confidence and consideration for me. If I find Mrs. Jewkes has not behaved to you with the respect due to one I so tenderly love, I will put it entirely in your power to discharge her the house, if you think proper; and Mrs. Jervis, or who else you please, shall attend you in her place. This I say on a hint John gave me, as if you resented something from that quarter.

Dearest Pamela, answer favorably this earnest request of one that cannot live without you, and on whose honor to you, you may absolutely depend; and so much the more, as you place a confidence in it. I am, and assuredly ever will be, your faithful and affectionate, etc.

You will be glad, I know, to hear that your father and mother are well, and easy upon your last letter. That gave me a pleasure I am resolved you shall not repent. Mrs. Jewkes will convey to me your answer.

I but slightly read this letter for the present, to give way to one I had hopes of finding by this time from Mr. Williams. I took an evening turn, as I called it, in Mrs. Jewkes's company; and walking by the place, I said, "Do you think, Mrs. Jewkes, any of my beans can have struck since yesterday?"

She laughed and said, "You are a poor gardener, but I love to see you divert yourself." She passing on, I found my good friend had provided for me; and slipping it in my bosom (for her back was towards me) — "Here," said I (having a bean in my hand), "is one of them; but it has not stirred." "No, to be sure," said she; and then turned upon me a most wicked jest, unbecoming the mouth of a woman, about planting, etc. When I came in I went to my closet, and read as follows: —

I am sorry to inform you that I have had a repulse from Lady Jones. She is concerned at your case, she says, but don't like to make herself enemies.

I applied to Lady Darnford, and told, in the most pathetic manner, your sad story, and showed her your more pathetic letter. I found her well disposed: but she would advise with Sir Simon, who is not a man of an extraordinary character for virtue; for he said to his lady in my presence, "Why, what is all this, my dear, but that our neighbor has a mind to his mother's waiting-maid! And if he takes care she wants for nothing, I don't see any great injury will be done to her. He hurts no family by this." (So, my dear father and mother, it seems poor people's honesty is to go for nothing.) "And I think, Mr. Williams, you of all men should not engage in this affair, against your friend and patron."

I have hinted your case to Mr. Peters, the minister of this parish; but I am concerned to say that he imputed selfish views to me, as if I would make an interest in your affections by my zeal.

I represented the different circumstances of your affair: that other women lived evilly by their own consent; but to serve you was to save an innocence that had but few examples. I then showed him your letter.

He said it was prettily written; he was sorry for you; and that your good intentions ought to be encouraged. "But what," said he, "would you have me do, Mr. Williams?"

"Why, suppose, sir," said I, "you give her shelter in your house with your spouse and niece, till she can get to her friends?"

"What, and embroil myself with a man of Mr. B.'s power and fortune? No! not I, I assure you."

I am greatly concerned for you, I assure you; but am not discouraged by this ill success, let what will come of it, if I can serve you.

I don't hear as yet that Mr. B. is coming. I am glad of your hint as to that unhappy fellow John Arnold. Something perhaps will strike out from that, which may be useful. As to your packets, if you seal them up and lay them in the usual place, if you find it not suspected, I will watch an opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This evil woman, I find, mistrusts me.

I have just heard that the gentleman is dying, whose living Mr. B. has promised me. I have almost a scruple to take it, as I am acting so contrary to his desire; but I hope he 'll one day thank me for it.

I believe when we hear he is coming, it will be best to make use of the key, which I shall soon procure you: I can borrow a horse for you, to wait within half a mile of the back door, over the pasture, and will contrive by myself, or somebody, to have you conducted some miles distant, to one of the villages thereabouts; so don't be discomforted, I beseech you.

I am, Mrs. Pamela, your faithful friend, etc.

I made a thousand sad reflections upon the former part of this honest gentleman's kind letter; and but for the hopes he gave me at last, should have given up my case as quite desperate. I then wrote to thank him most gratefully for his kind endeavors; and that I would wait the happy event I might hope for from his kind assistance in the key and the horse.

I had no time to take a copy of this letter, I was so watched. But when I had it in my bosom I was easy. And so I went to seek out Mrs. Jewkes, and told her I would hear her advice upon the letter I had received from my master; which point of confidence in her pleased her not a little.

"Aye," said she, "now this is something like; and we 'll take a turn in the garden, or where you please." I pretended it was indifferent to me; and so we walked into the garden.

I began to talk to her of the letter, but was far from ac-

quainting her with all the contents; only that he wanted my consent to come down, and hoped that she used me kindly, and the like. And I said, "Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your advice as to this."

"Why, then," said she, "I will give it you freely: e'en send for him to come down. It will highly oblige him, and I dare-say you will fare the better for it."

"Well," said I, "I will write him a letter, because he expects an answer, or maybe he will make a pretence to come down. How can it go?" "I 'll take care of that," said she: "it is in my instructions." "Aye," thought I, "so I doubt, by the hint Mr. Williams gave me about the post-house."

I wrote to my master as follows: —

Honored Sir, — When I consider how easily you might have made me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go to my poor father and mother; when I reflect upon your former proposal to me in relation to a certain person, not one word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in that strange manner run away with, and still kept here a miserable prisoner, do you think, sir (pardon your poor servant's freedom: my fears make me bold), — do you think, I say, that your general assurances of honor to me can have the effect they ought to have? O good sir! I too much apprehend that your notions of honor and mine are very different from one another; I have no other hope but in your continual absence. If you have any proposals to make me that are consistent with your honorable professions, in my humble sense of the word, a few lines will communicate them to me, and I will return such an answer as befits me.

Whatever rashness you may impute to me, I cannot help it; but I wish I may not be forced upon any that otherwise would not enter my thoughts. Forgive, sir, my plainness; I should be loath to behave to my master unbecomingly: but I must say, sir, my innocence is so dear to me that all other considerations must be dispensed with. If you mean honorably, why should you not let me know it plainly? Why, sir, I humbly ask, why all this if you mean honorably? It is not for me to expostulate too freely with you, sir, so greatly my superior. Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to seeing you, I cannot bear the dreadful apprehension. Whatever you have to propose to me, whatever you intend, let my assent be that of a free person, and not of a sordid slave, who is to be threatened and frightened into a compliance with measures which your conduct seems to imply. My restraint is hard upon me; I am very uneasy under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, or — But I will dare to say no more than that I am your greatly oppressed, unhappy servant.

After I had taken a copy of this, I folded it up: and Mrs. Jewkes coming just as I had done, sat down by me; and said, when she saw me directing it, "I wish you would tell me if you have taken my advice, and consented to my master's coming down."

"If it will oblige you," said I, "I will read it to you."

"That 's good," said she; "then I 'll love you dearly."

Said I, "Then you must not offer to alter one word."

"I won't," replied she.

So I read it to her. She praised me much for my wording of it; but said she thought I pushed the matter very close, and it would better bear talking than writing about. She wanted an explanation or two about a certain person; but I said she must take it as she heard it."

"Well, well," said she, "I make no doubt you understand one another, and will do so more and more."

I sealed up the letter, and she undertook to convey it.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

Richter, Jean Paul Friedrich, commonly called simply "Jean Paul," a celebrated German humorist and essayist; born at Wunsiedel, near Baireuth, in Bavaria, March 21, 1763; died at Baireuth, November 14, 1825. After a fair training at the Hof Gymnasium he went at eighteen to the University of Leipsic, where he studied diligently after his own fashion, and commenced the career of authorship. His first publication was the "Greenland Lawsuits," a collection of satirical sketches (1783). During the next seven years he worked on, in straightened circumstances, which, however, gradually improved. His "Invisible Lodge" (1793) gained him reputation as a humorist, and before he was thirty-five he was recognized by the best authors in Germany as one of themselves. In 1802 a moderate pension was granted him, and not long afterward he took up his residence at Baireuth, where the remainder of his life was passed. The complete works of Richter contain sixty-five volumes of tales, romances, fantasies, didactic essays, visions, and homilies. Among the principal tales are "Hesperus" (1794); "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces" (1796); "The Life of Quintus Fexlein" (1796); "Titan" (1801–3); of a different character are "Introduction to Æsthetics" (1804); "Kampanerthal," an essay on Immortality (1797); "Levana," an essay on Education, (1807); and "Selina," an unfinished essay on Immortality, which was placed on his coffin when he was borne to his grave.

The Dying Year.

(From "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.")

The winter was lying on the ground all bare and naked, not even the bed sheet and chrisom cloth of snow thrown over it; there it lay beside the dry, withered mummy of the bygone summer. Firmian looked with an unsatisfied gaze athwart unclothed fields (over which the cradle quilt of the snow, and the white crape of the frost, had not yet been laid), and down at the streams, not yet struck palsied and speechless. Bright, warm days at the end of December soften us with a sadness

in which there are four or five bitter drops more than in that belonging to the after-summer. Up to twelve o'clock at night, and until the thirty-first day of the twelfth month, the wintry, nocturnal idea of dissolution and decay oppresses us; but as soon as it is one in the morning, and the first of January, a morning breeze, speaking of new life, moves away the clouds which were lying over our souls, and we begin to look for the dark, pure, morning blue, the rising of the star of morning and of spring. On a December day like this, the pale, dim, stagnant world of stiffened, sapless plants about us oppresses and hems us round; and the insect collections lying beneath the vegetation, covered with earth; and the rafter work of bare, dry, wrinkly trees; the December sun hanging in the sky at noon no higher than the June sun does at evening; all these combined shed a yellow lustre as of death (like that of burning alcohol) over the pale, faded meadows; and long giant shadows lie extended, motionless, everywhere — *evening* shadows of this evening of nature and of the year — like the ruined remains, the burnt-out ash heaps of nights as long as themselves. But the glistening snow, on the other hand, spread over the blooming earth under us, is like the blue foreground of spring, or a white fog a foot or two in depth. The quiet dark sky lies above, and the white earth is like some white moon, whose sparkling ice fields melt, as we draw nearer, into dark waving meadows of flowers.

The heart of our sorrowful Firmian grew sadder yet as he stood upon this cold, burnt-out hearth-place of nature. The daily recurring pausings of his heart and pulse were (he thought) the sudden silences of the storm bell in his breast, presaging a speedy end of the thunder, and dissolution of the storm cloud, of life. He thought the faltering of his mechanism was caused by some loose pin having fallen in among the wheels somewhere; he ascribed it to polypus of the heart, and his giddiness he felt sure gave warning of an attack of apoplexy. To-day was the three hundred and sixty-fifth Act of the year, and the curtain was slowly dropping upon it already: what could this suggest to him save gloomy similes of his own epilogue — of the winter solstice of his shortened, overshadowed life? The weeping image of his Lenette came now before his forgiving, departing soul, and he thought, "She is really not in the right; but I will yield to her, as we have not very long to be together now. I am glad for her sake, poor soul, that *my*

arms are moldering away from about her, and that her friend is taking her to his."

He went up on to the scaffold of blood and sorrow where *his* friend, Heinrich, had taken his farewell. From that eminence, as often as his heart was heavy, his glance would follow Leibgeber's path as far as the hills; but to-day his eyes were moister than before, for he had no hope that he would see the spring again. This spot was to him the hill which the Emperor Adrian permitted the Jews to go up twice in the year, that they might look towards the ruins of the holy city and weep for the place wherein their steps might tread no more. The sun was now assembling the shadows which were to close in upon the old year, and as the stars appeared — the stars which rose at evening now being those which in spring adorn the morning — fate snapped away the loveliest and richest in flowers of the liana branches from his soul, and from the wound flowed clear water. "I shall see nothing of the coming spring," he thought, "except her blue, which, as in enamel painting, is the first laid on of all her colors." His heart — one educated to be loving — could always fly for rest from his satires and from dry details of business duty, sometimes, too, from Lenette's indifference and lack of sympathy, to the warm breast of the eternal goddess Nature, ever ready to take us to her heart. Into the free, unveiled, and blooming outdoor world, beneath the grand wide sky, he loved to repair with all his sighs and sorrows, and in this great garden he made all his graves (as the Jews made them in smaller ones). And when our fellows forsake and wound us, the sky and the earth, and the little blooming tree, open their arms and take us into them; the flowers press themselves to our wounded hearts, the streams mingle in our tears, and the breezes breathe coolness into our sighs. A mighty angel troubles and inspires the great ocean pool of Bethesda; into its warm waves we plunge, with all our thousand aches and pains, and ascend from the water of life with our spasms all relaxed and our health and vigor renewed once more.

Firmian walked slowly home with a heart all conciliation, and eyes which, now that it was dark, he did not take the pains to dry. He went over in his mind everything which could possibly be adduced in his Lenette's excuse. He strove to win himself over to her side of the question by reflecting that she could not (like him) arm herself against the shocks, the stumbling-stones, of life, by putting on the Minerva's helm,

the armor of meditation, philosophy, authorship. He thoroughly determined (he had determined the same thing thirty times before) to be as scrupulously careful to observe in all things the outside *politesses* of life with *her* as with the most absolute stranger; nay, he already enveloped himself in the fly net or mail shirt of patience, in case he should really find the checked calico untranslated at home. This is how we men continually behave — stopping our ears tight with both hands, trying our hardest to fall into the siesta, the midday sleep, of a little peace of mind (if we can only anyhow manage it); thus do our souls, swayed by our passions, reflect the sunlight of truth as one dazzling spot (like mirrors or calm water), while all the surrounding surface lies but in deeper shade.

As Firmian laid him down on his bed, he thought, "A sleep closes the old year as if it were one's last, and ushers in the new as it does our own lives; and I sleep on towards a future all anxiety, vague of form, and darkly veiled. Thus does man sleep at the gate behind which the dreams are barred; but although his dreams are but a step or two — a minute or two — within that gate, he cannot tell *what* dreams await him at its opening; whether in the brief, unconscious night beasts of prey with glaring eyes are lying in wait to dash upon him, or smiling children to come trooping round him in their play; nor if, when the cloudy shapes beyond that mystic door come about him, their clasp is to be the fond embrace of love or the murderous clutch of death."

The New-Year's Night of a Miserable Man.

In the lone stillness of the New-Year's night
  An old man at his window stood, and turned
His dim eyes to the firmament, where, bright
  And pure, a million rolling planets burned, —
And then down on the earth all cold and white,
  And felt that moment that of all who mourned
And groaned upon its bosom, none there were
With his deep wretchedness and great despair

For near him lay his grave, — hidden from view
  Not by the flowers of youth, but by the snows
Of age alone. In torturing thought he flew
  Over the past, and on his memory rose

That picture of his life which conscience drew,
With all its fruits, — diseases, sins, and woes;
A ruined frame, a blighted soul, dark years
Of agony, remorse, and withering fears.

Like spectres now his bright youth-days came back,
And that cross-road of life where, when a boy,
His father placed him first: its right-hand track
Leads to a land of glory, peace, and joy,
Its left to wildernesses waste and black,
Where snakes and plagues and poison-winds destroy.
Which had he trod? Alas! the serpents hung
Coiled round his heart, their venom on his tongue.

Sunk in unutterable grief, he cried,
"Restore my youth to me! O God, restore
My morn of life! O father! be my guide,
And let me, let me choose my path once more!"
But on the wide waste air his ravings died
Away, and all was silent as before.
His youth had glided by, fleet as the wave;
His father came not, — he was in his grave.

Strange lights flashed flickering by: a star was falling;
Down to the miry marsh he saw it rush —
"Like me!" he thought, and oh! that thought was galling,
And hot and heart-wrung tears began to gush.
Sleep-walkers crossed his eyes in shapes appalling;
Gaunt windmills lifted up their arms to crush;
And skeleton monsters rose up from the dim
Pits of the charnel-house, and glared on him!

Amid these overboiling bursts of feeling,
Rich music, heralding the young year's birth,
Rolled from a distant steeple, like the pealing
Of some celestial organ o'er the earth:
Milder emotions over him came stealing;
He felt the soul's unpurchasable worth.
"Return!" again he cried, imploringly;
"O my lost youth! return, return to me!"

And youth returned, and age withdrew its terrors;
Still was he young, — for he had dreamed the whole:
But faithful is the image conscience mirrors
When whirlwind passions darken not the soul.

Alas! too real were his sins and errors;
Too truly had he made the earth his goal;
He wept, and thanked his God that with the will
He had the power to choose the right path still.

Here, youthful reader, ponder! and if thou,
Like him, art reeling over the abyss,
And shakest off sin's iron bondage now,
This ghastly dream may prove thy guide to bliss;
But should age once be written on thy brow,
Its wrinkles will not be a dream, like this.
Mayest vainly pour thy tears above the urn
Of thy departed youth, — it never will return!

From "First Flower Piece."

Once on a summer evening I was lying in the sunshine on a mountain, and fell asleep. Then I dreamed that I awoke in a church-yard. The down-rolling wheels of the steeple-clock, which was striking eleven, had awakened me. I looked for the sun in the empty night-heaven, for I thought an eclipse was veiling it with the moon. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were moved to and fro by invisible hands. Shadows which no one cast flitted on the walls; and other shadows walked erect in the thin air. In the open coffins none were sleeping now but children. In the sky hung in large folds merely a gray sultry mist, which a giant shadow like a net was drawing down nearer, tighter, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; under me the first step of an illimitable earthquake. The church wavered up and down with two unceasing discords, which contended with each other and vainly endeavored to mingle in unison. At times a gray gleam skipped up along its windows, and under the gleam the lead and iron ran down molten. The net of the mist and the reeling earth thrust me into that fearful temple, at the door of which, in two poisonous thickets, two glittering basilisks were brooding. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed. All the shadows were standing round the empty altar; and in all of them the breast, instead of the heart, quivered and beat. One dead man only, who had just been buried in the church, still lay on his pillow without a quivering breast, and on his smiling countenance stood a happy dream. But as a living one entered, he awoke, and smiled no

more; he lifted with difficulty his heavy eyelids, but within was no eye, and in his beating breast there was, instead of a heart, a wound. He lifted up his hands and folded them to pray; but the arms lengthened out and dissolved, and the hands, still folded, fell away. Above, on the vault of the church, stood the dial-plate of *eternity*, on which no number appeared, and which was its own index hand; but a black finger pointed thereon, and the dead sought to see the time by it. . . .

An immense and immeasurably extended hammer was about to strike the hour of time and shatter the universe, when I awoke.

My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God and the joy, and the weeping, and the faith in him, were my prayer. And as I arose, the sun was glowing deep behind the full purpled ears of corn, and casting meekly the gleam of its twilight red on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora; and between the sky and the earth, a gay transient air people was stretching out its short wings, and living, as I did, before the Infinite Father; and from all nature around me flowed peaceful tones as from distant evening bells.

Maxims from Richter's Works.

He who remains modest, not when he is praised but when he is blamed, is truly modest.

Of all human qualities, modesty is most easily stifled by fumes of incense, or of sulphur; and praise is often more hurtful than censure.

The truest love is the most timid; the falsest is the boldest.

If you wish to become acquainted with your betrothed, travel with him for a few days, — especially if he is accompanied by his own folks, — and take your mother along.

It is the misfortune of the bachelor that he has no one to tell him frankly his faults; but the husband has this happiness.

Dying for the truth is death not merely for one's country, but also for the world.

Truth, like the Medicean Venus, may be transmitted to posterity in thirty fragments, but posterity will put them together into a goddess.

Genius is the alarm-clock of sleeping centuries.

THERE are truths of which we hope that great men will be more firmly convinced than we can be, and that therefore our conviction will be supplemented by theirs.

WE wish for immortality not as the reward, but as the perpetuity, of virtue.

VIRTUE can be no more rewarded than joy; its sole reward is its continuance.

VICE wins the battle-field, but virtue the Elysian fields.

ART may not be the bread, but it is the wine of life. To disparage it on the plea of utility is to imitate Domitian, who ordered the grape-vines to be rooted out in order to promote agriculture.

A CONVERSATION about a work of art can embrace almost everything.

KNOWLEDGE and Action. — It is a fine thing in the springtide of youth to poetize and theorize, and then in the years of manhood to rule from a higher throne and to crown thoughts with deeds. It is like the sun, which in the morning merely paints the clouds and lights up the earth, but at midday fructifies it with heat, and yet continues to shine and to paint rainbows on storm-clouds.

IF a ruler has received the two heavenly gifts of knowledge and purity of heart, the earthly gift of statecraft will come of itself. Thus two celestial telescopes combine to form one terrestrial telescope.

NECESSITY is the mother of the arts; but also the grandmother of vices.

SATIRE invents ridiculous combinations of purely imaginary follies, not in order that they may be laughed at and laid aside, for they never existed, but in order to render the sense of the ludicrous more acute, so that like combinations in real life may be better observed.

A MAN may curse a misfortune, but never weep over it.

HE who no longer aspires to be more than a man will be less than a man.

THE thought of immortality is a luminous sea, in which he who bathes is all surrounded by stars.

WHERE man is, infinity begins.

A BEING in whom the thought of immortality can arise cannot be mortal.

O MUSIC! thou that bringest the past and the future with their fluttering flames so near to our wounds, art thou the evening zephyr of this life, or the morning breeze of the life to come! Yes, thy notes are echoes which angels catch from the joyous tones of another world, in order to drop into our mute heart and our desolate night the exhaled vernal harmonies of the heavens that fly far from us.

MAN, an Egyptian deity, a patchwork of beasts' heads and human bodies, stretches out his hands in opposite directions towards the present and the future life. He is moved by spiritual and material forces, as the moon is attracted at once by the sun and the earth; but the earth holds it fast in its fetters, while the sun only produces slight deviations in its course.

THE progress of mankind towards the holy city of God is like that of some penitents, who on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem always take three steps forward and one backward.

HE who differs from the world in important matters should be the more careful to conform to it in insignificant ones.

PHILOSOPHY and the nymph Echo never let you have the last word.

CHILDHOOD, and its terrors rather than its raptures, take wings and radiance in dreams, and sport like fireflies in the little night of the soul. Do not crush these flickering sparks!

IT is a fine thing that authors, even those who deny the immortality of their souls, seldom dare to contest that of their names; and as Cicero affirmed that he would believe in another life even if there were none, so they wish to cling to the belief in the future eternal life of their names, although the critics may have furnished positive proofs to the contrary.

LET us not despise the slender thread upon which we and our fortune may depend. If, like the spider, we have spun and drawn it out of ourselves, it will hold us quite well; and we may hang on it safely as the tempest tosses us and the web uninjured to and fro.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Riley, James Whitcomb, a popular American dialect writer, often referred to as the "Burns of America," was born at Greenfield, Ind., in 1854. He made his first appearance as a writer of verses in the "Indianapolis Journal," in 1882. He has published "The Old Swimmin' Hole, and 'Leven More Poems, by Benjamin F. Johnson, of Boone" (1883); "The Boss Girl and Other Sketches, Stories and Poems" (1886); "Afterwhiles," and "Character Sketches and Poems" (1887); "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury," and "Old-Fashioned Roses" (1889); "Rhymes of Childhood Days" (1890); "Neighborly Poems" (1891); "Flying Islands of the Night" (1891); "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" (1891); "Green Fields and Running Brooks" (1893); "Poems Here at Home" (1893); "Armazindy" (1894), a volume of Hoosier harvest-airs and child-rhymes; "Rubáiyát of Doc Sifers" (1897); "A Child World" (1897).

The Elf-Child.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board and keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire, an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the watch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy would n't say his pray'rs —
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turned the kivvers down he was n't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywheres, I guess,

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But all they ever found was thist, his pants an' roundabout: —
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of everyone an' all her blood-an-kin.
An' onc't when they was "company," an' old folks was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she did n't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run and hide,
They was two great Big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she 's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes Woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is squenched away —
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teacher fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, and dry the orphant's tear,
An' help the po' an' needy ones, 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git *you*
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

AWAY.

I CANNOT say and I will not say
That he is dead. — He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you — O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return, —

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still as he gave the blows
Of his warrior strength to his country's foes

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things: where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirred
Was dear to him as the mocking-bird;

And he pitied as much as a man in pain
A writhing honey-bee wet with rain. —

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead — he is just away!

A Life Lesson.

There, little girl — don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago:
But childish troubles will soon pass by; —
There, little girl — don't cry!

There, little girl — don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago:
But life and love will soon come by; —
There, little girl — don't cry!

There, little girl — don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams

Are things of the long ago:
But heaven holds all for which you sigh; —
There, little girl — don't cry!

Nothin' to Say.

Nothin' to say, my daughter! nothin' at all to say! —
G'yrils that 's in love, I 've noticed, ginerly has their way!
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to me —
Yit here I am, and here you air; and yer mother — where is she?

You look lots like yer mother: purty much same in size;
And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes;
Like her, too, about her livin' here, — because *she* could n't stay:
It 'll most seem like you was dead — like her! but I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible — writ yer name acrost the page;
And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of age.
I 've allus kep' 'em and g'yarded 'em, but ef yer goin' away —
Nothin' to say, my daughter! nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No: you was n't a year old then!
And now yer — how old air you? W'y, child, not "twenty"! When?
And yer nex' birthday 's in April? and you want to get married that day? —
I wisht yer mother was livin'! — but — I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a girl as parent ever found!
There 's a straw ketched onto yer dress there — I 'll bresh it off — turn round.
(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! nothin' at all to say!

Knee-Deep in June.

Tell you what I like the best:
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time the strawberries melts
On the vine, — some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard 's where I 'd ruther be —
Need n't fence it in for me ! —
  Jes' the whole sky overhead,
    And the whole airth underneath —
    Sorto' so 's a man kin breathe
    Like he ort, and kindo' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
    Sprawl out len'thways on the grass,
  Where the shadder 's thick and soft
  As the kivvers on the bed
  Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they 's company !

Jes' a sorto' lazin' there —
  S' lazy 'at you peek and peer
    Through the wavin' leaves above,
    Like a feller 'at 's in love
  And don't know it, ner don't keer !
Ever'thing you hear and see
  Got some sort o' interest:
  Maybe find a bluebird's nest
Tucked up there conveenently
For the boys 'at 's apt to be
Up some other apple-tree !
Watch the swallers scootin' past
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
Er the bobwhite raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow;
Er a hawk away up there,
'Pearantly froze in the air ! —
Hear the old hen squawk, and squat
Over every chick she 's got,
Suddent-like ! — And she knows where
That air hawk is, well as you !
You jes' bet your life she do ! —
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass !

Pee-wee 's singin', to express
  My opinions second-class,
Yit you 'll hear 'em more or less;
    Sapsuck 's gittin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;

Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them base-ball clothes o' his,
Sportin' 'round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises!
Sun out in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on yer back, I guess,
In the shade 's where glory is!
That 's jes' what I 'd like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two.

Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in
Work, 'at kind o' goes ag'in
My convictions! — 'long about
Here in June especially!
Under some old apple-tree,
Jes' a-restin' through and through,
I could git along without
Nothin' else at all to do
Only jes' a-wishin' you
Was a-gittin' there like me, —
And June was eternity!

Lay out there and try to see
Jes' how lazy you kin be! —
Tumble round and souse your head
In the clover-bloom, er pull
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
And peek through it at the skies,
Thinkin' of old chums 'at 's dead,
Maybe smilin' back at you
In betwixt the beautiful
Clouds o' gold and white and blue! —
Month a man kin railly love —
June, you know, I 'm talkin' of!

March ain't never nothin' new! —
April 's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May — I jes'
'Bominate its promises:
Little hints o' sunshine and
Green around the timber-land —
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two —
Drap asleep, and it turns in
'Fore daylight and snows ag'in!

But when June comes — clear my throat
With wild honey! Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud! and throw my hat!
June wants me, and I 'm to spare!
Spread them shaaders anywhere,
I 'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

While the Heart Beats Young.

While the heart beats young! — Oh, the splendor of the Spring,
With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing —
The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom-time of May
Is not so sweet a season as the season of to-day
While Youth's diviner climate folds and holds us, close caressed.
As we feel our mothers with us, by the touch of face and breast; —
Our bare feet in the meadows, and our fancies up among
The airy clouds of morning — while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance,
With every day a holiday and life a glad romance, —
We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch their flight —
Standing still the more enchanted, both of hearing and of sight,
When they have vanished wholly — for, in fancy, wing to wing,
We fly to Heaven with them; and, returning, still we sing
The praises of this lower Heaven with tireless voice and tongue,
E'en as the Master sanctions — while the heart beats young!

While the heart beats young! — While the heart beats young!
O green and gold old Earth of ours, with azure overhung
And looped with rainbows! — grant us yet this grassy lap of thine —
We would be still thy children, through the shower and the shine!
So pray we, lisping, whispering, in childish love and trust,
With our beseeching hands and faces lifted from the dust
By fervor of the poem, all unwritten and unsung,
Thou givest us in answer, while the heart beats young.

ANNE ISABELLA RITCHIE.

Ritchie, Anne Isabella (Thackeray), an English novelist; born in London, June 9, 1837. The daughter of William M. Thackeray, in early years her father dictated many of his works to her and to her sister. After receiving her education in Paris and London, she was married in 1877 to her cousin, Richmond Thackeray Ritchie. Her books include "The Story of Elizabeth" (1863); "The Village on the Cliff" (1867); "To Esther, and Other Stories" (1869); "Old Kensington" and "Toilers and Spinsters, and Other Essays" (1873); "Blue Beard's Keys, and Other Stories" (1874); "Miss Angel" (1875); "Lord Amherst" (1894); "Mme. de Sévigné," a biography (1881); "Miss Williamson's Divagations" (1881); "A Book of Sibyls," reprinted from the "Cornhill Magazine" (1883); "Mrs. Dymond" (1885); "Tennyson and His Friends" (1893); "Lord Amherst and the British Advance Eastward to Burmah" (1894; in collaboration with R. Evans); "Chapters from Some Unwritten Memoirs" (1895).

The Escapade.

(From "The Story of Elizabeth.")

The little carriole, as Françoise called it, was waiting, a short way down, at the corner of the hospital; and Dampier came to meet her, looking very tall and straight through the twilight. She wondered at his grave, anxious face; but, in truth, he too was exceedingly nervous, though he would not let her know it: he was beginning to be afraid for her, and had resolved that he would not take her out again; it might, after all, be unpleasant for them both; he had seen De Vaux, and found out, to his annoyance, that he had recognized them in the Louvre the day before, and had passed them by on purpose. There was no knowing what trouble he might not get poor Elly into. And, besides, his aunt Jean was on her way to Paris. She had been keeping house for Will Dampier, she wrote, and she was coming. Will was on his way to Switzerland, and she should cross with him.

That very day John had received a letter from her, in answer to the one he had written about Elly. He had written it three days ago; but he was not the same man he had been three days ago. He was puzzled, and restless, and thoroughly wretched, that was the truth, and he was not used to be unhappy, and he did not like it. Elly's face haunted him day and night; he thought of her continually; he tried, in vain, to forget her, to put her out of his mind. Well, on the whole, he was glad that his aunt was coming, and very glad that his mother and Lætitia were still away, and unconscious of what he was thinking about.

"So you did not lose courage?" he said, as they were driving off. "How did you escape Madame Jacob?"

"I have been all alone," said Elly, "these two days. How I found courage to come I cannot tell you. I don't quite believe that it is I myself who am here. It seems impossible. I don't feel like myself. I have not for some days past. All I know is, that I am certain those horrible long days have come to an end." John Dampier was frightened — he hardly knew why — when he heard her say this.

"I hope so, most sincerely," said he. "But, after all, Elly, we men and women are rarely contented; and there are plenty of days, more or less tiresome, in store for me and for you, I hope. We must pluck up our courage and go through with them. You are such a sensitive, weak-minded little girl that you will go on breaking your heart a dozen times a day to the end of your life."

Dampier looked very grave as he spoke, though it was too dark for her to see him. He was angry and provoked with himself, and an insane impulse came over him to knock his head violently against the sides of the cab. Insane, do I say? It would have been the very best thing he could have done. But they drove on all the same: Elly in rapture. She was not a bit afraid now. Her spirits were so high and so daring that they would carry her through anything; and when she was with Dampier she was content to be happy, and not to trouble herself with vague apprehensions. And she was happy now: her eyes danced with delight, her heart beat with expectation, she seemed to have become a child again, she was not like a woman any more.

"Have you not a veil?" said Dampier, as they stopped before the theatre. There was a great light, a crowd of people passing and repassing; other carriages driving up.

"No," said Elly. "What does it matter? Who will know me?"

"Well, make haste. Here, take my arm," said Sir John, hurriedly; and he hastily sprang down and helped her out.

"Look at the new moon," said Elly, looking up, smiling.

"Never mind the new moon. Come, Elly," said Dampier. And so they passed on into the theatre.

Dampier was dreading recognition. He had a feeling that they would be sure to come against some one. Elly feared no one. When the play began she sat entranced, thrilling with interest, carried away. "Faust" was the piece which they were representing; and as each scene was played before her, as one change after another came over the piece, she was lost more and more in wonder. If she looked up for an instant it was to see John Dampier's familiar face opposite; and then outside the box, with its little curtain, great glittering theatre-lights, crystals reflecting the glitter, gilding, and silken drapery; everywhere hundreds of people, silent, and breathless too, with interest, with excitement. The music plays, the scene shifts and changes, melting into fresh combinations. Here is Faust. Listen to him as he laments his wasted life. Of what use is wisdom? What does he care for knowledge? A lonely man without one heart to love, one creature to cherish him. Has he not wilfully wasted the best years of his life? he cries, in a passion of rage and indignation, — wasted them in the pursuit of arid science, of fruitless learning? Will these tend him in his old age, soothe his last hours, be to him wife, and children, and household, and holy home ties? Will these stand by his bedside, and close his weary, aching eyes, and follow him to his grave in the churchyard?

Faust's sad complaint went straight to the heart of his hearers. The church bell was ringing up the street. Fathers, mothers, and children were wending their way obedient to its call. And the poor desolate old man burst into passionate and hopeless lamentation.

It was all so real to Elly that she almost began to cry herself. She was so carried away by the play, by this history of Faust and of Margaret, that it was in vain Dampier begged her to be careful, to sit back in the shade of the curtain, and not to lean forward too eagerly. She would draw back for a minute or two, and then by degrees advance her pretty, breathless head, turning to him every now and then. It was like a

dream to her. Like a face in a dream, too, did she presently recognize the face of De Vaux, her former admirer, opposite, in one of the boxes. But Margaret was coming into the chapel with her young companions, and Elly was too much interested to think of what he would think of her. Just at that moment it was Margaret who seemed to her to be the important person in the world.

De Vaux was of a different opinion: he looked towards them once or twice, and at the end of the second act Dampier saw him get up and leave his seat. Sir John was provoked and annoyed beyond measure. He did not want him, De Vaux least of all people in the world. Every moment he felt as he had never felt before, — how wrong it was to have brought Elly, whom he was so fond of, into such a situation. For a moment he was undecided, and then he rose, biting his lips, and opened the door of the box, hoping to intercept him; but there was his Mephistopheles, as ill-luck would have it, standing at the door ready to come in.

"I thought I could not be mistaken," De Vaux began, with a smirk, bowing, and looking significantly from one to the other. "Did you see me in the gallery of the Louvre the other day?"

Elly blushed up very red, and Dampier muttered an oath as he caught sight of the other man's face. He was smiling very disagreeably. John glanced a second time, hesitated, and then said, suddenly and abruptly: "No, you are not mistaken. This is Miss Gilmour, my *fiancée*, M. de Vaux. I dare say you are surprised that I should have brought her to the play. It is the custom in our country." He did not dare look at Elly as he spoke. Had he known what else to say he would have said it.

De Vaux was quite satisfied, and instantly assumed a serious and important manner. The English miss was to him the most extraordinary being in creation, and he would believe anything you liked to tell him of her. He was prepared to sit down in the vacant chair by Elizabeth, and make himself agreeable to her.

The English miss was scarcely aware of his existence. Faust, Margaret, had been the whole world to her a minute ago. Where was she now? . . . where were they? . . . Was she the actress? and were they the spectators looking on? . . . Was that the Truth which he had spoken? Did he mean it?

Was there such wonderful, wonderful happiness in store for a poor little wretch like herself? Ah! could it be, — could it be true? Her whole soul shone in her trembling eyes, as she looked up for one instant, and upturned her flashing, speaking, beaming face. Dampier was very pale, and was looking vacantly at the stage. Margaret was weeping, for her troubles had begun. Mephistopheles was laughing, and De Vaux chatting on in an agreeable manner with his hat between his knees. After some time, he discovered that they were not paying attention to one single word he was saying; upon which he rose in an *empressé* manner, wished them good-by politely, and went away very well pleased with his own good breeding. And then, when he was gone, when the door was shut, when they were alone together, there was a silence, and Elly leaned her head against the side of the box; she was trembling so that she could not sit up. And Dampier, looking white and gray in the face somehow, said, in an odd, harsh voice: —

"Elly, you must not mind what I was obliged to say just now. You see, my dear child, that it does n't do. I ought never to have brought you, and I could think of no better way to get out of my scrape than to tell him that lie."

"It was — it was a lie?" repeated Elly, slowly raising herself upright.

"What could I do?" Sir John continued, very nervously and exceedingly agitated. "Elly, my dear little girl, I could not let him think you were out upon an unauthorized escapade. We all know how it is, but he does not. You must, you do forgive me, — only say you do."

"And it is not true?" said Elly, once more, in a bewildered piteous way.

"I — I belong to Lætitia. It was settled before we came abroad," faltered Dampier; and he just looked at her once, and then he turned away. And the light was gone out of her face; all the sparkle, the glitter, the amazement of happiness. Just as this shining theatre, now full of life, of light, of excitement, would be in a few hours black, ghastly, and void. John Dampier did not dare to look at her again, — he hesitated, he was picking and choosing the words which should be least cruel, least insulting; and while he was still choking and fumbling, he heard a noise outside, a whispering, as the door flew open. Elly looked up and gave a little low plaintive cry, and two darkling, frowning men in black coats came into the box.

They were the Pasteurs Boulot and Tourneur.

Who cares to witness, who cares to read, who cares to describe, scenes such as these? Reproach, condemnation, righteous wrath, and indignation, and then one crushed, bewildered, almost desperate little heart.

She was hurried out into the night air. She had time to say good-by, not one other word. He had not stretched out a hand to save her. The play was going on, all the people were sitting in their places, one or two looked up as she passed by the open doors. Then they came out into the street; the stars were all gone, the night was black with clouds, and a heavy rain was pouring down upon the earth. The drops fell wet upon her bare, uncovered head. "Go under shelter," said the Pasteur Boulot; but she paid no heed, and in a minute a cab came up, the two men clasped each other's hands in the peculiar silent way to which they were used. Boulot walked away. And Elly found herself alone, inside the damp vehicle, driving over the stones. Her stepfather had got upon the box: he was in a fury of indignation, so that he could not trust himself to be with her.

His indignation was not what she most feared. Another torturing doubt filled her whole heart. Her agony of hopelessness was almost unendurable: she was chilled through and through, but she did not heed it, — and faint, and sick, and wearied, but too unhappy to care. Unhappy is hardly the word, — bewilderment, a sort of crushed dull misery, would better describe her state. She felt little remorse: she had done wrong, but not very wrong, she thought. She sat motionless in the corner of the jolting cab, with the rain beating in at the open window, as they travelled through the black night and the splashing streets.

By what unlucky chance had M. Boulot been returning home along the Boulevards about half-past seven at the very moment when Elly, jumping from the carriage, stopped to look up at the little new moon? He, poor man, could hardly believe his eyes. He did not believe them, and went home wondering, and puzzling, and asking himself if that audacious girl could be so utterly lost as to set her foot in that horrible den of iniquity. Ah! it was impossible; it was some one strangely like her. She could not be so lost, so perverted. But the chances were still against Elly; for when he reached the modest little apartment where he lived, his maid-servant told him that M.

Tourneur had been there some time, and was waiting to see him. And there in the study, reading by the light of the green lamp, sat Tourneur, with his low-crowned hat lying on the table. He had come up on some business connected with an appointment he wanted to obtain for Anthony. His wife was to follow him next day, he said, and then he and Boulot fell to talking over their affairs and Anthony's prospects and chances.

"Poor Anthony, he has been sorely tried and proved of late," said his father. "Elizabeth will never make him happy."

"Never — never — never!" cried Boulot. "Elizabeth! — she! — the last person in the world a pastor ought to think of as a wife!"

"If she were more like her mother," sighed Tourneur.

"Ah! that would be different," said Boulot; "but the girl causes me deep anxiety, my friend. Hers is, I fear, an unconverted spirit. Her heart is of this world; she requires much earnest teaching. Did you take her to Fontainebleau with you?"

"She would not come," said Tourneur; "she is at home with my sister, Madame Jacob; or rather by herself, for my sister went away a day or two ago."

"Tourneur, you do not do wisely to leave that girl alone; she is not to be trusted," said the other, suddenly remembering all his former doubts. And so, when Tourneur asked what he meant, he told him what he had seen. The mere suspicion was a blow for our simple-minded pasteur. He loved Elly; with all her waywardness, there was a look in her eyes which nobody could resist. In his heart of hearts he liked her better for a daughter-in-law than any one of the decorous young women who were in the habit of coming to be catechised by him. But to think that she had deceived him, to think that she had forgotten herself so far, forgotten his teaching, his wishes, his firm convictions, sinned so outrageously! Ah, it was too much; it was impossible, it was unpardonable. He fired up, and in an agitated voice said it could not be; that he knew her to be incapable of such horrible conduct, and then, seizing his hat, he rushed downstairs and called a carriage which happened to be passing by.

"Where are you going?" asked Boulot, who had followed him, somewhat alarmed.

"I am going home, to see that she is there. Safe in her room, and sheltered under her parents' roof, I humbly pray.

Far away from the snares and dangers and temptations of the world."

Alas! poor Elly was not at home, peacefully resting or reading by the lamplight. Françoise, to be sure, told them she was in bed, and Tourneur went hopefully to her door and knocked: —

"Elly," he cried, "mon enfant! êtes-vous là, ma fille? Répondez, Elizabeth!" and he shook the door in his agitation.

Old Françoise was standing by, holding the candle, Boulot was leaning against the wall. But there came no answer. The silence struck chill. Tourneur's face was very pale, his lips were drawn, and his eyes gleamed as he raised his head. He went away for a minute and came back with a little tool; it did not take long to force back the lock, — the door flew open, and there was the empty room all in disorder! In silence truly, but emptiness is not peace always, silence is not tranquillity; a horrible dread and terror came over poor Tourneur; Françoise's hand, holding the light, began to tremble guiltily. Boulot was dreadfully shocked: —

"My poor friend! my poor friend!" he began.

Tourneur put his hand to his head: —

"How has this come to pass, — am I to blame?" said he. "Oh! unhappy girl, what has she done? — how has she brought this disgrace upon us?" and he fell on his knees by the bedside, and buried his head in the clothes, — kneeling there praying for Elly where she had so often knelt and poured out all her sad heart. . . .

Elly, at that minute, — sitting in the little box, wondering, delighted, thrilling with interest, with pleasure, — did not guess what a strange scene was taking place in her own room at home; she did not once think of what trouble, what grief, she was causing to others, and to herself, poor child, most of all. Only a few minutes more, — all the music would cease abruptly for her; all the lights go out; all the sweetness turn to gall and to bitterness. Nearer and nearer comes the sad hour, the cruel awakening; dream on still for a few happy minutes, poor Elly! — nearer and nearer come these two angry silent men, in their black, sombre clothes, — nearer and nearer the cruel spoken word which will chill, crush, and destroy. Elizabeth's dreams lasted a little longer, and then she awoke at last.

Realization of Happiness.

(From "The Story of Elizabeth.")

Elly expected, she did not know why, that there would be some great difference when she got back to the old house at Paris. Her heart sank as Clementine, looking just as usual, opened the great door, and stepped forward to help with the box. She went into the court-yard. Those cocks and hens were pecketting between the stones, the poplar-trees shivering, Françoise in her blue gown came out of the kitchen: it was like one of the dreams which used to haunt her pillow. This sameness and monotony was terrible. Already in one minute it seemed to her that she had never been away. Her mother and father were out. Mme. Jacob came downstairs with the children to greet her and see her. Ah! they had got new frocks, and were grown, — that was some relief. Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou were not more delighted with their little check black-and-white alpacas than Elly was.

Anthony was away, — she was glad. After the first shock the girl took heart and courage, and set herself to practise the good resolutions she had made when she was away. It was not so hard as she had fancied to be a little less ill-tempered and discontented, because you see she had really behaved so very badly before. But it was not so easy to lead the cheerful devoted life she had pictured to herself. Her mother was very kind, very indifferent, very unhappy, Elizabeth feared. She was ill, too, and out of health, but she bore great suffering with wonderful patience and constancy. Tourneur looked haggard and worn. Had he begun to discover that he could not understand his wife, that he had not married the woman he fancied he knew so well, but some quite different person? Ill-temper, discontent, he could have endured and dealt with, but a terrible mistrust and doubt had come into his heart, he did not know how or when, and had nearly broken it.

Elly came home blooming and well, and was shocked and frightened at first to see the change which had come over her mother. She did not ask the reason of it, but, as we all do sometimes, accepted without much speculation the course of events. Things come about so simply and naturally that people are often in the midst of strangest histories without having once thought so, or wondered that it should be. Very soon all

the gloomy house, though she did not know it, seemed brightened and cheered by her coming home. Even Mme. Jacob relented a little when she heard Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou's shouts of laughter one day coming through the open window. The three girls were at work in the garden. I do not know that they were doing much good except to themselves. It was a keen, clear, brilliant winter morning, and the sun out of doors put out the smouldering fires within.

The little girls were laughing and working with all their hearts. Elly was laughing too, and tearing up dried old plants, and heaping broken flower-pots together. Almost happy, almost contented, almost good. . . . And there is many a worse state of mind than this. She was sighing as she laughed, for she was thinking of herself, pacing round and round the neglected garden once not so long ago; then she thought of the church on the hill-top, then of Will Dampier, and then of John, and then she came upon a long wriggling worm, and she jumped away and forgot to be sentimental. Besides working in the garden, she set to teaching the children in her mother's school. What this girl turned her hand to, she always did well and thoroughly. She even went to visit some of the sick people, and though she never took kindly to these exercises, the children liked to say their lessons to her, and the sick people were glad when she came in. She was very popular with them all; perhaps the reason was, that she did not do these things from a sense of duty, and did not look upon the poor and the sick as so many of us do, as a selfish means for self-advancement; she went to them because it was more convenient for her to go than for anybody else, — she only thought of their needs, grumbled at the trouble she was taking, and it never occurred to her that this unconsciousness was as good as a good conscience.

My dear little Elizabeth! I am glad that at last she is behaving pretty well. Tourneur strokes her head sometimes, and holds out his kind hand to her when she comes into his room. His eyes follow her fondly as if he were her father. One day she told him about William Dampier. He sighed as he heard the story. It was all ordained for the best, he said to himself. But he would have been glad to know her happy, and he patted her cheek and went into his study.

Miss Dampier's letters were Elly's best treasures: how eagerly she took them from Clementine's hands, how she tore them open and read them once, twice, thrice! No novels inter-

est people so much as their own, — a story in which you have ever so little a part to enact thrills, and excites, and amuses to the very last. You don't skip the reflections; the descriptions do not weary. I can fancy Elly sitting in a heap on the floor, and spelling out Miss Dampier's; Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou looking on with respectful wonder.

But suddenly the letters seemed to her to change. They became short and reserved; they were not interesting any more. Looked for so anxiously, they only brought disappointment when they came, and no word of the people about whom she longed to hear, no mention of their doings. Even Lady Dampier's name would have been welcome. But there was nothing. It was in vain she read and re-read so eagerly, longing and thirsting for news.

Things were best as they were, she told herself a hundred times; and so, though poor Elly sighed and wearied, and though her heart sank, she did not speak to any one of her trouble: it was a wholesome one, she told herself, one that must be surmounted and overcome by patience. Sometimes her work seemed almost greater than her strength, and then she would go upstairs and cry a little bit, and pity herself, and sop up all her tears, and then run round and round the garden once or twice, and come back, with bright eyes and glowing cheeks, to chatter with Françoise, to look after her mother and Stephen Tourneur, to scold the pupils and make jokes at them, to romp with the little girls.

One day she found her letter waiting on the hall-table, and tore it open with a trembling hope. . . . Aunt Jean described the weather, the pig-sty, made valuable remarks on the news contained in the daily papers, signed herself, ever her affectionate old friend. And that was all. Was not that enough? Elly asked herself, with such a sigh. She was reading it over in the door-way of the salle-à-manger, bonneted and cloaked, with all the remains of the midday meal congealing and disordered on the table.

"Es-tu prête, Elizabeth?" said Tou-Tou, coming in with a little basket, — there were no stones in it this time. "Tiens, voilà ce que ma tante envoie à cette pauvre Madame Jonnes."

Madame Jonnes was only Mrs. Jones, only an old woman dying in a melancholy room hard by, — in a melancholy room in a deserted street, where there were few houses, but long walls, where the mould was feeding, and yellow placards were pasted

and defaced and flapping in shreds, and where Elly, picking her little steps over the stones, saw blades of grass growing between them. There was a *chantier* — a great wood-yard — on one side; now and then a dark door-way leading into a black and filthy court, out of which a gutter would come with evil smells, flowing murkily into the street; in the distance, two figures passing; a child in a nightcap, thumping a doll upon a curb-stone; a dog snuffing at a heap; at the end of the street the placarded backs of tall houses built upon a rising ground; a man in a blouse wheeling a truck, and singing out dismally; and meanwhile, good old Mrs. Jones was dying close at hand, under this black and crumbling door-way, in a room opening with cracked glass-doors upon the yard.

She was lying alone upon her bed; the nurse they had sent to her was gossiping with the porter in his lodge. Kindly and dimly her eyes opened and smiled somehow at the girl, out of the faded bed, out of a mystery of pain, of grief, and solitude.

It was a mystery indeed, which Elizabeth, standing beside it, could not understand, though she herself had lain so lately and so resignedly upon a couch of sickness. Age, abandonment, seventy years of life, — how many of grief and trouble? As she looked at the dying, indifferent face, she saw that they were almost ended. And in the midst of her pity and shrinking compassion Elly thought to herself that she would change all with the sick woman, at that minute, to have endured, to have surmounted so much.

She sat with her till the dim twilight came through the dirty and patched panes of the windows. Even as she waited there her thoughts went wandering, and she was trying to picture to herself faces and scenes that she could not see. She knew that the shadows were creeping round about those whom she loved, as quietly as they were rising here in this sordid room. It was their evening as it was hers; and then she said to herself that they who made up so large a part of her life must, perforce, think of her sometimes: she was part of their lives, even though they should utterly neglect and forget and abandon her; even though they should never meet again from this day; though she should never hear their names so much as mentioned; though their paths should separate forever. For a time they had travelled the same road, — ah! she was thankful even for so much; and she unconsciously pressed the wasted hand she was holding; and then her heart thrilled with tender, unselfish gladness as

the feeble fingers tried to clasp hers, and the faltering whisper tried to bless.

She came home sad and tired from her sick woman's bedside, thinking of the last kind gleam of the eyes as she left the room. She went straight upstairs and took off her shabby dress, and found another, and poured out water and bathed her face. Her heart was beating, her hands trembling. She was remembering and regretting; she was despairing and longing, and yet resigned, as she had learnt to be of late. She leaned against the wall for a minute before she went down; she was dressed in the blue dress, with her favorite little locket hanging round her neck. She put her hand tiredly to her head; and so she stood, as she used to stand when she was a child, in a sort of dream, and almost out of the world. And as she was waiting a knock came at the door. It was Clementine who knocked, and who said, in the singsong way in which Frenchwomen speak, — "Mademoiselle, voilà pour vous."

It was too dark to see anything except that it was another familiar-looking letter. Elly made up her mind not to be disappointed any more, and went downstairs leisurely to the study, where she knew she should find Tourneur's lamp alight. And she crossed the hall and turned the handle of the door, and opened it and went in.

The lamp with its green shade on the table lit up one part of the room, but in the duskiness, standing by the stove and talking eagerly, were two people whom she could not distinguish very plainly. One of them was Tourneur, who looked round and came to meet her, and took her hand; and the other. . . .

Suddenly her heart began to beat so that her breath was taken away. What was this? Who was this — ? What chance had she come upon? Such mad hopes as hers, were they ever fulfilled? Was this moment, so sudden, so unlooked-for, the one for which she had despaired and longed, for which she had waited and lived through an eternity of grief? Was it John Dampier into whose hand Tourneur put hers? Was she still asleep and dreaming one of those delighting but terrible dreams from which, ah, me, she must awake? In this dream she heard the pasteur saying, "Il a bien des choses à vous dire, Elizabeth," and then he seemed to go away and to leave them.

In this dream, bewildered and trembling with a desperate effort, she pulled her hand away, and said: "What does it mean? Where is Tishy? Why do you come, John? Why don't you leave me in peace?"

And then it was a dream no longer, but a truth and a reality, when John began to speak in his familiar way, and she heard his voice, and saw him before her, and — yes, it was he; and he said: "Tishy and I have had a quarrel, Elly. We are nothing to one another any more, and so I have come to you — to — to — tell you that I have behaved like a fool all this time." And he turned very red as he spoke, and then he was silent, and then he took both her hands and spoke again: "Tell me, dear," he said, looking up into her sweet eyes, — "Elly, tell me, would you — won't you — be content with a fool for a husband?" And Elizabeth Gilmour only answered, "O John, John!" and burst into a great flood of happy tears: tears which fell raining peace and calm after this long drought and misery; tears which seemed to speak to him and made him sad, and yet happier than he had ever dreamt of or imagined; tears which quieted her, soothed her, and healed all her troubles.

Before John went away that night, Elly read Miss Dampier's letter, which explained his explanations. The old lady wrote in a state of incoherent excitement. — It was some speech of Will's which had brought the whole thing about.

"What did he say?" Elly asked, looking up from the letter with her shining eyes.

Sir John said: "He asked me if I did not remember that church on the hill, at Boatstown? We were all out in the garden, by the old statue of the nymph. Tishy suddenly stopped, and turned upon me, and cried out, 'When was I last at Boatstown?' And then I was obliged to confess, and we had a disagreeable scene enough, and she appealed to William, — gave me my congé, and I was not sorry, Elly."

"But had you never told her about — ?"

"It was from sheer honesty that I was silent," said Sir John; "a man who sincerely wishes to keep his word does n't say, 'Madam, I like some one else, but I will marry you if you insist upon it;' only the worst of it is, that we were both uncomfortable, and I now find she suspected me the whole time. She sent me a note in the evening. Look here."

The note said: —

"I have been thinking about what I said just now in the garden. I am more than ever decided that it is best we two should part. But I do not choose to say good-by to you in an angry spirit, and so this is to tell you that I forgive you all the injustice of your conduct to me. Everybody seems to have been in a league to deceive me, and I

have not found out one true friend among you all. How could you for one moment imagine that I should wish to marry a man who preferred another woman? You may have been influenced and worked upon; but for all that I should never be able to place confidence in you again, and I feel it is best and happiest for us both that all should be at an end between us.

"You will not wonder that, though I try to forgive you, I cannot help feeling indignant at the way in which I have been used. I could never understand exactly what was going on in your mind. You were silent, you equivocated; and not you only, everybody seems to have been thinking of themselves, and never once for me. Even William, who professes to care for me still, only spoke by chance, and revealed the whole history. When he talked to you about Boatstown, some former suspicions of mine were confirmed, and by the most fortunate chance two people have been saved from a whole lifetime of regret.

"I will not trust myself to think of the way in which I should have been bartered had I only discovered the truth when it was too late. If I speak plainly, it is in justice to myself, and from no unkindness to you; for though I bid you farewell, I can still sincerely sign myself,

"Yours affectionately,

"LÆTITIA."

Elly read the letter, and gave it back to him, and sighed, then smiled, then sighed again, and then went on with Miss Dampier's epistle.

For some time past, Jean Dampier wrote, she had noticed a growing suspicion and estrangement between the engaged couple. John was brusque and morose at times, Tishy cross and defiant. He used to come over on his brown mare and stop at the cottage gate, and ask about Elly, and then interrupt her before she could answer and change the talk. He used to give her messages to send, and then retract them. He was always philosophizing and discoursing about first affections. Lætitia, too, used to come and ask about Elly.

Miss Dampier hoped that John himself would put an end to this false situation. She did not know how to write about either of them to Elly. Her perplexities had seemed unending.

"But I also never heard that you came to Boatstown," Elly said.

"And yet I saw you there," said John, "standing at the end of the pier." And then he went on to tell her a great deal more, and to confess all that he had thought while he was waiting for her.

Elly passed her hand across her eyes with the old familiar action.

"And you came to Boatstown, and you went away when you read Tishy's writing, and you had the heart to be angry with me?" she said.

"I was worried, and out of temper," said John. "I felt I was doing wrong when I ran away from Tishy. I blamed you because I was in a rage with myself. I can't bear to think of it. But I was punished, Elly. Were you ever jealous?" She laughed and nodded her head. "I dare say not," he went on; "when I sailed away and saw you standing so confidentially with Will Dampier, I won't try and tell you what I suffered. I could bear to give you up, — but to see you another man's wife, — Elly, I know you never were jealous, or you would understand what I felt at that moment."

When their *tête-à-tête* was over they went into the next room. All the family congratulated them, Madame Tourneur among the rest; she was ill and tired that evening, and lying on the yellow Utrecht velvet sofa. But it was awkward for them and uncomfortable, and John went home early to his inn. As Elly went up to bed that night, Françoise brought her one other piece of news, — Madame Jonnes was dead. They had sent to acquaint the police. But Elly was so happy, that, though she tried, she could not be less happy because of this. All the night she lay awake, giving thanks and praise, and saying over to herself, a hundred times, "At last — at last!"

At last! after all this long rigmarole. At last! after all these despairing adjectives and adverbs. At last! after all these thousands of hours of grief and despair. Did not that one minute almost repay her for them all? She went on telling herself, as I have said, that this was a dream, — from which she need never awake. And I, who am writing her story, wonder if it is so, — wonder if even to such dreams as these there may not be a waking one day, when all the visions that surround us shall vanish and disappear forever into eternal silence and oblivion. Dear faces, — voices, whose tones speak to us even more familiarly than the tender words which they utter! It would, in truth, seem almost too hard to bear, if we did not guess — if we were not told — how the love which makes such things so dear to us endures in the eternity out of which they have passed.

Happiness like Elly's is so vague and so great that it is impossible to try to describe it. To a nature like hers, full of

tenderness, faithful and eager, it came like a sea, ebbing and flowing with waves, and with the sun shining and sparkling on the water, and lighting the fathoms below. I do not mean to say that my poor little heroine was such a tremendous creature that she could compass the depths and wide extent of a sea in her heart. Love is not a thing which belongs to any one of us individually; it is everywhere, here and all round about, and sometimes people's hearts are opened, and they guess at it, and realize that it is theirs.

Dampier came early next morning, looking kind and happy and bright, to fetch her for a walk; Elly was all blue ribbons and blue eyes; her feet seemed dancing against her will, she could hardly walk quietly along. Old Françoise looked after them as they walked off towards the Bois de Boulogne; Tou-Tou and Lou-Lou peeped from their bedroom window. The sun was shining, the sky had mounted Elly's favorite colors.

Reine.

(From "The Village on the Cliff.")

Reine was one of those people whose inner life works upon their outer life, and battles with it. She had inherited her mother's emotional nature and her father's strong and vigorous constitution. She was strong where her mother had been weak. She had thoughts and intuitions undreamt of by those among whom she lived. But things went crossways with her, and she suffered from it. She was hard and rough at times, and had not that gentleness and openness which belong to education and culture. Beyond the horizon dawned for her the kingdom of saints and martyrs, for which her mother before her had longed as each weary day went by: the kingdom where, for the poor woman, the star-crowned Queen of Heaven reigned with pitiful eyes. Reine did not want pity or compassion as yet. She was a woman with love in her heart, but she was not tender, as some are, or long-suffering; she was not unselfish, as others who abnegate and submit until nothing remains but a soulless body, a cataleptic subject mesmerized by a stronger will. . . .

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS.

Roberts, Charles George Douglas, a popular Canadian poet and novelist; born at Douglas, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick, graduating thence in 1879. After being for a short time the editor of "The Week" at Toronto, he became Professor of Literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1885, remaining in that position until 1894. Since the latter year he has lived in New York City. His writings in verse include "Orion, and Other Poems" (1880); "In Divers Tones" (1887); "The Book of the Native" (1896); "New York Nocturnes, and Other Poems" (1898). In prose he has written "A Canadian Guide Book" (1895); "Reube Dare's Shad Boat" (1895); "Raid from Beausejour" (1895); "Around the Camp Fire" (1896); "Earth's Enigmas" (1896); "A History of Canada" (1897); "The Forge in the Forest" (1897); "A Sister to Evangeline" (1898).

A Woman's Privilege.[1]

(From "A Sister to Evangeline.")

The events which I am now about to set down were not, as will be seen, matter of my own experience. I tell what I have inferred and what has been told me — but told me from such lips and in such fashion that I may indeed be said to have lived it all myself. It is more real to me than if my own eyes had followed it. It is sometimes true that we may see with the eyes of others — of one other — more vividly than with our own.

In the biggest house of that "Colony of Compromise" on the hill — the house nearest the chapel prison — a girl stood at a south window watching the flames in the village below. The flames, at least, she seemed to be watching. What she saw was the last little column of prisoners marching away from the chapel; and her teeth were set hard upon her under lip.

[1] By permission of Lamson, Wolffe, & Co.

She was not thinking; she was simply clarifying a confused resolve.

White and thin, and with deep purple hollows under her great eyes, she was nevertheless not less beautiful than when, a few months before, joyous mirth had flashed from her every look and gesture, as colored lights from a fire-opal. She still wore on her small feet moccasins of Indian work; but now, in winter, they were of heavy, soft, white caribou-skin, laced high upon the ankles, and ornamented with quaint pattern of red and green porcupine quills. Her skirt and bodice were of creamy woollen cloth; and over her shoulders, crossed upon her breast and caught in her girdle, was spread a scarf of dark-yellow silk. The little black lace shawl was flung back from her head, and her hands, twisted tightly in the ends of it, were for a wonder quite still — tensely still, with an air of final decision. Close beside her, flung upon the back of a high wooden settee, lay a long, heavy, hooded cloak of gray homespun, such as the peasant women of Acadie were wont to wear in winter as an over-garment.

A door behind her opened, but Yvonne did not turn her head. George Anderson came in. He came to the window, and tried to look into her eyes. His face was grave with anxiety, but touched, too, with a curious mixture of impatience and relief. He spoke at once, in a voice both tender and tolerant.

"There go the last of them, poor chaps!" he said. "Captain Grande went some hours ago — quite early. I pray, dear, that now he is gone — to exile indeed, but in safety — you will recover your peace of mind, and throw off this morbid mood, and be just a little bit kinder to — some people!" And he tried, with an awkward timidity, to take her hand.

She turned upon him a sombre, compassionate gaze, but far-off, almost as if she saw him in a dream.

"Don't touch me — just now," she said gently, removing her hand. "I must go out into the pastures for air, I think. All this stifles me! No, alone, *alone!*" she added more quickly, in answer to an entreaty in his eyes. "But, oh, I am sorry, so sorry beyond words, that I cannot seem kind to — some people! Good-by."

She left the room, and closed the door behind her. The door shut smartly. It sounded like a proclamation of her resolve. So — that was settled! In an instant her whole

demeanor changed. A fire came back into her eyes, and she stepped with her old, soft-swaying lightness. In the room which she now entered sat her father and mother. The withered little reminiscence of Versailles watched at a window-side, her black eyes bright with interest, her thin lips slightly curved with an acerb and cynical compassion. But Giles de Lamourie sat with his back to the window, his face heavy and gray.

"This is too awful!" he said, as Yvonne came up to him, and, bending over, kissed him on the forehead and the lips.

"It is like a nightmare!" she answered. "But, would you believe it, papa, the very shock is doing me good? The suspense — *that* kills! But I feel more like myself than I have for weeks. I must go out, breathe, and walk hard in the open."

De Lamourie's face lightened.

"Thou *art* better, little one," said he. "But why go alone at such a time? Where 's George?"

But Yvonne was already at her mother's side, kissing her, and did not answer her father's question; which, indeed, needed no answer, as he had himself seen Anderson go into the inner room and not return.

"But where will you go, child?" queried her mother. "There are no longer any left of your sick and your poor and your husbandless to visit."

"But I will be my own sick, little mamma," she cried nervously, "and my own poor — and my own husbandless. I will visit myself. Don't be troubled for me, dearies!" she added, in a tender voice. "I am so much better already."

The next moment she was gone. The door shut loudly after her.

"Wilful!" said her mother.

"Yes, more like she used to be. Much better!" exclaimed Giles de Lamourie, rising and looking out at the fires in a moment of brief absent-mindedness. "Yes, much better, George," he added, as Anderson appeared from the inner room.

But the Englishman's face was full of discomfort. "I wish she would not go running out alone this way," said he.

"Curious that she should prefer to be alone, George," said Madame de Lamourie, with deliberate malice. She was begin-

ning to dislike this man who so palpably could not give her daughter happiness.

. . . . . .

Yvonne, meanwhile, was speeding across the open fields, in the teeth of the wind. The ground was hard as iron, but there was little snow — only a dry, powdery covering deep enough to keep the stubble from hurting her feet. She ran straight for the tiny cabin of Mother Pêche, trusting to find her not yet gone. None of the houses at the eastern end of the village were as yet on fire. That of Mother Pêche stood a little apart, in a bushy pasture-lot. Yvonne found the low door swinging wide, the house deserted; but there were red embers still on the hearth, whereby she knew the old woman had not been long away.

The empty house seemed to whisper of fear and grief from every corner. She turned away and ran toward the landing, her heart chilled with a sudden apprehension that she might be too late. Before she was clear of the bushes, however, she stopped with a cry. A man who seemed to have risen out of the ground stood right in her path. He was of a sturdy figure, somewhat short, and clad in dull-colored homespun of peasant fashion. At sight of her beauty and her alarm his woollen cap was snatched from his head and his cunning face took on the utmost deference.

"Have no fear of me, mademoiselle, — Mademoiselle de Lamourie, if I may hazard a guess from your beauty," said he smoothly. "It is I who am in peril, lest you should reveal me to my enemies."

"Who are you, monsieur?" she asked, recovering her self-possession and fretting to be gone.

"A spy," he whispered, "in the pay of the King of France, who must know, to avenge them later, the wrongs of his people here in Acadie. I have thrown myself on your mercy, that I might ask you if the families who have found favor with the English will remain here after this work is done, or be taken elsewhere. I pray you inform me."

"Believe me, I do not know their plans, monsieur," answered Yvonne. "And I beg you to let me pass, for my haste is desperate."

"Let me escort you to the edge of the bush, then, mademoiselle," said he courteously, stepping from the path. "And not to delay you, I will question you as we go, if you will permit. Is the Englishman, Monsieur George Anderson, still here?"

"He is, monsieur. But now leave me, I entreat you."

She was wild with fear lest the stranger's presence should frustrate her design.

The man smiled.

"I dare go no farther with you than the field edge, mademoiselle," said he regretfully. "To be caught would mean" — and he put his hand to his throat with ghastly suggestion.

Relieved from this anxiety, Yvonne paused when she reached the open.

"I must ask you a question in turn, monsieur," said she. "Have you chanced to learn on which of the two ships Captain de Mer and Captain Grande were placed?"

"I have been so fortunate," replied the stranger, and the triumph in his thought found no expression in his deferential tone or deep-set eyes. Here was the point he had been studying to approach. Here was a chance to worst a foe and win favor from the still powerful, though far-distant, Black Abbé.

He paused, and Yvonne had scarce breath to cry "Which?"

"They are in the ship this way," he said calmly. "The one still at anchor."

"Thank you, monsieur!" she cried, with a passion in the simple words; and was straightway off across the red-lit snow, her cloak streaming out behind her.

"The beauty!" said the man to himself, lurking in the bushes to follow her with his eyes. "Pity to lie to her. But she's leaving — and that stabs Anderson; and she's going on the wrong ship — and that stabs Grande. Both at a stroke. Not bad for a day like this."

And with a look of hearty satisfaction on his face Le Fûret (for Vaurin's worthy lieutenant it was) withdrew to safer covert.

Le Fûret smiled to himself; but Yvonne almost laughed aloud as she ran, deaf to the growing roar at the farther end of the village and heedless of the flaring crimson that made the air like blood. The wharf, when she reached it, was in a final spasm of confusion, and shouted orders, and sobbings. Now, she grew cautious. Drawing her cloak close about her face, she pushed through the crowd toward the boat.

Just then a firm hand was laid upon her arm, and a very low voice said in her ear, — with less surprise, to be sure, than on a former occasion by Gaspereau lower ford, —

"*You* here, Mademoiselle de Lamourie?"

Her heart stood still; and she turned upon him a look of such imploring, desperate dismay that Lieutenant Waldron without another word drew her to one side. Then she found voice.

"Oh, if you have any mercy, any pity, do not betray me," she whispered.

"But what does this mean? It is my duty to ask," he persisted, still puzzled.

"I am trying to save my life, my soul, everything, before it 's too late!" she said.

"Oh," said he, comprehending suddenly. "Well, I think you had better not tell me anything more. I think it is *not* my duty to say anything about this meeting. You may be doing right. I wish you good fortune and good-by, mademoiselle!" — and, to her wonder, he was off among the crowd.

Still trembling from the encounter, she hastened to the boat.

She found it already half laden; and in the stern, to her delight, she saw Mother Pêche's red mantle. She was on the point of calling to her, but checked herself just in time. The boat was twenty paces from the wharf-edge; and those twenty paces were deep ooze, intolerable beyond measure to white moccasins. Absorbed in her one purpose, which was to get on board the ship without delay, she had not looked to one side or the other, but had regarded women, children, soldiers, boatmen, as so many bushes to be pushed through. Now, however, letting her hood part a little from her face, she glanced hither and thither with her quick imperiousness, and then from her feet to that breadth of slime, as if demanding an instant bridge. The next thing she knew she was lifted by a pair of stout arms and carried swiftly through the mud to the boat-side.

After a moment's hot flush of indignation at the liberty, she realized that this was by far the best possible solution of the problem, as there was no bridge forthcoming. She looked up gratefully, and saw that her cavalier was a big red-coat, with a boyish, jolly face. As he gently set her down in the boat she gave him a radiant look which brought the very blood to his ears.

"Thank you very much indeed!" she said, in an undertone. "I don't know how I should have managed but for your kindness. But really it is very wrong of you to take such

trouble about *me;* for I see these other poor things have had to wade through the mud, and their skirts are terrible."

The big red-coat stood gazing at her in open-mouthed adoration, speechless; but a comrade, busy in the boat stowing baggage, answered for him.

"That 's all right, miss," said he. "Don't you worry about Eph. He 's been carryin' children all day long, an' some few women because they was sick. He 's arned the right to carry one woman jest fer her beauty."

In some confusion Yvonne turned away, very fearful of being recognized. She hurriedly squeezed herself down in the stern by Mother Pêche. The old dame's hand sought hers, furtively, under the cloak.

"I went to look for you, mother," she whispered into the red shawl.

"I knew you 'd come, poor heart, dear heart!" muttered the old woman, with a swift peering of her strange eyes into the shadow of the girl's hood.

"I waited for you till they *dragged* me away. But I knew you 'd come."

"How did you know that, mother?" whispered Yvonne, delighted to find that this momentous act of hers had seemed to some one just the expected and inevitable thing. "Why, I did n't know it myself till half an hour ago."

Mother Pêche looked wise and mysterious.

"I knew it," she reiterated. "Why, dear heart, I knew all along you loved him."

And at last, strange as it may appear, this seemed to Yvonne de Lamourie, penniless, going into exile with the companionship of misery, an all-sufficient and all-explicative answer.

The Ideal.

To Her, when life was little worth,
  When hope, a tide run low,
Between dim shores of emptiness
  Almost forgot to flow, —

Faint with the city's fume and stress
  I came at night to Her.
Her cool white fingers on my face —
  How wonderful they were!

More dear they were to fevered lids
  Than lilies cooled in dew.
They touched my lips with tenderness,
  Till life was born anew.

The city's clamor died in calm;
  And once again I heard
The moon-white woodland stillnesses
  Enchanted by a bird;

The wash of far, remembered waves
  The sigh of lapsing streams;
And one old garden's lilac leaves
  Conferring in their dreams.

A breath from childhood daisy fields
  Came back to me again,
Here in the city's weary miles
  Of city-wearied men.

In the Solitude of the City.

Night; and the sound of voices in the street.
Night; and the happy laughter where they meet,
  The glad boy lover and the trysting girl.
But thou — but thou — I cannot find thee, Sweet!

Night; and far off the lighted pavements roar.
Night; and the dark of sorrow keeps my door.
  I reach my hand out trembling in the dark.
Thy hand comes not with comfort any more.

O Silent, Unresponding! If these fears
Lie not, nor other wisdom come with years,
  No day shall dawn for me without regret,
No night go uncompanioned by my tears.

In Darkness.

I have faced life with courage, — but not now!
  O Infinite, in this darkness draw thou near.
Wisdom alone I asked of thee, but thou
  Hast crushed me with the awful gift of fear.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Robertson, William, a Scottish Presbyterian divine and historian; born at Borthwick, September 19, 1721; died at Grange House, near Edinburgh, June 11, 1793. He was graduated at the University of Edinburgh in 1741, and in 1743 was presented to the living of Gladsmuir. In the General Assembly he was a leading advocate of lay patronage. In 1757 he defended John Home, who was censured for writing the tragedy of "Douglas." In 1761 he was made a Dean of the Chapel Royal; in 1762 Principal of the University of Edinburgh and minister of the Old Greyfriars. In 1764 he was appointed Historiographer of Scotland. The historical works of Robertson are "History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI." (1759); "History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V." (1769); "History of America" (1777); "An Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India" (1791).

The Discovery of America.

(From "History of America.")

Columbus continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course they came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that those floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land which had sunk, they knew not how, in that

place. Columbus endeavored to persuade them that what had alarmed them ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirits, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the first day of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearance of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men, who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind which had

hitherto been so favorable to their course must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if by their dastardly behavior they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they had meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west to that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional

force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost; the officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the "Pinta" observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the "Nina" took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest

they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the "Pinta," which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled.

From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the "Pinta" instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonish-

ment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not see the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were Children of the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those that flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated on their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper-color; their features singular rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear; but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transport received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions

as they had, and some cotton yarn — the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Toward evening Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.

Francis I. and Charles V.

(From "The History of Charles V.")

During twenty-eight years an avowed rivalship subsisted between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars that were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known at any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess toward gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favorable circumstance peculiar to the other.

The Emperor's dominions were of greater extent; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but, being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigor of pursuit, from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it.

REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

Roche, Regina Maria (Dalton), an Irish novelist; born about 1764 in the south of Ireland; died at Waterford, May 17, 1845. Her first novel, "The Vicar of Lansdowne" (1793), was followed by "The Maid of the Hamlet," and she soon after sprang into fame on the appearance of the novel "The Children of the Abbey" (1798), a story abounding in sentimentality, abductions, secret retreats, etc., — a cross between the "Mysteries of Udolpho" and domestic novels like "Clarissa Harlowe." From that time until her death she produced many books of the same character, including: "The Nocturnal Visit" (1800); "The Tradition of the Castle" (1824); "The Castle Chapel" (1825); "The Nun's Picture" (1834); and many others.

The Confession.

(From "The Children of the Abbey.")

To begin, as they say in a novel, without further preface, I was the only child of a country curate, in the southern part of England, who, like his wife, was of a good but reduced family. Contented dispositions and an agreeable neighborhood, ready on every occasion to oblige them, rendered them, in their humble situations, completely happy. I was the idol of both their hearts; every one told my mother I should grow up a beauty, and she, poor simple woman, believed the flattering tale. Naturally ambitious, and somewhat romantic, she expected nothing less than my attaining, by my charms, an elevated situation; to fit me to it, therefore, according to her idea, she gave me all the showy, instead of solid, advantages of education. My father, being a meek, or rather an indolent man, submitted entirely to her direction; thus, without knowing the grammatical part of my own language, I was taught to gabble bad French by myself; and, instead of mending or making my clothes, to flourish upon catgut and embroider satin. I was taught dancing by a man who kept a cheap school for that purpose in the

village; music I could not aspire to, my mother's finances being insufficient to purchase an instrument; she was therefore obliged to content herself with my knowing the vocal part of that delightful science, and instructed me in singing a few old-fashioned airs, with a thousand graces, in her opinion at least.

To make me excel by my dress, as well as my accomplishments, all the misses of the village, the remains of her finery were cut and altered into every form which art or ingenuity could suggest; and, Heaven forgive me, but my chief inducement in going to church on a Sunday was to exhibit my flounced silk petticoat and painted chip hat.

When I attained my sixteenth year, my mother thought me, and supposed every one else must do the same, the most perfect creature in the world. I was lively, thoughtless, vain, and ambitious to an extravagant degree; yet, truly innocent in my disposition, and often, forgetting the appearance I had been taught to assume, indulged the natural gayety of my heart, and in a game of hide-and-go-seek, amongst the haycocks in a meadow, by moonlight, enjoyed perfect felicity.

Once a week, accompanied by my mother, I attended the dancing-master's school, to practise country dances. One evening we had just concluded a set, and were resting ourselves, when an elegant youth, in a fasionable riding dress, entered the room. His appearance at once excited admiration and surprise; never shall I forget the palpitation of my heart at his approach; every girl experienced the same, every cheek was flushed, and every eye sparkled with hope and expectation. He walked round the room, with an easy, unembarrassed air, as if to take a survey of the company; he stopped by a very pretty girl, the miller's daughter — good heavens! what were my agonies! My mother, too, who sat beside me, turned pale, and would actually, I believe, have fainted, had he taken any farther notice of her; fortunately he did not, but advanced. My eyes caught his; he again paused, looked surprised and pleased, and after a moment, passed in seeming consideration, bowed with the utmost elegance, and requested the honor of my hand for the ensuing dance. My politeness had hitherto only been in theory; I arose, dropped him a profound curtsey, assured him the honor would be all on my side, and I was happy to grant his request. He smiled, I thought, a little archly, and coughed to avoid laughing; I blushed, and felt embarrassed; but he led me to the head of the room to call a dance, and my triumph over my

companions so exhilarated my spirits, that I immediately lost all confusion.

I had been engaged to a young farmer, and he was enraged, not only at my breaking my engagement without his permission, but at the superior graces of my partner, who threatened to be a formidable rival to him. "By jingo!" said Clod, coming up to me in a surly manner, "I think, Miss Fanny, you have not used me quite genteelly; I don't see why this here fine spark should take the lead of us all." "Creature!" cried I, with an ineffable look of contempt, which he could not bear, and retired grumbling. My partner could no longer refrain from laughing; the simplicity of my manners, notwithstanding the airs I endeavored to assume, highly delighted him. "No wonder," cried he, "the poor swain should be mortified at losing the hand of his charming Fanny."

The dancing over, we rejoined my mother, who was on thorns to begin a conversation with the stranger, that she might let him know we were not to be ranked with the present company. "I am sure, sir," said she, "a gentleman of your elegant appearance must feel rather awkward in the present party; it is so with us, as, indeed, it must be with every person of fashion; but, in an obscure little village like this, we must not be too nice in our society, except, like a hermit, we could do without any." The stranger assented to whatever she said, and accepted an invitation to sup with us; my mother instantly sent an intimation of her will to my father, to have, not the fatted calf, indeed, but the fatted duck prepared; and he and the maid used such expedition, that, by the time we returned, a neat, comfortable supper was ready to lay on the table. Mr. Marlowe, the stranger's name, as he informed me, was all animation and affability: it is unnecessary to say, that my mother, father, and myself, were all complaisance, delight, and attention. On departing, he asked, and obtained, permission, of course, to renew his visit the next day; and my mother immediately set him down as her future son-in-law

As everything is speedily communicated in such a small village as we resided in, we learned on the preceding evening he had stopped at the inn, and, hearing music, had inquired from whence it proceeded, and had gone out of curiosity to the dance. We also learned that his attendants reported him to be heir to a large fortune; this report, vain as I was, was almost enough of itself to engage my heart; judge, then,

whether it was not an easy conquest to a person who, besides the above-mentioned attraction, possessed those of a graceful figure and cultivated mind. He visited continually at our cottage; and I, uncultivated as I was, daily strengthened myself in his affections. In conversing with him, I forgot the precepts of vanity and affectation, and obeyed the dictates of nature and sensibility. He soon declared the motives of his visits to me — "to have immediately demanded my hand" he said, "would have gratified the tenderest wish of his soul; but, in his present situation, that was impossible — left, at an early age, destitute and distressed, by the death of his parents, an old whimsical uncle, married to a woman equally capricious, had adopted him as heir to their large possessions — he found it difficult," he said, "to submit to their ill-humor, and was confident, if he took any step against their inclinations, he should forever forfeit their favor; therefore, if my parents would allow a reciprocal promise to pass between us, binding each to each, the moment he became master of expected fortune, or obtained an independence, he would make me a partaker of it." They consented, and he enjoined us to the strictest secrecy, saying one of his attendants was placed about him as a kind of spy. He had hitherto deceived him with respect to us, declaring my father was an intimate friend, and that his uncle knew he intended visiting him. But my unfortunate vanity betrayed the secret it was so material for me to keep. I was bound indeed not to reveal it. One morning a young girl, who had been an intimate acquaintance of mine till I knew Marlowe, came to see me. "Why, Fanny," cried she, "you have given us all up for Mr. Marlowe; take care, my dear, he makes you amends for the loss of your other friends." "I shall take your advice," said I, with a smile and a conceited toss of my head. "Faith, for my part," continued she, "I think you were very foolish not to secure a good settlement for yourself with Clod." "With Clod!" repeated I, with the utmost haughtiness. "Lord, child, you forget who I am!" "Who are you?" exclaimed she, provoked at my insolence; "oh, yes, to be sure, I forget that you are the daughter of a poor country curate, with more pride in your head than money in your purse." "Neither do I forget," said I, "that your ignorance is equal to your impertinence; if I am the daughter of a poor country curate, I am the affianced wife of a rich man, and as much elevated by expectation, as spirit, above you."

Our conversation was repeated throughout the village, and reached the ears of Marlowe's attendant, who instantly developed the real motive which detained him so long in the village. He wrote to his uncle an account of the whole affair; the consequence of this was a letter to poor Marlowe, full of the bitterest reproaches, charging him, without delay, to return home. This was like a thunder-stroke to us all; but there was no alternative between obeying, or forfeiting his uncle's favor. "I fear, my dear Fanny," cried he, as he folded me to his bosom, a little before his departure, "it will be long ere we shall meet again; nay, I also fear I shall be obliged to promise not to write; if both these fears are realized, impute not either absence or silence to a want of the tenderest affection for you." He went, and with him all my happiness! My mother, shortly after his departure, was attacked by a nervous fever, which terminated her days; my father, naturally of weak spirits and delicate constitution, was so shocked by the sudden death of his beloved and faithful companion, that he sunk beneath his grief. The horrors of my mind I cannot describe; I seemed to stand alone in the world, without one friendly hand to prevent my sinking into the grave, which contained the dearest objects of my love. I did not know where Marlowe lived, and, even if I had, durst not venture an application, which might be the means of ruining him. The esteem of my neighbors I had forfeited by my conceit; they paid no attention but what common humanity dictated, merely to prevent my perishing; and that they made me sensibly feel. In this distress, I received an invitation from a school-fellow of mine, who had married a rich farmer about forty miles from our village, to take up my residence with her till I was sufficiently recovered to fix on some plan for subsistence. I gladly accepted the offer, and after paying a farewell visit to the grave of my regretted parents, I set off in the cheapest conveyance I could find to her habitation, with all my worldly treasure packed in a portmanteau.

With my friend I trusted I should enjoy a calm and happy asylum till Marlowe was able to fulfil his promise, and allow me to reward her kindness; but this idea she soon put to flight, by informing me, as my health returned, I must think of some method for supporting myself. I started, as at the utter annihilation of all my hopes; for, vain and ignorant of the world, I imagined Marlowe would never think of me if once disgraced by servitude. I told her I understood little of anything except

fancy work. She was particularly glad, she said, to hear I knew that, as it would, in all probability, gain me admittance to the service of a rich old lady in the neighborhood, who had long been seeking for a person who could read agreeably and do fancy works, with which she delighted to ornament her house. She was a little whimsical, to be sure, she added, but well-timed flattery might turn those whims to advantage; and, if I regarded my reputation, I should not reject so respectable a protection. There was no alternative; I inquired more particularly about her, but how great was my emotion, when I learned she was the aunt of Marlowe. My heart throbbed with exquisite delight at the idea of being in the same house with him; besides, the service of his aunt would not, I flattered myself, degrade me as much in his eyes as that of another person's; it was necessary, however, my name should be concealed, and I requested my friend to comply with my wish in that respect. She rallied me about my pride, which she supposed had suggested the request, but promised to comply with it; she had no doubt but her recommendation would be sufficient to procure me immediate admittance, and, accordingly, taking some of my work with me, I proceeded to the habitation of Marlowe. It was an antique mansion, surrounded with neat-clipped hedges, level lawns, and formal plantations. Two statues, cast in the same mould, and resembling nothing either in heaven, earth, or sea, stood grinning horribly upon the pillars of a massy gate, as if to guard the entrance from impertinent intrusion. On knocking, an old porter appeared. I gave him my message, but he, like the statues, seemed stationary, and would not, I believe, have stirred from his situation to deliver an embassy from the king. He called, however, to a domestic, who, happening to be a little deaf, was full half an hour before he heard him; at last, I was ushered upstairs into an apartment, from the heat of which one might have conjectured it was under the torrid zone. Though in the middle of July, a heavy hot fire burned in the grate; a thick carpet, representing birds, beasts, and flowers, was spread on the floor, and the windows, closely screwed down, were heavy with woodwork, and darkened with dust. The master and mistress of the mansion, like Darby and Joan, sat in arm-chairs on each side of the fire; three dogs, and as many cats, slumbered at their feet. He was leaning on a spider-table, poring over a voluminous book, and she was stitched a counterpane. Sickness and ill-nature were visible in each countenance.

"So!" said she, raising a huge pair of spectacles at my entrance, and examining me from head to foot, "you are come from Mrs. Wilson's; why, bless me, child, you are quite too young for any business; pray, what is your name, and where do you come from?" I was prepared for these questions, and told her the truth, only concealing my real name, and the place of my nativity. "Well, let me see those works of yours," cried she. I produced them, and the spectacles were again drawn down. "Why, they are neat enough, to be sure," said she, "but the design is bad — very bad, indeed: there is taste, there is execution!" directing me to some pictures, in heavy gilt frames, hung round the room. I told her, with sincerity, "I had never seen anything like them." "To be sure, child," exclaimed she, pleased at what she considered admiration in me, "it is running a great risk to take you; but if you think you can conform to the regulations of my house, I will, from compassion, and as you are recommended by Mrs. Wilson, venture to engage you; but, remember, I must have no gad-about, no fly-flapper, no chatterer, in my family. You must be decent in your dress and carriage, discreet in your words, industrious at your work, and satisfied with the indulgence of going to church on a Sunday." I saw I was about entering upon a painful servitude; but the idea of its being sweetened by the sympathy of Marlowe a little reconciled me to it.

On promising all she desired, everything was settled for my admission into her family, and she took care I should perform the promises I made her. I shall not recapitulate the various trials I underwent from her austerity and peevishness; suffice it to say, my patience, as well as taste, underwent a perfect martyrdom. I was continually seated at a frame, working pictures of her own invention, which were everything that was hideous in nature. I was never allowed to go out, except on a Sunday to church, or on a chance evening when it was too dark to distinguish colors.

Marlowe was absent on my entering the family, nor durst I ask when he was expected. My health and spirits gradually declined from my close confinement. When allowed, as I have before said, of a chance time to go out, instead of enjoying the fresh air, I have sat down to weep over scenes of former happiness. I dined constantly with the old housekeeper. She informed me, one day, that Mr. Marlowe, her master's young heir, who had been absent some time on a visit, was expected

home on the ensuing day. Fortunately, the good dame was too busily employed to notice my agitation. I retired as soon as possible from the table, in a state of indescribable pleasure. Never shall I forget my emotions, when I heard the trampling of his horse's feet, and saw him enter the house! Vainly I endeavored to resume my work; my hands trembled, and I sunk back on my chair, to indulge the delightful idea of an interview with him, which I believed to be inevitable. My severe task-mistress soon awakened me from my delightful dream; she came to tell me: "I must confine myself to my own and the housekeeper's room, which, to a virtuous, discreet maiden, such as I appeared to be, she supposed would be no hardship, while her nephew, who was a young, perhaps rather a wild young man, remained in the house: when he again left it, which would soon be the case, I should regain my liberty." My heart sunk within me at her words, but, when the first shock was over, I consoled myself by thinking I should be able to elude her vigilance. I was, however, mistaken; she and the housekeeper were perfect Arguses. To be in the same house with Marlowe, yet without his knowing it, drove me almost distracted.

I at last thought of an expedient, which, I hoped, would effect the discovery I wanted. I had just finished a piece of work, which my mistress was delighted with. It was an enormous flower-basket, mounted on the back of a cat, which held beneath its paw a trembling mouse. The raptures the old lady expressed at seeing her own design so ably executed encouraged me to ask permission to embroider a picture of my own designing, for which I had the silks lying by me. She complied, and I set about it with alacrity. I copied my face and figure as exactly as I could, and, in mourning drapery and a pensive attitude, placed the little image by a rustic grave, in the churchyard of my native village, at the head of which, half-embowered in trees, appeared the lovely cottage of my departed parents. These well-known objects, I thought, would revive, if indeed she was absent from it, the idea of poor Fanny in the mind of Marlowe. I presented the picture to my mistress, who was pleased with the present, and promised to have it framed. The next day while I sat at dinner, the door suddenly opened, and Marlowe entered the room. I thought I should have fainted. My companion dropped her knife and fork with great precipitation, and Marlowe told her he was very ill, and wanted a cordial

from her. She rose with a dissatisfied air, to comply with his request. He, taking this opportunity of approaching a little nearer, darted a glance of pity and tenderness, and softly whispered — "To-night, at eleven o'clock, meet me in the front parlor."

You may conceive how tardily the hours passed till the appointed time came, when, stealing to the parlor, I found Marlowe expecting me. He folded me to his heart, and his tears mingled with mine, as I related my melancholy tale. "You are now, my Fanny!" he cried, "entirely mine; deprived of the protection of your tender parents I shall endeavor to fulfil the sacred trust they reposed in my honor, by securing mine to you, as far as lies in my power. I was not mistaken," continued he, "in the idea I had formed of the treatment I should receive from my flinty-hearted relations on leaving you. Had I not promised to drop all correspondence with you, I must have relinquished all hopes of their favor. Bitter, indeed," cried he, while a tear started in his eye, "is the bread of dependence. Ill could my soul submit to the indignities I received; but I consoled myself throughout them, by the idea of future happiness with my Fanny. Had I known her situation (which, indeed, it was impossible I should, as my uncle's spy attended me wherever I went), no dictate of prudence would have prevented my flying to her aid!" "Thank Heaven, then, you were ignorant of it," said I. "My aunt," he proceeded, "showed me your work, lavishing the highest encomiums on it. I glanced my eye carelessly upon it, but, in a moment, how was that careless eye attracted by the well known objects presented to it! This, I said to my heart, can only be Fanny's work. I tried to discover from my aunt whether my conjectures were wrong, but without success. When I retired to dress, I asked my servant if there had been any addition to the family during my absence; he said a young woman was hired to do fine works, but she never appeared among the servants."

Marlowe proceeded to say, "he could not bear I should longer continue in servitude, and that without delay he was resolved to unite his fate to mine." I opposed this resolution a little; but soon, too self-interested, I fear, acquiesced in it. It was agreed I should inform his aunt my health would no longer permit my continuing in her family, and that I should retire to a village six miles off, where Marlowe undertook to bring a young clergyman, a particular friend of his, to perform

the ceremony. Our plan, as settled, was carried into execution, and I became the wife of Marlowe. I was now, you will suppose, elevated to the pinnacle of happiness; I was so, indeed, but my own folly precipitated me from it. The secrecy I was compelled to observe mortified me exceedingly, as I panted to emerge from the invidious cloud which had so long concealed my beauty and accomplishments from a world that I was confident, if seen, would pay them the homage they merited. The people with whom I lodged had been obliged by Marlowe, and, therefore, from interest and gratitute, obeyed the injunction he gave them, of keeping my residence at their house a secret; they believed, or affected to believe, I was an orphan committed to his care, whom his uncle would be displeased to know he had taken under his protection. Three or four times a week I received stolen visits from Marlowe, when, one day (after a month had elapsed in this manner) standing at the parlor window, I saw Mrs. Wilson walking down the village. I started back, but too late to escape her observation; she immediately bolted into the room with all the eagerness of curiosity. I bore her first interrogatories tolerably well, but when she upbraided me for leaving the excellent service she had procured for me, for duplicity in saying I was going to another, and for my indiscretion in respect to Marlowe, I lost all command of my temper, and, remembering the inhumanity with which she had forced me into servitude, I resolved to mortify her completely, by assuming all the airs I had heretofore so ridiculously aspired to. Lolling in my chair, with an air of the most careless indifference, I bid her no longer petrify me with her discourse. This raised all the violence of rage, and she plainly told me, "from my conduct with Marlowe, I was unworthy her notice." "Therefore," cried I, forgetting every dictate of prudence, "his wife will neither desire nor receive it in future." "His wife!" she repeated, with a look of scorn and incredulity. I produced the certificate of my marriage; thus, from an impulse of vanity and resentment, putting myself in the power of a woman, a stranger to every liberal feeling, and whose mind was inflamed with envy towards me. The hint I forced myself at parting to give her, to keep the affair secret, only determined her more strongly to reveal it. The day after her visit, Marlowe entered my apartment — pale, agitated, and breathless, he sunk into a chair. A pang, like conscious guilt, smote my heart, and I trembled as I approached him. He repulsed me when I

attempted to touch his hand. "Cruel, inconsiderate woman!" he said, "to what dreadful lengths has your vanity hurried you; it has drawn destruction upon your own head as well as mine!" Shame and remorse tied my tongue; had I spoken, indeed, I could not have vindicated myself, and I turned aside and wept. Marlowe, mild, tender, and adoring, could not long retain resentment; he started from his chair, and clasped me to his bosom. "Oh, Fanny!" he cried, "though you have ruined me, you are still dear as ever to me."

This tenderness affected me even more than reproaches, and tears and sighs declared my penitence. His expectations relative to his uncle were finally destroyed, on being informed of our marriage, which Mrs. Wilson lost no time in telling him. He burned his will, and immediately made another in favor of a distant relation. On hearing this intelligence, I was almost distracted; I flung myself at my husband's feet, implored his pardon, yet declared I could never forgive myself. He grew more composed upon the increase of my agitation, as if purposely to soothe my spirits, assuring me, that, though his uncle's favor was lost, he had other friends on whom he greatly depended. We set off for London, and found his dependence was not ill-placed; for, soon after his arrival, he obtained a place of considerable emolument in one of the public offices. My husband delighted in gratifying me, though I was often both extravagant and whimsical, and almost ever on the wing for admiration and amusement. I was reckoned a pretty woman, and received with rapture the nonsense and adulation addressed to me. I became acquainted with a young widow, who concealed a depraved heart under a specious appearance of innocence and virtue, and by aiding the vices of others, procured the means of gratifying her own; yet so secret were all her transactions, that calumny had not yet attacked her, and her house was the rendezvous of the most fashionable people. My husband, who did not dislike her manner, encouraged our intimacy, and at her parties I was noticed by a young nobleman, then at the head of the *ton*. He declared I was one of the most charming objects he had ever beheld, and, for such a declaration, I thought him the most polite I had ever known. As Lord T. condescended to wear my chains, I must certainly, I thought, become quite the rage. My transports, however, were a little checked by the grave remonstrances of my husband, who assured me Lord T. was a famous, or rather an infamous libertine; and that,

if I did not avoid his lordship's particular attentions, he must insist on my relinquishing the widow's society. This I thought cruel, but I saw him resolute, and promised to act as he desired — a promise I never adhered to, except when he was present. . . . Soon after this I received a considerable shock, from hearing my noble admirer was gone to the Continent, owing to a trifling derangement in his affairs. The vain pursuits of pleasure and dissipation were still continued, and three years were passed in this manner. I have since often felt astonished at the cold indifference with which I regarded my Marlowe, and our lovely babe, on whom he doted with all the enthusiasm of tenderness. Alas! vanity had then absorbed my heart, and deadened every feeling of nature and sensibility; it is the parent of self-love and apathy, and degrades those who harbor it below humanity.

Lord T. now returned from the Continent; he swore my idea had never been absent from his mind, and that I was more charming than ever; while I thought him, if possible, more polite and engaging. Again my husband remonstrated. Sometimes I seemed to regard these remonstrances, sometimes protested I would not submit to such unnecessary control. I knew, indeed, that my intentions were innocent, and I believed I might safely indulge my vanity, without endangering either my reputation or peace. About this time Marlowe received a summons to attend a dying friend four miles from London. Our little girl was then in a slight fever, which had alarmed her father, and confined me most unwillingly, I must confess, to the house. Marlowe, on the point of departing, pressed me to his breast: "My heart, my beloved Fanny!" said he, "feels unusually heavy. I trust the feeling is no presentiment of approaching ill. Oh! my Fanny! on you and my babe I rest for happiness — take care of our little cherub, and above all (his meek eye encountering mine), take care of yourself, that, with my accustomed rapture, I may, on my return, receive you to my arms." There was something so solemn, and so tender, in this address, that my heart melted, and my tears mingled with those which trickled down his pale cheeks. For two days I attended my child assiduously, when the widow made her appearance. She assured me I should injure myself by such close confinement, and that my cheeks were already faded by it. She mentioned a delightful masquerade which was to be given that night, and for which Lord T. had presented her with tickets for me and herself; but she declared, except I would accompany her,

she would not go. I had often wished to go to a masquerade; I now, however, declined this opportunity of gratifying my inclination, but so faintly, as to prompt a renewal of her solicitations, to which I at last yielded; and committing my babe to the care of a servant, set off with the widow to a warehouse to choose dresses. Lord T. dined with us, and we were all in the highest spirits imaginable: about twelve we went in his chariot to the Haymarket, and I was absolutely intoxicated with his flattery, and the dazzling objects around me. At five we quitted this scene of gayety. The widow took a chair; I would have followed her example, but my Lord absolutely lifted me into his chariot, and there began talking in a strain which provoked my contempt, and excited my apprehensions. I expressed my displeasure in tears, which checked his boldness, and convinced him he had some difficulties yet to overcome ere he completed his designs. He made his apologies with so much humility, that I was soon appeased, and prevailed on to accept them. We arrived at the widow's house in as much harmony as we left it; the flags were wet, and Lord T. insisted on carrying me into the house. At the door I observed a man muffled up, but as no one noticed him, I thought no more about it. We sat down to supper in high spirits, and chatted for a considerable time about our past amusements. His lordship said: "After a little sleep we should recruit ourselves by a pleasant jaunt to Richmond, where he had a charming villa." We agreed to his proposal, and retired to rest. About noon, we arose; and, while I was dressing myself for the projected excursion, a letter was brought in to me. "Good Lord! Halcot!" exclaimed I, turning to the widow, "If Marlowe is returned, what will become of me?" "Oh! read, my dear creature!" cried she impatiently, "and then we can think of excuses." "I have the letter here," continued Mrs. Marlowe, laying her hand on her breast, and drawing it forth after a short pause, "I laid it to my heart to guard it against future folly."

The Letter.

The presages of my heart were but too true — we parted never to meet again. Oh! Fanny, beloved of my soul, how are you lost to yourself and Marlowe! The independence, splendor, riches, which I gave up for your sake, were mean sacrifices, in my estimation, to the felicity I fondly expected to have enjoyed with you through life. Your beauty charmed my mind, but it was your

simplicity captivated my heart. I took, as I thought, the perfect child of innocence and sincerity to my bosom; resolved, from duty, as well as from inclination, to shelter you in that bosom, to the utmost of my power, from every adverse storm. Whenever you were indisposed, what agonies did I endure! yet, what I then dreaded, could I have possibly foreseen, would have been comparative happiness to my present misery; for, oh! my Fanny far preferable would it have been to behold you in the arms of death than infamy.

I returned immediately after witnessing the last pangs of my friend — oppressed with the awful scene of death, yet cheering my spirits by an anticipation of the consolation I should receive from my Fanny's sympathy. Good God! what was my horror, when I found my little babe, instead of being restored to health by a mother's care, nearly expiring through her neglect! The angel lay gasping on her bed, deserted by the mercenary wretch to whose care she was consigned. I inquired, and the fatal truth rushed upon my soul; yet, when the first tumult of passion had subsided, I felt that without yet stronger proofs, I could not abandon you. Alas! too soon did I receive those proofs. I traced you, Fanny, through your giddy round, till I saw you borne in the arms of the vile Lord T. into the house of his vile paramour. You will wonder, perhaps, I did not tear you from his grasp. Could such a procedure have restored you to me, with all your unsullied innocence, I should not have hesitated; but that was impossible, and my eyes then gazed upon Fanny for the last time. I returned to my motherless babe, and, I am not ashamed to say, I wept over it with all the agonies of a fond and betrayed heart.

Ere I bid an irrevocable adieu, I would, if possible, endeavor to convince you that conscience cannot always be stifled — that illicit love is constantly attended by remorse and disappointment; for when familiarity or disease has diminished the charms which excited it, the frail fetters of admiration are broken by him who looks only to an exterior for delight; if, indeed, your conscience should not be awakened till this hour of desertion comes, when it does arrive, you may, perhaps, think of Marlowe. Yes, Fanny, when your cheeks are faded by care, when your wit is enfeebled by despondency, you may think of him whose tenderness would have outlived both time and change, and supported you, without abatement, through every stage of life.

To stop short in the career of vice is, they say, the noblest effort of virtue. May such an effort be yours; and may you yet give joy to the angels of heaven, who, we are taught to believe, rejoice over them that truly repent! That want should strew no thorns in the path of penitence, all that I could take from my babe I have assigned

to you. Oh! my dear culprit, remember the precepts of your early youth — of those who, sleeping in the dust, are spared the bitter tear of anguish, such as I now shed — and, ere too late, expiate your errors. In the solitude to which I am hastening, I shall continually pray for you; and when my child raises its spotless hands to Heaven, it shall implore its mercy for erring mortals; yet, think not it shall ever hear your story. Oh! never shall the blush of shame, for the frailties of one so dear, tinge its ingenuous countenance. May the sincerity of your repentance restore that peace and brightness to your life, which, at present, I think you must have forfeited, and support you with fortitude through its closing period! As a friend, once dear, you will ever exist in the memory of

MARLOWE.

As I concluded the letter, my spirits, which had been gradually receding, entirely forsook me, and I fell senseless on the floor. Mrs. Halcot and Lord T. took this opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by perusing the letter, and when I recovered, I found myself supported between them. "You see, my dear angel," cried Lord T., "your cruel husband has entirely abandoned you; but grieve not, for in my arms you shall find a kinder asylum than he ever afforded you." "True," said Mrs. Halcot; "for my part, I think she has reason to rejoice at his desertion."

I shall not attempt to repeat all I had said to them in the height of my distraction. Suffice it to say, I reproached them both as the authors of my shame and misery; and, while I spurned Lord T. indignantly from my feet, accused Mrs. Halcot of possessing neither delicacy nor feeling. Alas! accusation or reproach could not lighten the weight on my heart — I felt a dreadful consciousness of having occasioned my own misery. I seemed as if awaking from a disordered dream, which had confused my senses; and the more clearly my perception of what was right returned, the more bitterly I lamented my deviation from it. To be reinstated in the esteem and affection of my husband was all of felicity I could desire to possess. Full of the idea of being able to effect a reconciliation, I started up; but, ere I reached the door, sunk into an agony of tears: recollecting that ere this he was probably far distant from me. My base companions tried to assuage my grief, and make me in reality the wretch poor Marlowe supposed me to be. I heard them in silent contempt, unable to move, till a servant

informed me a gentleman below stairs desired to see me. The idea of a relenting husband instantly occurred, and I flew down; but how great was my disappointment only to see a particular friend of his! Our meeting was painful in the extreme. I asked him if he knew anything of Marlowe, and he solemnly assured me he did not. When my confusion and distress had a little subsided, he informed me that in the morning he had received a letter from him, with an account of our separation, and the fatal cause of it. The letter contained a deed of settlement on me of a small paternal estate, and a bill of fifty pounds, which Marlowe requested his friend to present himself to me. He also added my clothes were sent to his house, as our lodgings had been discharged. I did not find it difficult to convince this gentleman of my innocence, and putting myself under his protection, was immediately conveyed to lodgings in a retired part of the town. Here he consoled me with assurances of using every effort to discover the residence of my husband. All, alas! proved unsuccessful; and my health gradually declined. As time wore away, my hope yet left still undiminished my desire of seeing him. Change of air was at last deemed requisite to preserve my existence, and I went to Bristol. I had the good fortune to lodge in the house with an elderly Irish lady, whose sweet and benevolent manner soon gained my warmest esteem, and tempted me to divulge my melancholy tale, where so certain of obtaining pity. She had also suffered severely from the pressure of sorrow; but hers, as is proceeded not from imprudence, but the common vicissitudes of life, was borne without that degree of anguish mine occasioned. As the period approached for her to return to her native country, I felt the deepest regret at the prospect of our separation, which she, however, removed, by asking me to reside entirely with her. Eight years had elapsed since the loss of my husband, and no latent hope of his return remained in my heart sufficiently strong to tempt me to forego the advantages of such society. Ere I departed, however, I wrote to several of his friends, informing them of the step I intended taking, and if any tidings of Marlowe occurred, where I was to be found. Five years I passed with my valuable friend in retirement, and had the pleasure of thinking I contributed to the ease of her last moments. This cottage, with a few acres adjoining it, and four hundred pounds was all her wealth, and to me she bequeathed it, having no relations whose wants gave them any claim upon her.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Rochefoucauld, François de la, Duc de, a French moralist; born at Paris, December 15, 1613; died there, March 17, 1680. In youth he served with distinction in the army; took part with Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., in her contest with Cardinal Richelieu, and was banished by the Cardinal, but was recalled by Anne after his death. Subsequently he took part in the civil war of the Fronde. In his later years he withdrew from politics, and devoted himself to literature and literary society. He wrote "Memoirs of the Reign of Anne of Austria" (1662), and "Reflections and Maxims" (1665). The last work, by which he is almost entirely known, consists of about 550 detached pieces, many of them being of not more than a couple of lines, and few of more than as many pages.

Maxims.

Passion often makes the cleverest man a fool, and often renders the most foolish clever.

Those great and brilliant feats which dazzle our eyes are represented by politicians as the effects of great designs, whereas they are usually only the effects of temper and of passions. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, which is ascribed to their ambition to make themselves masters of the world, was perhaps only an effect of jealousy.

The passions often beget their contraries. Avarice sometimes produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice; we are often firm from weakness, and daring from timidity.

Our self-love bears more impatiently the condemnation of our tastes than of our opinions.

The moderation of prosperous people comes from the calm which good fortune gives to their temper.

We have strength enough to bear the ills of others.

The steadfastness of sages is only the art of locking up their uneasiness in their hearts.

Philosophy triumphs easily over troubles passed and troubles to come; but present troubles triumph over it.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

When great men allow themselves to be cast down by continued misfortunes, they show that they bore them only through the strength of their ambition, and not through that of their soul; and that, great vanity apart, heroes are made like other men.

It requires greater virtue to bear good fortune than bad.

Neither sin nor death can be looked at steadily.

We often make a parade of passions, — even of the most criminal; but envy is a timid and shameful passion which we never dare to acknowledge.

Jealousy is in some measure just and reasonable, since it tends only to retain a good which belongs to us, or which we think belongs to us; whereas envy is a fury which cannot endure the good of others.

We have more strength than will; and it is often to excuse ourselves to ourselves that we imagine that things are impossible.

Pride has a greater share than goodness in our remonstrances with those who commit faults; and we reprove not so much to correct, as to persuade them that we ourselves are free from them.

We promise according to our hopes, and we perform according to our fears.

Interest speaks all sorts of languages, and plays all sorts of parts, — even that of disinterestedness.

Those who occupy themselves too much with small things usually become incapable of great.

Strength and weakness of mind are misnamed: they are in fact only the good or bad arrangement of the bodily organs.

The love or the indifference which the philosophers had for life was only a taste of their self-love; which we should no more argue about than about the taste of the tongue or the choice of colors.

Happiness is in relish, and not in things: it is by having what we like that we are happy, and not in having what others find likable.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

Nothing ought to lessen the satisfaction we have in ourselves so much as seeing that we disapprove at one time what we approved at another.

Contempt for riches was with the philosophers a hidden desire to avenge their worth for the injustice of fortune, by con-

tempt for the good things of which she deprived them: it was a secret to secure themselves from the degradation of poverty; it was a byway to gain that consolation which they could not have from wealth.

Sincerity is a frankness of heart. We find it in very few people, and what we usually see is only a delicate dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

It is difficult to define love. What we may say of it is, that in the soul it is a ruling passion; in the mind it is a sympathy; and in the body it is a hidden and delicate desire to possess what we love, after much mystery.

There is no disguise which can hide love long where it is, or feign it where it is not.

There are few people who are not ashamed of having loved each other when they no longer love each other.

We may find women who have never had a gallantry, but it is rare to find any who have only had one.

Love, as well as fire, cannot exist without constant motion; and it ceases to live as soon as it ceases to hope or to fear.

It is of true love as of the apparition of spirits: all the world talks of it, but few people have seen it.

The love of justice is in most men only the fear of suffering injustice.

What makes us so fickle in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the soul and easy to know those of the mind.

We can love nothing but by its relation to ourselves; and we only follow our taste and our pleasure when we prefer our friends to ourselves. Nevertheless it is by this preference alone that friendship can be true and perfect.

Every one complains of his memory, and no one complains of his judgment.

To undeceive a man absorbed in his own merit is to do him as bad a turn as was done to that mad Athenian who believed that all the ships which entered the harbor belonged to himself.

Old men like to give good advice, to console themselves for being no longer able to give bad examples.

The sign of extraordinary merit is to see that those who envy it most are constrained to praise it.

We are mistaken when we think that the mind and the judgment are two different things. The judgment is only the great-

ness of the light of the mind: this light penetrates the depths of things; it notes there all that should be noted, and perceives those things which seem imperceptible. Thus we must admit that it is the extent of the light of the mind which causes all the effects which we attribute to judgment.

Refinement of mind consists in thinking on proper and delicate things.

The mind is ever the dupe of the heart.

All who know their mind do not know their heart.

The mind could not long play the part of the heart.

Youth changes its tastes from heat of blood, and age preserves its own from habit.

We give nothing so liberally as advice.

The more we love a lady-love, the nearer we are to hating her.

There are some good marriages, but no delightful ones.

We often do good to be able to do harm with impunity.

If we resist our passions, it is more from their weakness than from our strength.

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself sharper than others.

The least fault of women who give themselves up to love-making is making love.

One of the causes why we find so few people who appear reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any one who does not think more of what he wishes to say than of replying exactly to what is said to him. The cleverest and the most compliant think it enough to show an attentive air, while we see in their eyes and in their mind a wandering from what is said to them, and a hurry to return to what they wish to say; instead of considering that it is a bad way to please or to persuade others, to try so hard to please oneself, and that to listen well and answer well is one of the greatest accomplishments we can have in conversation.

We generally praise only to be praised.

Nature creates merit, and fortune sets it to work.

It is more easy to appear worthy of a calling not our own than of the one we follow.

There are two kinds of constancy in love: the one comes from constantly finding new things to love in the person we love, and the other comes from our making it a point of honor to be constant.

There are heroes in evil as well as in good.

We do not despise all who have vices, but we despise all who have not any virtue.

We may say that vices await us in the journey of life, as hosts with whom we must successively lodge; and I doubt whether experience would enable us to avoid them were we allowed to travel the same road again.

When vices leave us, we flatter ourselves by thinking that it is we who leave them.

Virtue would not go so far if vanity did not keep her company.

Whoever thinks he can do without the world deceives himself much; but whoever thinks the world cannot do without him deceives himself much more.

The virtue of women is often the love of their reputation and their repose.

The true gentleman is he who does not plume himself on anything.

Perfect valor is to do without a witness all that we could do before the whole world.

Hypocrisy is a homage which vice renders to virtue.

All those who discharge debts of gratitude cannot on that account flatter themselves that they are grateful.

Too great eagerness to requite an obligation is a kind of ingratitude.

Fortunate people seldom correct themselves: they always think they are right when fortune favors their bad conduct.

Pride will not owe, and self-love will not pay.

The good we have received from a man requires us to be tender of the evil he does us.

Nothing is so contagious as example; and we never do any great good or any great harm that does not produce its like. We copy good actions from emulation, and bad ones from the malignity of our nature, which shame kept a prisoner and example sets at liberty.

It is a great folly to wish to be wise all alone.

On Conversation.

The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is, that every one thinks more of what he wishes to say than of what others say. We should listen to those who speak, if we

would be listened to by them; we should allow them to make themselves understood, and even to say pointless things. Instead of contradicting or interrupting them, as we often do, we ought on the contrary to enter into their mind and into their taste, show that we understand them, praise what they say so far as it deserves to be praised, and make them see that it is rather from choice that we praise them than from courtesy. We should avoid disputing about indifferent things, seldom ask questions (which are almost always useless), never let them think that we pretend to more sense than others, and easily cede the advantage of deciding a question.

We ought to talk of things naturally, easily, and more or less seriously, according to the temper and inclination of the persons we entertain; never press them to approve what we say, nor even to reply to it. When we have thus complied with the duties of politeness, we may express our opinions, without prejudice or obstinacy, in making it appear that we seek to support them with the opinions of those who are listening.

We should avoid talking much of ourselves, and often giving ourselves as example. We cannot take too much pains to understand the bent and compass of those we are talking with, in order to link ourselves to the mind of him whose mind is the most highly endowed; and to add his thoughts to our own, while making him think as much as is possible that it is from him we take them. There is cleverness in not exhausting the subjects we treat, and in always leaving to others something to think of and say.

We ought never to talk with an air of authority, nor make use of words and expressions grander than the things. We may keep our opinions, if they are reasonable; but in keeping them, we should never wound the feelings of others, or appear to be shocked at what they have said. It is dangerous to wish to be always master of the conversation, and to talk of the same thing too often; we ought to enter indifferently on all agreeable subjects which offer, and never let it be seen that we wish to draw the conversation to a subject we wish to talk of.

It is necessary to observe that every kind of conversation, however polite or however intelligent it may be, is not equally proper for all kinds of well-bred persons; we should choose what is suited to each, and choose even the time for saying it: but if there be much art in knowing how to talk to the purpose, there is not less in knowing how to be silent. There is an

eloquent silence, — it serves sometimes to approve or to condemn; there is a mocking silence; there is a respectful silence. There are, in short, airs, tones, and manners in conversation which often make up what is agreeable or disagreeable, delicate or shocking: the secret for making good use of them is given to few persons — those even who make rules for them mistake them sometimes; the surest, in my opinion, is to have none that we cannot change, to let our conversation be careless rather than affected, to listen, to speak seldom, and never to force ourselves to talk.

On the Contempt of Death.

After having spoken of the falsity of so many apparent virtues, it is reasonable to say something of the falsity of the Contempt of Death: I mean that contempt of death which the Pagans boast of deriving from their own strength, without the hope of a better life.

There is a difference between enduring death with firmness, and despising it. The first is common enough; but the other, in my opinion, is never sincere. Everything, however, has been written which could by any possibility persuade us that death is not an evil, and the weakest men, as heroes, have given a thousand examples to support this opinion. Nevertheless, I doubt whether any man of good sense ever believed it; and the pains men take to persuade others and themselves of it lets us see that the task is by no means easy. We may have many causes of disgust with life, but we never have any reason for despising death. Even those who destroy their own lives do not think it such a little matter, and are as much alarmed at, and recoil as much from, it as others when it comes upon them in a different way from the one they have chosen. The inequality remarkable in the courage of a vast number of brave men arises from the fact of death presenting itself in a different shape to the imagination, and appearing more instant at one time than another. Thus it results that, after having despised what they know nothing of, they end by fearing what they do know.

If we would not believe that death is the greatest of all evils, we must avoid looking at it and all its circumstances in the face. The cleverest and bravest are those who take the most respectable pretexts to prevent themselves from reflecting on it, but any man who is able to view it in its reality finds it a horrible thing. The necessity of dying constituted all the firmness of the philosophers. They conceived they should go through

with a good grace what they could not avoid; and as they were unable to make themselves eternal, they had nothing left for it but to make their reputations eternal, and preserve all that could be secured from the shipwreck.

To put a good face on the matter, let us content ourselves with not discovering to ourselves all that we think of it; and let us hope more from our constitutions than from those feeble reasonings which would make us believe that we can approach death with indifference. The credit of dying with firmness; the hope of being regretted; the desire of leaving a fair reputation; the certainty of being freed from the miseries of life, and of no longer depending upon the caprices of fortune, are remedies which we should not reject. But at the same time we should not believe that they are infallible. They do as much to assure us as a simple hedge in war does to assure those who have to approach a place to the fire of which they are exposed. At a distance it appears capable of affording a shelter; but when near, it is found to be a feeble defence. It is flattering ourselves to believe that death appears to us, when near, what we fancied it at a distance; and that our sentiments — which are weakness itself — are of a temper so strong as not to suffer from that aspect of terror. It is but a poor acquaintance with the effects of self-love to think that it can aid us in treating lightly what must necessarily destroy itself; and reason, in which we think to find so many resources, is too weak in this encounter to persuade us of what we wish.

On the contrary, it is reason which most frequently betrays us; and, instead of inspiring us with the contempt of death, serves to reveal to us all that it has dreadful and terrible. All that reason can do for us is to advise us to turn away our eyes from death, to fix them on other objects. Cato and Brutus chose illustrious ones; a lackey a short time since amused himself with dancing upon the scaffold on which he was about to be executed. Thus, though motives may differ, they often produce the same effects. So that it is true that whatever disproportion there may be between great men and common people, both the one and the other have been a thousand times seen to meet death with the same countenance; but it has been with this difference, that in the contempt which great men show for death it is the love of glory which hides it from their view; and in the common people it is an effect of their want of intelligence, which prevents their being acquainted with the greatness of their loss and leaves them at liberty to think of other things.

ÉDOUARD ROD.

Rod, Édouard, a Swiss novelist and journalist; born at Nyon in 1857. He was educated at Berne and Berlin. Removing to Paris, he became in 1884 editor-in-chief of "La Revue Contemporaine." Upon returning to his native land, he was made, in 1887, Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Geneva. Besides his thesis on "Le Développement du Mythe d'Eschyle dans la Littérature," M. Rod has published several works, among which are "À Propos de l'Assommoir" (1879); "Les Allemands à Paris" (1880); "Wagner et l'Esthétique Allemande" (1886), and "Giacomo Leopardi," a study on the nineteenth century, in 1888. It is, however, largely as a novelist that he is known. He has written a series of novels with psychological analysis for a basis. These books are "Palmyre Veulard" (1881); "La Chute de Miss Topsy" (1882); "L'Autopsie du Docteur Z." (1884); "La Femme de Henri Vanneau" (1884); "La Course à la Mort" (1885); "Tatiana Leiloff" (1886); "Névrossée" (1886); "Le Sens de la Vie" (1889). Other works are "Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite," "Lilith," "L'Eau et le Feu," "L'Idéal de M. Gendre" (1889); "Nouvelles Romances," "Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent," "Dante," "Stendhal" (1891); "La Sacrifiée" (1892); "La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier" (1893); "La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier" (1894); "Le Silence" (1894); "Les Roches Blanches" (1895).

Marriage.

(From "The Sense of Life.")

I should like to find a word to express a being who is tranquil, sweet, good, confiding; one whose presence alone gives repose; a being of grace and charm, breathing peace. . . . While I work she is there behind me, watchful not to disturb me; from time to time I am conscious of the noise of the worsted she draws through the canvas, or the page she turns, or of her light breathing. Sometimes I turn and no longer see her; she has silently disappeared: after a moment she returns

in the same way, without even a creak of the floor beneath her little slippers; and I feel her look resting on me as a continual caress, — the look of her great, deep, clear eyes, wherein there is only goodness, tenderness, and devotion. And always also I feel her thought following mine, and travelling side by side with it across the dreams, as across the cares of the day.

What mystery is there, then, in this sentiment of intimate union, which lessens disquietude and doubles joys? I suffered so much formerly in feeling myself alone! I passed nights wandering amid crowds to evade myself; forcing myself to the illusion that I was something to those others who were moving before my eyes. I have fled with horror from my home, so pitilessly filled with myself; where the smallest objects — the bibelots, books, paper on the wall, pictures, and easy-chairs — sent back to me like multiplied mirrors my odious image. It seemed to me that I might leave it behind me as I went in the streets — this *me;* or forget it in a café, or deposit it in a theatre; and I haunted theatres, cafés, and streets. Often I fastened myself on to trumpery friends, — friends met by chance, — and recounted to them my affairs, sharing with them fragments of my soul, without allowing myself to be rebuffed by their indifference. How many times has not my heart beat out to strange hearts, without hearing aught but its own palpitations beating in a vacancy? How many times after having forgotten myself for an hour or a night in gay company, — in salons, casinos, or taverns; after laughing from full lips, and talking boisterously; after having diffused myself in confidences to others, and received with a friendly air theirs in return, — have I not felt with tenfold bitterness on the morrow that I was still alone, irremediably alone; that the noises had vanished, leaving naught behind; that the fumes of alcohol, — all had exhaled into sadness, like the friendship or love of the day before.

Well, it seems to me now that my solitude is vanquished; certainly not because I see unceasingly near me the same known form, but because that form is loved.

Paternity.

(From "The Sense of Life.")

My wife has gravely propounded the question of baptism. Before, when I was an aggressive unbeliever, I loved to say in

a peremptory tone that my children should never be baptized. She would never reply, and her silence irritated me: I divined a menace; I understood that it announced a resistance, and that I should never be able to impose my opinion except by an act of tyranny. This perspective troubled me a little, although I was determined to remain firm. But time has progressed since that epoch, which already seems far away; I have just made an examination of conscience in order that I may answer in perfect sincerity my wife's question. I find I have no longer any temper against religion, — quite the contrary. When I had broken the chains that it had so firmly bound about me, I had a period of hatred and revolt, in which I dreamed of exciting the world to the great combat for Truth against Faith. . . .

Then this hatred changed into a profound indifference; the meaning of the word "truth" wavered in my mind; I no longer found either criterion or proof: I said to myself that my negation was a religion also, just as much so as affirmation; just as gross, no more certain, no better, worse probably. . . .

Then why trouble simple souls? Why prevent them from deceiving themselves holily? Why teach them that the source at which they quench their thirst is imaginary? Is their error greater than mine? In the ocean of uncertainty on which we float, is my plank any safer than theirs? I have therefore promised myself to remain neutral in the contest.

I had reached thus far, when I recognized that it was the free-thinkers who had disgusted me with free thought. . . .

It was at the time of the "disaffection" of the Pantheon. God was being chased out to give place to Victor Hugo: the adored of yesterday ceded place to the idol of to-day; the sweet Christ of the "Imitation" fled before the man of the "Chastisements;" the good Holy Virgin of so many tender miracles went down before Lucretia Borgia and Marion Delorme. And this was, they said, the progress of light, and the cause of truth gained in the exchange. Chance led me into the temple. They were all there: municipal counsellors, deputies, politicians of all kinds, as if they were at home; hats on heads, canes in hands; some had not even extinguished their cigars: and all were proud of driving out by their smoke the last vanishing trace of incense. Beneath the majesty of the dome they talked, laughed, gesticulated, and disputed, insolent and disrespectful. . . .

In a corner, however, before an altar left standing for a moment, a poor old woman in black cap and blue apron, unmindful of their noise, faithful to the God they had chased out, fervently knelt and prayed. She had brought two candles, whose flames flickered in the draught, and which a brutal breath would blow out before they were half consumed. Of what sorrow had she laid there the burthen? of what remorse, perhaps? What confidences was she addressing silently to the One who understands, compassionates, pardons? And when the last altar shall have fallen, which of these political mountebanks will give her the means of appeasing her sufferings? Then I understood that she was in the right against them all: for a moment the light of her flickering candle seemed to me a sun of truth; and passing before the altar, I bent my knee, and made the sign of the Cross. Ah! poor old unknown woman! Thou hast enlightened me more than much reading. If thy prayer was lost in its flight through space, it at least resounded in my heart, and thou madest me feel the void in my own depths. Why should I prevent the baptism of my child? . . .

To-day is Marie's birthday, and she probably has but a few hours to live. Her condition is unaltered. The fever does not increase; if it had increased, all would now be ended; but it has not decreased. Her respiration is just as labored, her breathing uneven, the noise in her chest is like broken machinery, and the same hacking cough shakes and rends her. She is as languid as ever, as indifferent, as detached from all. . . .

What beginnings of ideas may not this unexplained and brutal illness start in her little brain through which fever gallops? Oh, that constant moan! And there is one thing more heartrending: it is when the wailing is suddenly interrupted for a moment, and the hoarse voice begins to coo as it used to do in her well days. No, I cannot imagine the little body stiffened in death! It would be too hideous to see it immovable and to know that it is so forever; that no voice can call her back; that she will never smile again; that she must be put into the earth, where soon she will be nothing: while the inanimate objects she has touched — her doll, her sheep — will remain here, surviving her in all their longevity as things. And then I think of the mother's grief. And then I imagine the material details which come after: the little coffin which they will nail; the mourning notes to be addressed, all the formalities that have been invented to make mourning more

painful. And again the slow procession winding its way, so far, to the cemetery of Passy; and on our return, the desolation, the immense desolation, of the apartment where she is no more! . . .

The danger is over; yesterday the fever fell almost at once, as if by enchantment. It already seems as if the illness were only a part of a bad dream. I am happy. Up to this time I have asked myself unceasingly whether I loved my child. Now I am enlightened: and my affection is so deep in this hour of deliverance that I forget to grieve that she will have to live a whole life; that she will have to become acquainted with the agonies we have passed through, and more still, — who knows what? — all the future sufferings from which death would have delivered her. And for the first time I saw that in all I had said and thought of life, there was a good part of it only words, phrases. And when one has felt death pass very near; when one has just missed seeing one of those existences which is one's very own disappear, then one understands probably that life — frightful, iniquitous, ferocious life — is perhaps better than nothingness.

Live then, little Marie, as thou hast not wished to die! Live, — that is, suffer, weep, despair; live to the end, as long as Destiny will drag thee on its hurdle. And knowest thou, since he can no longer wish thee unborn, since he has not the strength to wish thee to die young as those whom the gods love, — knowest thou what thy father wishes for thee? It is to see all, feel all, know all, understand all. I say "all," and I know the bitternesses the word contains; yet I do not wish to spare thee one: since if all be sorrow, chimera, falsehood, the summing-up of all these sorrows, chimeras, falsehoods, is nevertheless fine, like a landscape made up of abysms; and since there is a supreme satisfaction in feeling that we change with the years, that we ever reflect more images, even as a river grows larger in rolling towards the sea, and that we are, and we shall have been; and that nothing, neither human revolutions nor universal catastrophe, can ever cause to be taken away from us that part of eternity which we have had, which is human life.

EDWARD PAYSON ROE.

ROE, EDWARD PAYSON, an American novelist; born at New Windsor, N. Y., March 7, 1838; died at Cornwall, N. Y., July 19, 1888. He was educated at Williams College. He afterward studied theology at Auburn and at New York City. In 1862 he became chaplain in the volunteer army, and served throughout the Civil War. From 1865 to 1874 he was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, N. Y. He then settled at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he gave his time to literature and to the cultivation of small fruits. His first book, "Barriers Burned Away," was first published as a serial in the New York "Evangelist," and met with enormous success when it was issued in book-form in 1872. His other works are "Play and Profit in My Garden" (1873); "What Can She Do?" (1873); "Opening of a Chestnut Burr" (1874); "From Jest to Earnest" (1875); "Near to Nature's Heart" (1876); "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century" (1877); "A Face Illumined" (1878); "A Day of Fate" (1880); "Success with Small Fruits" (1880); "Without a Home" (1880); "An Unexpected Result" (1883); "His Sombre Rivals" (1883); "A Young Girl's Wooing" (1884); "Nature's Serial Story" (1884); "An Original Belle" (1885); "Driven Back to Eden" (1885); "He Fell in Love with His Wife" (1886); "The Earth Trembled" (1887); "A Hornet's Nest" (1887); "Miss Lou" (1888); "The Home Acre" (1889); "Taken Alive" (1889).

"PROMISE OR DIE."[1]

(From "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr.")

WHILE they were thus standing irresolute after the accident, suddenly a light glimmered upon them. It appeared to come from a house standing a little off from the road. "Shall I leave you here and go for assistance?" asked Walter.

"I think I would rather go with you. Dolly will stand, and I do not wish to be left alone."

They soon found a grassy path leading to a small house, from which the light shone but faintly through closely curtained

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windows. They met no one, nor were their footsteps heard till they knocked at the door. A gruff voice said, "Come in," and a huge bull-dog started up from near the fire with a savage growl.

They entered. A middle-aged man with his coat off sat at work with his back toward them. He rose hastily and stared at them with a strangely blended look of consternation and anger.

"Call off your dog," said Gregory, sharply.

"Down, Bull," said the man, harshly, and the dog slunk growling into a corner, but with a watchful, ugly gleam in his eyes.

The man's expression was quite as sinister and threatening.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he asked sternly.

"We want help," said Gregory, with a quickened and apprehensive glance around, which at once revealed to him why their visit was so unwelcome. The man had been counterfeiting money, and the evidences of his guilt were only too apparent. "We have lost our way, and our wagon is broken. I hope you have sufficient humanity to act the part of a neighbor."

"Humanity to the devil!" said the man, brutally, "I am neighbor to no one. You have come here to pry into what is none of your business."

"We have not," said Gregory, eagerly. "You will find our broken wagon in the road but a little way from here."

The man's eye was cold, hard, and now had a snake-like glitter as he looked at them askance with a gloomy scowl. He seemed thinking over the situation in which he found himself.

Gregory, in his weak, exhausted state, and shaken somewhat by his fall, was nervous and apprehensive. Annie, though pale, stood firmly and quietly by.

Slowly and hesitatingly, as if deliberating as to the best course, the man reached up to the shelf and took down a revolver, saying, with an evil-boding look at them, "If I thought you had come as detectives, you would have no chance to use your knowledge. You, sir, I do not know, but I think this lady is Squire Walton's daughter. As it is, you must both solemnly promise me before God that you will never reveal what you have seen here. Otherwise I have but one method of self-protection," and he cocked his pistol. "Let me tell you," he added, in a blood-curdling tone, "you are not the first ones I have silenced. And mark this — if you go away and break this promise, I have confederates who will take vengeance on you and yours."

"No need of any further threats," said Gregory with a shrug. "I promise. As you say, it is none of my business how much of the 'queer' you make."

Though naturally not a coward, Gregory, in his habit of self-pleasing and of shunning all sources of annoyance, would not have gone out of his way under any circumstances to bring a criminal to justice, and the thought of risking anything in this case did not occur to him. Why should they peril their lives for the good of the commonwealth? If he had been alone and escaped without further trouble, he would have thought of the matter afterward as of a crime recorded in the morning paper, with which he had no concern, except perhaps to scrutinize more sharply the currency he received.

But with conscientious Annie it was very different. Her father was a magistrate of the right kind, who sincerely sought to do justice and protect the people in their rights. From almost daily conversation her mind had been impressed with the sacredness of the law. When she was inclined to induce her father to give a lighter sentence than he believed right, he had explained how the well-being and indeed the very existence of society depended upon the righteous enforcement of the law, and how true mercy lay in such enforcement. She had been made to feel that the responsibility for good order and morals rested on every one, and that to conceal a known crime was to share deeply in the guilt. She also was not skilled in that casuistry which would enable her to promise anything with mental reservations. The shock of their savage and threatening reception had been severe, but she was not at all inclined to be hysterical; and though her heart seemed to stand still with a chill of dread which deepened every moment as she realized what would be exacted of her, she seemed more self-possessed than Gregory. Indeed, in the sudden and awful emergencies of life, woman's fortitude is often superior to man's, and Annie's faith was no decorous and conventional profession for Sabbath uses, but a constant and living reality. She was like the maidens of martyr days, who tremblingly but unhesitatingly died for conscience' sake. While there was no wavering of purpose, there was an agony of fear and sorrow, as, after the momentary confusion of mind caused by the suddenness of the occurrence, the terrible nature of the ordeal before her became evident.

Through her father she had heard a vague rumor of this man before. Though he lived so secluded and was so reticent, his

somewhat mysterious movements had awakened suspicion. But his fierce dog and his own manner had kept all obtrusive curiosity at a distance. Now she saw her father's worst fears and surmises realized.

But the counterfeiter at first gave all his attention to her companion, thinking that he would have little trouble with a timid girl; and after Gregory's ready promise, looked searchingly at him for a moment, and then said, with a coarse, scornful laugh, "No fear of you. You will keep your skin whole. You are a city chap, and know enough of me and my tribe to be sure I can strike you there as well as here. I can trust to your fears, and don't wish to shed blood when it is unnecessary. And now this girl must make the same promise. Her father is a magistrate, and I intend to have no posse of men up here after me to-morrow."

"I can make no such promise," said Annie, in a low tone.

"What?" exclaimed the man, harshly, and a savage growl from the dog made a kindred echo to his tone.

Deathly pale, but with firm bearing, Annie said, "I cannot promise to shield crime by silence. I should be a partaker in your guilty secrets."

"Oh, for God's sake, promise!" cried Gregory, in an agony of fear, but in justice it must be said that it was more for her than for himself.

"For God's sake I cannot promise."

The man stepped menacingly toward her, and the great dog also advanced unchecked out of his corner. "Young woman," he hissed in her ear, "you must promise or die. I have sworn never to go to prison again if I wade knee-deep in blood."

There came a rush of tears to Annie's eyes. Her bosom heaved convulsively a moment, and then she said, in a tone of agony, "It is dreadful to die in such a way, but I cannot make the promise you ask. It would burden my conscience and blight my life. I will trust to God's mercy and do right. But think twice before you shed my innocent blood."

Gregory covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

The man hesitated. He had evidently hoped by his threats to frighten her into compliance, and her unexpected refusal, while it half frenzied him with fear and anger, made his course difficult to determine upon. He was not quite hardened enough to slay the defenceless girl as she stood so bravely before him, and the killing of her would also involve the putting of Gregory

out of the way, making a double murder that would be hard to conceal. He looked at the dog, and the thought occurred that by turning them out of doors and leaving them to the brute's tender mercies their silence might be effectually secured.

It is hard to say what he would have done, left to his own fears and evil passions; but a moment after Annie had spoken, the door opened and a woman entered with a pail of water, which she had just brought from a spring at some little distance from the house.

"What does this mean?" she asked, with a quick, startled glance around.

"It means mischief to all concerned," said the man, sullenly.

"This is Miss Walton," said the woman, advancing.

"Yes," exclaimed Annie, and she rushed forward and sobbed out, "save me from your husband; he threatened to take my life."

"'My husband!'" said the woman, with intense bitterness turning toward the man. "Do you hear that, Vight? Quiet your fears, young lady. Do you remember the sick, weary woman that you found one hot day last summer by the road-side? I was faint, and it seemed to me that I was dying. I often wish to, but when it comes to the point and I look over into the black gulf, I'm afraid—"

"But, woman—" interrupted the man harshly.

"Be still," she said, imperiously waving her hand. "Don't rouse a devil you can't control." Then turning to Annie, she continued, "I was afraid then; I was in an agony of terror. I was so weak that I could scarcely do more than look appealingly to you and stretch out my hands. Most ladies would have said, 'She's drunk,' and passed contemptuously on. But you got out of your wagon and took my cold hand. I whispered, 'I'm sick, for God's sake help me.' And you believed me and said, 'I will help you, for God's sake and your own.' Then you went to the carriage, and got some cordial which you said was for another sick person, and gave me some; and when I revived, you half carried me and half lifted me into your nice covered little wagon, that kept the burning sun off my head, and you took me miles out of your way to a little house which I falsely told you was my home. I heard that you afterward came to see me. You spoke kindly. When I could speak I said that I was not fit for you to touch, and you answered that Jesus Christ was glad to help and touch any human creature, and that you were not better than He!

Then you told me a little about Him, but I was too sick to listen much. God knows I 've got down about as low as any woman can. I dare not pray for myself, but since that day I 've prayed for you. And mark what I say, Vight," she added, her sad, weird manner changing to sudden fierceness, "not a hair of this lady's head shall be hurt."

"But these two will go and blab on us," said the man, angrily. "At least the girl will. She won't promise to keep our secret. I have no fears for the man; I can keep him quiet."

"Why won't you promise?" asked the woman, gently but with surprise.

"Because I cannot," said Annie, earnestly, though her voice was still broken by sobs. "When we hide crime, we take part in it."

"And would you rather die than do what you thought wrong?"

"It were better," said Annie.

"Oh that I had had such a spirit in the fatal past!" groaned the woman.

"But won't you protect me still?" exclaimed Annie, seizing her hand. "It would kill my poor old father too, if I should die. I cannot burden my soul with your secrets, but save me — oh, save me, from so dreadful a death!"

"I have said it, Miss Walton. Not a hair of your head shall be hurt."

"What do you advise then, madam?" asked the man, satirically. "Shall we invite Mr. Walton and the sheriff up to-morrow to take a look at the room as it now stands?"

"I advise nothing," said the woman, harshly, "I only say, in a way you understand, not a hair of this girl's head shall be hurt."

"Thank God, oh, thank God," murmured Annie, with a feeling of confidence and inexpressible relief, for there was that in the woman's bearing and tone which gave evidence of unusual power over her associate in crime.

Then Annie added, still clinging to a hand unsanctified by the significant plain ring, "I hope you will keep my companion safe from harm also."

During this scene between Annie and her strange protector, who was evidently a sad wreck of a beautiful and gifted woman, Gregory had sunk into a chair through weakness and shame, and covered his face with his hands.

The woman turned toward him with instinctive antipathy, and asked, "How is it, sir, you have left a young girl to meet this danger alone?"

Gregory's white, drawn face turned scarlet as he answered, "Because I am like you and this man here, and not like Miss Walton, who is an angel of truth and goodness."

"'Like *us*,' indeed!" said she, disdainfully. "I don't know that you have proved us *cowards* yet. And could you be bad and mean enough to see this brave maiden slain before your eyes, and go away in silence to save your own miserable self?"

"For aught I know I could," answered he, savagely. "I would like to see what mean, horrible, loathsome thing, this hateful, hated thing I call myself could not do."

Gregory showed, in a way fearful to witness, what intense hostility and loathing a spirit naturally noble can feel toward itself when action and conscience are at war.

"Ah," said the woman, bitterly, "now you speak a language I know well. Why should I fear the judgment-day?" she added, with a gloomy light in her eyes, as if communing with herself. "Nothing worse can be said of me than I will say now. But," she sneered, turning sharply to Gregory, "I do not think I have fallen so low as you."

"Probably not," he replied, with a grim laugh, and a significant shrug which he had learned abroad. "I will not dispute my bad pre-eminence. Come, Vight, or whatever your name is," he continued, rising, "make up your mind quickly what you are going to do. I am a weak man, morally and physically. If you intend to shoot me, or let your dog make a meal of me, let us have it over as soon as possible. Since Miss Walton is safe, I am as well prepared now as I ever shall be."

"I entreat you," pleaded Annie, still clinging to the woman, "don't let any harm come to him."

"What is the use of touching him?" said the man, gruffly. Then turning to Gregory he asked, "Do you still promise not to use your knowledge against me? You might do me more harm in New York than here."

"I have promised once, and that is enough," said Gregory, irritably. "I keep my word for good or evil, though you can't know that, and are fools for trusting me."

"I'll trust neither of you," said the man, with an oath. "Here, Dencie, I must talk with you alone. I'm willing to do anything that's reasonable, but I'm not going to prison

again alive, mark that" (with a still more fearful imprecation). "Don't leave this room or I won't answer for the consequences," he said sternly to Gregory and Annie, at the same time looking significantly at the dog.

Then he and the woman went into the back room, and there was an earnest and somewhat angry consultation.

Gregory sat down and leaned his head on the table in a manner that showed he had passed beyond despondency and fear into despairing indifference as to what became of him. He felt that henceforth he must be simply odious to Miss Walton, that she would only tolerate his presence as long as it was necessary, veiling her contempt by mere politeness. In his shame and weakness he would almost rather die than meet her true, honest eyes again.

Annie had the courage of principles and firm resolve, rather than that which is natural and physical. The thought of sudden and violent death appalled her. If her impulsive nature were excited, like that of a soldier in battle, she could forget danger. If in her bed at home she were wasting with disease, she would soon submit to the Divine will with child-like trust. But her whole being shrunk inexpressibly from violent and unnatural death. Never before did life seem so sweet. Never before was there so much to live for. She could have been a martyr in any age and in any horrible form for conscience' sake, but she would have met her fate tremblingly, shrinkingly, and with intense longings for life. And yet with all this instinctive dread, her trust in God and His promises would not fail. But instead of standing calmly erect on her faith, and confronting destiny, it was her nature, in such terrible emergencies, to cling in loving and utter dependence, and obey.

She therefore in no respect shared Gregory's indifference, but was keenly alive to the situation.

At first, with her hand upon her heart to still its wild throbbings, she listened intently, and tried to catch the drift of the fateful conference within. This being vain, her eyes wandered hurriedly around the room. Standing thus, she unconsciously completed a strange picture in that incongruous place, with her dejected companion on one side, and the great dog, eyeing her savagely, on the other. Gregory's despairing attitude impressed her deeply. In a sudden rush of pity she felt that he was not as cowardly as he had seemed. A woman with difficulty forgives this sin. His harsh condemnation and

evident detestation of himself impelled her generous nature instinctively to take the part of his weak and wronged spirit. She had early been taught to pity rather than to condemn those whom evil is destroying. In all his depravity he did not repel her, for, though proud, he had no petty, shallow vanity; and the evident fact that he suffered so deeply disarmed her.

Moreover, companionship in trouble which she felt was partly her fault, drew her toward him, and, stepping to his side, she laid her hand on his shoulder and said, gently, "Cheer up, my friend; I understand you better than you do yourself. God will bring us safely through."

He shrunk from her hand, and said, drearily, "With better reason than yonder woman I can say, 'I am not fit for you to touch.' As for God, He has nothing to do with me."

She answered, kindly, "I do not think that either of those things is true. But, Mr. Gregory, what will they do with us? They will not dare — "

She was interrupted by the entrance of the strangely assorted couple into whose crime-stained hands they had so unexpectedly fallen. Both felt that but little trust could be placed in such perverted and passion-swept natures, — that they would be guided by their fears, impulses, and interests. Annie's main hope was in the hold she had on the woman's sympathies; but the latter, as she entered, wore a sullen and disappointed look, as if she had not been given her own way. Annie at once stepped to her side and again took her hand, as if she were her best hope of safety. It was evident that her confidence and unshrinking touching affected the poor creature deeply, and her hand closed over Annie's in a way that was reassuring.

"I suppose you would scarcely like to trust yourselves to me or my dog," said the man, with a grim laugh. "What's more, I've no time to bother with you. Since my companion here feels she owes you something, Miss Walton, she can now repay you a hundred fold. But follow her directions closely, as you value your lives;" and he left the house with the dog. Soon after they heard in the forest what seemed the note of the whip-poorwill repeated three times, but it was so near and importunate that Annie was startled, and the woman's manner indicated that she was not listening to a bird. After a few moments she said, gloomily: "Miss Walton, I promised you should receive no harm, and I will keep my word. I hoped I could send you directly home to-night, but that's impossible. I can do much

with Vight, but not everything. He has sworn never to go to prison again alive, and none of our lives would be worth much if they stood in the way of his escape. We meant to leave this region before many months, for troublesome stories are getting around, and now we must go at once. I will take you to a place of safety, from which you can return home to-morrow. Come."

"But father will be wild with anxiety," cried Annie, wringing her hands.

"It is the best I can do," said the woman, sadly. "Come, we have no time to lose."

She put on a woollen hood, and taking a long, slender staff, led the way out into the darkness.

They felt that there was nothing to do but follow, which they did in silence. They did not go back toward their broken wagon, but continued down the wheel-track whereon their accident had occurred. Suddenly the woman left this, taking a path through the woods, and after proceeding with difficulty some distance, stopped, and lighted a small lantern she had carried under her shawl. Even with the aid of this their progress was painful and precarious in the steeply descending rocky path, which had so many intricate windings that both Annie and Gregory felt that they were indeed being led into a *terra incognita*. Annie was consumed with anxiety as to the issue of their strange adventure, but believed confidence in her guide to be the wisest course. Gregory was too weary and indifferent to care for himself, and stumbled on mechanically.

At last he said, sullenly, "Madam, I can go no farther. I may as well die here as anywhere."

"You *must* go," she said sharply; "for my sake and Miss Walton's, if not for your own. Besides, it's not much farther. What I do to-night must be done rightly."

"Well, then, while there is breath left, Miss Walton shall have the benefit of it."

"May we not rest a few minutes?" asked Annie. "I too am very tired."

"Yes, before long at the place where you must pass the night."

The path soon came out in another wheel-track, which seemed to lead down a deep ravine. Descending this a little way, they reached an opening in which was the dusky outline of a small house.

"Here we part," said their guide, taking Annie's hand, while

Gregory sank exhausted on a rock near. "The old woman and her son who live in that house will give you shelter, and to-morrow you must find your best way home. This seems poor return for your kindness, but it 's in keeping with my miserable life, which is as dark and wild as the unknown flinty path we came. After all, things have turned out far better than they might have done. Vight was expecting some one, and so had the dog within doors. He would have torn you to pieces had he been without, as usual."

"Lead this life no longer. Stay with us, and I will help you to better things," said Annie, earnestly.

The look of intense longing on the woman's face as the light of the flickering lantern fell on it would haunt Annie to her dying day.

"Oh that I might!" she groaned. "Oh that I might! A more fearful bondage never cursed a human soul!"

"And why can you not?" pleaded Annie, putting her hand on the trembling woman's shoulder. "You have seen better days. You were meant for a good and noble life. You can't sin unfeelingly. Then why sin at all? Break these chains, and by and by peace in this life and heaven in the life to come will reward you."

The woman sat down by the roadside, and for a moment her whole frame seemed convulsed with sobs. At last she said, brokenly, "You plead as my good angel did before it left me — but it 's no use — it 's too late. I have indeed seen better days, pure, happy days; and so has he. We once stood high in the respect of all. But he fell, and I fell in ways I can't explain. You cannot understand, that as love binds with silken cords, so crime may bind with iron chains. No more — say no more. You only torment me," she broke in harshly, as Annie was about to speak again. "You cannot understand. How could you? We love, hate, and fear each other at the same time, and death only can part us. But that may soon — that may soon;" and she clenched her hands with a dark look.

"But enough of this. I have too much to do to tire myself this way. You must go to that house; I cannot. Old Mrs. Tompkins and her son will give you shelter. I don't wish them to get into trouble. There will be a close investigation into all this. I know what your father's disposition is. And now farewell. The only good thing about me is, I shall still pray for you, the only one who has ever treated me like a woman since —

since — since I fell into hell," she said in a low, hoarse tone, and printing a passionate kiss on Annie's hand, she blew out her light, and vanished in the darkness.

It seemed to swallow her up and become a type of the mystery and fate that enshrouded the forlorn creature. Beyond the bare fact that she took the train the following morning with the man she called "Vight," Annie never heard of her again. Still there was hope for the wretched wanderer. However dark and hidden her paths, the eyes of a merciful God ever followed her, and to that God Annie prayed often in her behalf.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

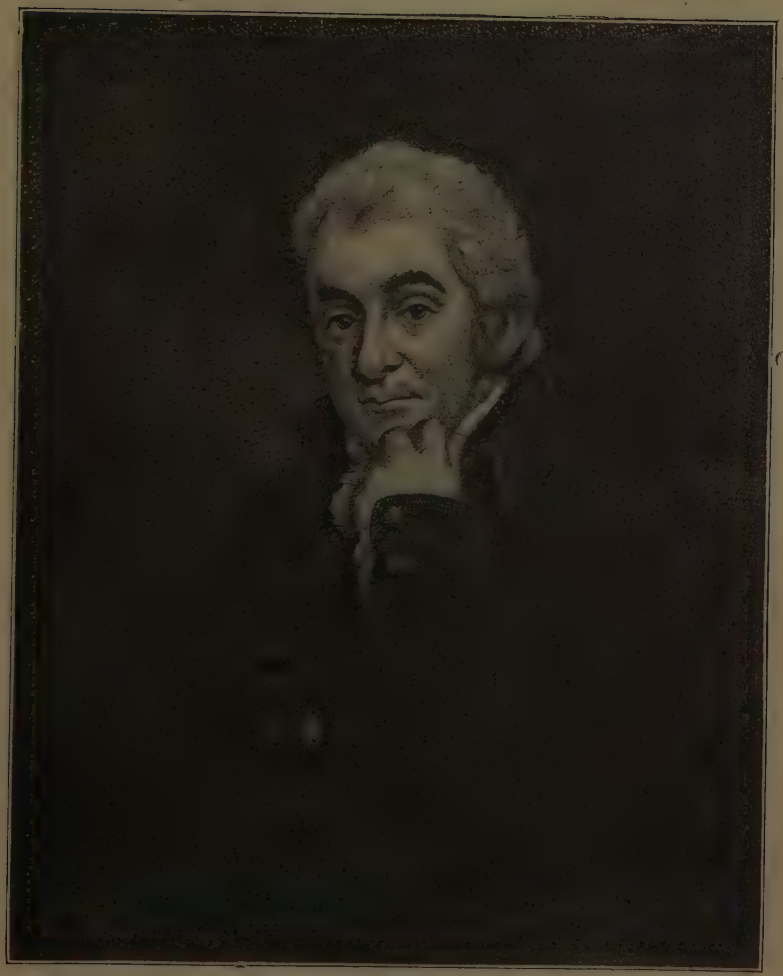
Rogers, Samuel, an English poet, born at Stoke Newington, July 30, 1763; died at London, December 18, 1855. His father was an eminent banker, who, dying in 1793, left an ample fortune to his son. Ten years afterward Rogers established his residence in London, and his "breakfasts" were for half a century frequented by all men noted in literature and art who could obtain an invitation to them. Rogers commenced writing in the "Gentleman's Magazine" at the age of eighteen. His principal poems are "The Pleasures of Memory" (1792); "Jacqueline," published in the same volume with Byron's "Lara" (1814); "Human Life" (1819); "Italy" (Part I., 1821; Part II., 1834). His last, longest, and most interesting work is "Italy." He also, from time to time, put forth small volumes of Poems.

Ginevra.

(From "Italy.")

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their archèd walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames such as in old romance,
And lovers such as in heroic song,—
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight
That in the springtime, as alone they sate,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. — A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen; but ere thou go,

Enter the house — prithee, forget it not —
And look a while upon a picture there.
'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of an illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri — but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart, —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way, — it may be true or false, —
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave, —
That precious gift, — what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life;
Still as she grew, forever in his sight:
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria, —
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was — all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.



SAMUEL ROGERS

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger:
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! — Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long was to be seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find — he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day — a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery, —
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'T was done as soon as said: but on the way
It burst, it fell; and, lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra." — There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down forever!

From the "Pleasures of Memory."

Opening Lines.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,

When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew. . . .
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm, —
Thee would the Muse invoke! to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek landscape steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play, —
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn.
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

Closing Lines.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view!
Oft when he trims his cheerful hearth and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please, —
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well.
O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas, I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below; —
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed, —
When thy last look ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed, —
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemished Youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures must we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away!

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest!

VENICE.

(From "Italy.")

THERE is a glorious City in the Sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of man, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some — though time had shattered them —
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

REGENERATION FOR ITALY.

O ITALY, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep — for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust; and they who come admire thee
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift — the gift of beauty.
Would thou had less, or went as once thou wast,
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
  But why despair? Twice thou hast lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven: and shalt again. The hour shall come
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle lowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess

Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And dying, left a splendor like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth — the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
God-like example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon were Themselves,
Since men invoked "By Those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead —
They of that sacred shore — have heard the call,
And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
Moving as once they were; instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valor.

NAPLES.

(From "Italy.")

THIS region, surely, is not of the earth.
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by.
And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,
From daybreak, when the mountain pales his fire
Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,
Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,
When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
Was with his household sacrificing there —
From daybreak to that hour, the last and best,
When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
And, when the nets are thrown, the evening hymn
Steals o'er the trembling waters.
Everywhere
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;

Earth, sea, and sky reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colors, not their own:
And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent
To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
Those fields with ether pure and purple light
Ever invested, scenes by him described
Who here was wont to wander and record
What they revealed, and on the western shore
Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
Beloved Parthenope.
Yet here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
By turns inclining to blind ecstasy
And soberest meditation.

MARRIAGE.

(From "Human Life.")

THEN before All they stand — the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters — there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his! her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject — ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts — touch them but lightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

ANNA KATHARINE ROHLFS.

Rohlfs, Anna Katharine (Green), an American novelist; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 11, 1846. After graduating at Ripley College, Poultney, Vermont, in 1867, she lived in Buffalo. In 1884 she was married to Charles Rohlfs of Brooklyn. She has published several detective stories, including "The Leavenworth Case" (1878); "A Strange Disappearance" (1879); "The Sword of Damocles" (1881); "X. Y. Z." (1883); "Hand and Ring" (1883); "The Mill Mystery" (1886); "7 to 12" (1887); "Behind Closed Doors" (1888); "A Matter of Millions" and "The Forsaken Inn" (1890); "The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock" (1895); "Dr. Izard" (1895). Mrs. Rohlfs is also the author of the "Defence of the Bride, and Other Poems" (1882), and "Risifi's Daughter," a dramatic poem (1886).

The Confession of Trueman Harwell.[1]

(From "The Leavenworth Case.")

I am not a bad man; I am only an intense one. Ambition, love, jealousy, hatred, revenge — transitory emotions with some — are terrific passions with me. To be sure they are quiet and concealed ones, coiled serpents that make no stir till aroused, but then, deadly in their spring and relentless in their action. Those who have known me best have not known this. My own mother was ignorant of it. Often and often have I heard her say, "If Trueman only had more sensibility! If Trueman were not so indifferent to everything! In short, if Trueman had more power in him!"

It was the same at school. No one understood me. They thought me meek; called me Dough-face. For three years they called me this, then I turned upon them. Choosing out their ringleader, I felled him to the ground, laid him on his back and stamped upon him. He was handsome before my foot came down; afterwards — Well, it is enough he never

[1] Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

called me Dough-face again. In the store I entered soon after, I met with even less appreciation. Regular at my work and exact in my performance of it, they thought me a good machine and nothing more. What heart, soul, and feeling could a man have who never sported, never smoked, and never laughed? I could reckon up figures correctly, but one scarcely needed heart or soul for that. I could even write day by day and month by month without showing a flaw in my copy, but that only argued I was no more than they intimated, a regular automaton. I let them think so, with the certainty before me that they would one day change their minds as others had done. The fact was, I loved nobody well enough, not even myself, to care for any man's opinion. Life was well-nigh a blank to me; a dead level plain that had to be traversed whether I would or not. And such it might have continued to this day if I had never met Mary Leavenworth. But when, some nine months since, I left my desk in the counting house for a seat in Mr. Leavenworth's library, a blazing torch fell into my soul whose flame has never gone out and never will, till the doom before me is accomplished.

She was so beautiful! When on that first evening I followed my new employer into the parlor, and saw this woman standing up before me in her half alluring, half appalling charm, I knew as by a lightning flash what my future would be if I remained in that house. She was in one of her haughty moods and bestowed upon me little more than a passing glance. But her indifference made slight impression upon me then. It was enough that I was allowed to stand in her presence and look unrebuked upon her loveliness. To be sure it was like gazing into the flower-wreathed crater of an awakening volcano. Fear and fascination were in each moment I lingered there; but fear and fascination made the moment what it was, and I could not have withdrawn if I would.

And so it was always. Unspeakable pain as well as pleasure was in the emotion with which I regarded her. Yet for all that I did not cease to study her hour by hour and day by day; her smiles, her movement, her way of turning her head or lifting her eyelids. I had a purpose in this; I wished to knit her beauty so firmly into the warp and woof of my being that nothing should ever serve to tear it away. For I saw then as plainly as now, that coquette though she was, she would never stoop to me. No; I might lie down at her feet and let her

trample over me, she would not even turn to see what it was she had stepped upon. I might spend days, months, years, learning the alphabet of her wishes, she would not thank me for my pains or even raise the lashes from her cheek to look at me as I passed. I was nothing to her, could not be any thing unless — as this thought came slowly — I could in some way become her master.

Meantime I wrote at Mr. Leavenworth's dictation and pleased him. My methodical ways were just to his taste. As for the other member of the family, Miss Eleanore Leavenworth — she treated me just as one of her proud but sympathetic nature might be expected to do. Not familiarly, but kindly; not as a friend, but as a member of the household whom she met every day at table, and who, as she or any one else could see, was none too happy or hopeful.

Six months went by; I had learned two things: first, that Mary Leavenworth loved her position as prospective heiress to a large fortune above every other earthly consideration; and secondly, that she was in the possession of a secret which endangered that position. What this was, I had for some time no means of knowing. But when later I became convinced it was one of love, I grew hopeful, strange as it may seem. For by this time I had learned Mr. Leavenworth's disposition almost as perfectly as that of his niece, and knew that in a matter of this kind he would be uncompromising; and that in the clashing of these two wills something might occur which would give me a hold upon her. The only thing that troubled me was the fact that I did not know the name of the man in whom she was interested. But chance soon favored me here. One day — a month ago now — I sat down to open Mr. Leavenworth's mail as usual. One letter — shall I ever forget it? — ran thus: —

HOFFMAN HOUSE,
March 1st, 1876.

MR. HORATIO LEAVENWORTH:

DEAR SIR, — You have a niece whom you love and trust, one too who seems worthy of all the love and trust that you or any other man can give her; so beautiful, so charming, so tender is she in face, form, manner, and conversation. But, dear sir, every rose has its thorn and your rose is no exception to this rule. Lovely as she is, charming as she is, tender as she is, she is not only capable of trampling on the rights of one who trusted her, but of bruising the heart and breaking the spirit of him to whom she owes all duty, honor, and observance.

If you don't believe this, ask her to her cruel, bewitching face, who and what is her humble servant and yours,

HENRY RITCHIE CLAVERING.

If a bombshell had exploded at my feet, or the evil one himself appeared at my call, I should not have been more astounded. Not only was the name signed to these remarkable words unknown to me, but the epistle itself was that of one who felt himself to be her master, a position which, as you know, I was myself aspiring to occupy. For a few minutes, then, I stood a prey to feelings of the bitterest wrath and despair; then I grew calm, realizing that with his letter in my possession, I was virtually the arbitrator of her destiny. Some men would have sought her there and then, and by threatening to place it in her uncle's hand, won from her a look of entreaty if no more; but I — well, my plans went deeper than that. I knew that she must be in extremity before I could hope to win her. She must feel herself slipping over the edge of the precipice before she would clutch at the first thing offering succor. I decided to allow the letter to pass into my employer's hands. But it had been opened! How could I manage to give it to him in this condition without exciting his suspicion. I knew of but one way; to let him see me open it for what he would consider the first time. So waiting till he came into the room, I approached him with the letter, tearing off the end of the envelope as I came. Opening it, I gave a cursory glance at its contents and tossed it down on the table before him.

"That appears to be of a private character," said I, "though there is no sign to that effect on the envelope."

He took it up while I stood there. At the first word he started, looked at me, seemed satisfied from my expression that I had not read far enough to realize its nature, and whirling slowly around in his chair devoured the remainder in silence. I waited a moment, then withdrew to my own desk. One minute, two minutes passed in silence; he was evidently rereading the letter, then he hurriedly rose and left the room. As he passed me I caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror. The expression I saw there did not tend to lessen the hope that was rising in my breast.

By following him almost immediately up stairs I ascertained that he went direct to Mary's room, and when in a few hours later the family collected around the dinner table, I perceived,

almost without looking up, that a great and insurmountable barrier had been raised between him and his favorite niece.

Two days passed; days that were for me one long and unrelieved suspense. Had Mr. Leavenworth answered that letter? Would it all end as it had begun without the appearance of the mysterious Clavering on the scene? I could not tell.

Meanwhile my monotonous work went on, grinding my heart beneath its relentless wheel. I wrote and wrote and wrote till it seemed as if my life blood went from me with every drop of ink I used. Always alert and listening, I dared not lift my head or turn my eyes at any unusual sound lest I should seem to be watching. The third night I had a dream; I have already told Mr. Raymond what it was and hence will not repeat it here. One correction, however, I wish to make in regard to it. In my statement I declared that the face of the man whom I saw lift his hand against my employer was that of Mr. Clavering. I lied when I said this. The face seen by me in my dream was my own. It was that fact which made it so horrible to me. In the crouching figure stealing warily down stairs, I saw as in a glass the vision of my own form. Otherwise my account of the matter was true.

This vision had a tremendous effect upon me. Was it a premonition? a forewarning of the way in which I was to win this coveted creature for my own? Was the death of her uncle the bridge that was to span the impassible gulf between us? I began to think it might be; to consider the possibilities which could make this the only path to my elysium; even went so far as to picture her loving face bending gratefully towards me through the glare of a sudden release from some emergency in which she stood. One thing was sure: if that was the way I must go, I had at least been taught how to tread it; and all through the dizzy, blurred day that followed, I saw, as I sat at my work, repeated visions of that stealthy, purposeful figure stealing down the stairs and entering with uplifted pistol into the unconscious presence of my employer. I even found myself a dozen times that day turning my eyes upon the door through which it was to come, wondering how long it would be before my actual form would pause there. That the moment was at hand I did not imagine. Even when I left him that night after drinking with him the glass of sherry mentioned at the inquest I had no idea the hour of action was so near. But when, not three minutes after going up stairs, I caught the

sound of a lady's dress rustling through the hall, and listening, heard Mary Leavenworth pass my door on her way to the library, I realized that the fatal hour was come; that something was going to be said or done in that room which would make this deed necessary. What? I determined to ascertain. Casting about in my mind for the means of doing so, I remembered that the ventilator running up through the house opened first into the passage-way connecting Mr. Leavenworth's bedroom and library, and, secondly, into the closet of the large spare room adjoining mine. Hastily unlocking the door of the communication between the rooms, I took my position in the closet. Instantly the sound of voices reached my ears; all was open below, and standing there, I was as much an auditor of what went on between Mary and her uncle as if I were in the library itself. And what did I hear? Enough to assure me my suspicions were correct; that it was a moment of vital interest to her; that Mr. Leavenworth, in pursuance of a threat evidently made some time since, was in the act of taking steps to change his will, and that she had come to make an appeal to be forgiven her fault and restored to his favor. What that fault was, I did not learn. No mention was made of Mr. Clavering as her husband. I only heard her declare that her action had been the result of impulse rather than love, that she regretted it and desired nothing more than to be free from all obligations to one she would fain forget, and be again to her uncle what she was before she ever saw this man. I thought, fool that I was, it was a mere engagement she was alluding to, and took the insanest hope from these words, and when in a moment later I heard her uncle reply in his sternest tone, that she had irreparably forfeited her claims to his regard and favor, I did not need her short and bitter cry of shame and disappointment, or that low moan for some one to help her, to sound his death knell in my heart. Creeping back to my own room I waited till I heard her reascend, then I stole forth. Calm as I had ever been in my life, I went down the stairs just as I had seen myself do in my dream, and knocking lightly at the library door, went in. Mr. Leavenworth was sitting in his usual place writing.

"Excuse me," said I as he looked up, "I have lost my memorandum book and think it possible I may have dropped it in the passage-way when I went for the wine." He bowed and I hurried past him into the closet. Once there, I proceeded rapidly

into the room beyond, procured the pistol, returned, and almost before I realized what I was doing, had taken up my position behind him, aimed and fired. The result was what you know. Without a groan his head fell forward on his hands, and Mary Leavenworth was the virtual possessor of the thousands she coveted.

My first thought was to procure the letter he was writing. Approaching the table, I tore it out from under his hands, looked at it, saw that it was, as I expected, a summons to his lawyer, and thrust it into my pocket together with the letter from Mr. Clavering which I perceived lying spattered with blood on the table before me. Not till this was done did I think of myself or remember the echo which that low, sharp report must have made in the house. Dropping the pistol at the side of the murdered man, I stood ready to shriek to any one who entered, that Mr. Leavenworth had killed himself. But I was saved from committing such folly. The report had not been heard, or, if so, had evidently failed to create an alarm. No one came, and I was left to contemplate my work undisturbed and decide upon the best course to be taken to avoid detection. A moment's study of the wound made in his head by the bullet convinced me of the impossibility of passing the affair off as a suicide, or even the work of a burglar. To any one versed in such matters it was manifestly a murder, and a most deliberate one. My one hope, then, lay in making it as mysterious as it was deliberate, by destroying all clue to the motive and manner of the deed. Picking up the pistol, I carried it into the other room with the intention of cleaning it, but finding nothing there to do it with, came back for the handkerchief which I remembered having seen lying on the floor at Mr. Leavenworth's feet. It was Miss Eleanore's, but I did not know it till I had used it to clean the barrel; then the sight of her initials in one corner so shocked me, I forgot to clean the cylinder, and only thought of how I could do away with this evidence of her handkerchief having been employed for a purpose so suspicious. Not daring to carry it from the room, I sought for means to destroy it, but finding none, compromised the matter by thrusting it deep down behind the cushion of one of the chairs in the hope of being able to recover it some time next day, when an opportunity would be given to burn it. This done, I reloaded the pistol, locked it up and prepared to leave the room. But here the horror which usually follows such deeds struck me like a thunderbolt and made me for the first time uncertain in my action. I locked the door on going out,

something I should never have done if I had been in the full possession of my faculties. Not till I reached the top of the stairs did I realize what I had done, and then it was too late, for there before me, candle in hand, and surprise written on every feature of her face, stood Hannah, one of the servants, looking at me.

"Lor, sir," she cried, but strange to say, in a low tone, "where have you been? You look as if you had seen a ghost." And her eyes turned suspiciously to the key which I held in my hand.

I felt as if some one had clutched me round the throat. Thrusting the key into my pocket, I took a step towards her. "I will tell you what I have seen if you will come down stairs," I whispered, "the ladies will be disturbed if we talk here," and smoothing my brow as best I could, I put out my hand and drew her towards me. What my motive was I hardly knew; the action was probably instinctive, but when I saw the look which came into her face as I touched her, and the alacrity with which she prepared to follow me, I took courage, remembering the one or two previous tokens I had had of this girl's unreasonable susceptibility to my influence; a susceptibility which I now felt could be utilized and made to serve my purpose.

Taking her down to the parlor floor, I drew her into the depths of the great drawing-room and there told her in the least alarming way possible what had happened to Mr. Leavenworth. She was of course intensely agitated, but she did not scream, — the novelty of her position evidently awing her as much as it bewildered — and greatly relieved I went on to say that I did not know who committed the deed but that folks would declare it was I if they knew I had been seen by her on the stairs with the library key in my hand. "But I won't tell," she whispered, trembling violently in her fright and eagerness. "I will keep it to myself. I will say I did n't see anybody." But I soon convinced her that she could never keep her secret if the police once began to question her, and following up my argument with a little cajolery, succeeded after a long while in winning her consent to leave the house till the storm should be blown over. But that given, it was some little time before I could make her comprehend that she must depart at once and without going back after her things. Not till I brightened up her wits by a promise to marry her some day, if she only obeyed me now, did she begin to look the thing in the face and show any evidence of the

real mother wit she evidently possessed. "Mrs. Belden would take me in," said she, "if I could only get to R——. She takes everybody in who asks her; and she would keep me, too, if I told her Miss Mary sent me. But I can't get there to-night."

I immediately set to work to convince her that she could. The midnight train did not leave the city for a half hour yet, and the distance to the depot could be easily walked by her in fifteen minutes. — But she had no money! I easily supplied that. — And she was afraid she could n't find her way! I entered into minutest directions. She still hesitated, but at length consented to go, and with some further understanding of the method I was to employ in communicating with her, we went down stairs. There we found a hat and shawl of the cook's which I put on her, and in another moment we were in the carriage-yard. "Remember, you are to say nothing of what has occurred, no matter what happens;" I whispered in parting injunction as she turned to leave me. "Remember you are to come and marry me some day," she murmured in reply, throwing her arms about my neck. The movement was sudden and it was probably at this time she dropped the candle she had held unconsciously clenched in her hand till now. I promised her and she glided out of the gate.

Of the dreadful agitation that followed the disappearance of this girl, I can give no better idea than by saying I not only committed the additional error of locking up the house on my re-entrance, but omitted to dispose of the key then in my pocket, by flinging it into the street or dropping it in the hall as I went up. The fact is, I was so absorbed by the thought of the danger I stood in from this girl, I forgot everything else. Hannah's pale face, Hannah's look of terror as she turned from my side and flitted down the street, were continually before me. I could not escape them; the form of the dead man lying below was less vivid. It was as though I were tied in fancy to this woman of the white face fluttering down the midnight streets. That she would fail in something — come back or be brought back — that I should find her standing white and horror-stricken on the front steps when I went down in the morning, was like a nightmare to me. I began to think it must be so, that she never would or could win her way unchallenged to that little cottage in a distant village; that I had but sent a trailing flag of danger out into the world with this wretched girl; danger that would come back to me with the first burst of morning light!

But even these thoughts faded after awhile before the realization of the peril I was in as long as the key and papers remained in my possession. How to get rid of them! I dared not leave my room again, or open my window. Some one might see me and remember it. Indeed I was afraid to move about in my room. Mr. Leavenworth might hear me. Yes, my morbid terror had reach that point — I was fearful of one whose ears I myself had forever closed, imagined him in his bed beneath and wakeful to the least sound.

But the necessity of doing something with these evidences of guilt finally overcame this morbid anxiety, and drawing the two letters from my pocket — I had not yet undressed — chose out the most dangerous of the two, that written by Mr. Leavenworth himself, and chewing it till it was mere pulp, threw it into a corner; but the other had blood on it, and nothing, not even the hope of safety, could induce me to put it to my lips. I was forced to lie with it clenched in my hand, and the flitting image of Hannah before my eyes till the slow morning broke. I have heard it said that a year in heaven seems like a day; I can easily believe it; I know that an hour in hell seems an eternity!

But with daylight came hope. Whether it was the sunshine glancing on the wall made me think of Mary and all I was ready to do for her sake, or whether it was the mere return of my natural stoicism in the presence of actual necessity, I cannot say. I only know that I arose calm and master of myself. The problem of the letter and key had solved itself also. Hide them? I would not try to! Instead of that I would put them in plain sight trusting to that very fact for their being overlooked. Making the letter up into lighters I carried them into the spare room and placed them in a vase; then, taking the key in my hand, went down stairs, intending to insert it in the lock of the library door as I went by. But Miss Eleanore, descending almost immediately behind me, made this impossible. I succeeded, however, in thrusting it, without her knowledge, among the filagree work of the gas fixture in the second hall, and thus relieved, went down into the breakfast room as self-possessed a man as ever crossed its threshold. Mary was there, looking exceedingly pale and disheartened, and as I met her eye, which for a wonder turned upon me as I entered, I could almost have laughed, thinking of the deliverance that had come to her, and of the time when I should proclaim myself to be the man who had accomplished it.

Of the alarm that speedily followed, and my action at that time and afterwards, I need not speak in detail. I behaved just as I would have done if I had had no hand in the murder. Indeed, I tried to forget I had. Even forbore to touch the key or go to the spare room or make any movement which I was not willing all the world should see. For as things stood, there was not a shadow of evidence against me in the house, neither was I, a hard-working, uncomplaining secretary, whose passion for one of his employer's nieces was not even mistrusted by the lady herself, a person to be suspected of the crime which threw him out of a fair situation. So I performed all the duties of my position, summoning the police, and going for Mr. Veeley, just as I would have done if those hours between my leaving Mr. Leavenworth for the first time and going down to breakfast in the morning had been blotted from my consciousness.

And this was the principle upon which I based my action at the inquest. Leaving that half hour and its occurrences out of the question, I resolved to answer all queries put me, as truthfully as I could; the great fault with men situated as I was, usually being that they lied too much, committing themselves on unessential matters. But alas! in thus planning for my own safety, I forgot one thing, and that was the dangerous position in which I should thus place Mary Leavenworth as the one benefited by the crime. Not till the inference was drawn by a juror, from the amount of wine found in Mr. Leavenworth's glass in the morning, that he had come to his death shortly after my leaving him, did I realize what an opening I had made for suspicion in her direction by admitting, that I had heard a rustle on the stair, a few minutes after going up. That all present believed it to have been made by Eleanore, did not reassure me. She was so completely disconnected with the crime I could not imagine suspicion holding to her for an instant. But Mary — If a curtain had been let down before me, pictured with the future as it has since developed, I could not have seen more plainly what her position would be, if attention were once directed towards her. So in the vain endeavor to cover up my blunder, I began to lie. Forced to admit that a shadow of disagreement had been lately visible between Mr. Leavenworth and one of his nieces, I threw the burden of it upon Eleanore, as the one best able to bear it, adding to this, denial of the fact that any letter had been received by Mr. Leavenworth which could in any way tend to explain the crime. The consequences were

more serious than I anticipated. Direction had been given to suspicion which every additional evidence that now came up seemed by some strange fatality to strengthen. Not only was it proved that Mr. Leavenworth's own pistol had been used in the assassination, and that too by a person then in the house, but I myself was brought to acknowledge that Eleanore had learned from me, only a little while before, how to load, aim, and fire this very pistol; — a coincidence mischievous enough to have been of the devil's own making.

Seeing all this, my fear of what the ladies would admit when questioned became very great. Let them in their innocence acknowledge that upon my ascent, Mary had gone to her uncle's room for the purpose of persuading him not to carry into effect the action he contemplated, and what consequences might not ensue! I was in a torment of apprehension. But events of which I had at that time no knowledge had occurred to influence them. Eleanore, with some show of reason, as it seems, not only suspected her cousin of the crime, but had informed her of the fact, and Mary, overcome with terror at finding there was more or less circumstantial evidence supporting the suspicion, decided to deny whatever told against herself, trusting to Eleanore's generosity not to be contradicted. Nor was her confidence misplaced. Though, by the course she thus took, Eleanore was forced to deepen the prejudice already rife against herself, she not only forebore to contradict her cousin, but when a true answer would have injured her, actually refused to return any, a lie being something she could not utter, even to save one especially endeared to her.

This conduct of hers had one effect upon me. It aroused my admiration and made me feel that here was a woman worth helping if assistance could be given without danger to myself. Yet I doubt if much would have come of my sympathy, if I had not perceived by the stress laid upon certain well-known matters, that actual danger hovered about us all, while the letter and key remained in the house. Even before the handkerchief was produced, I had made up my mind to attempt their destruction, but when that was brought out and shown, I became so alarmed I immediately rose and making my way under some pretence or other to the floors above, snatched the key from the gas fixture, the lighters from the vase, and hastening with them down the hall to Mary Leavenworth's room, went in under the expectation of there finding a fire in which to destroy them.

But to my heavy disappointment there were only a few smouldering ashes in the grate, and thwarted in my design, I stood hesitating what to do, when I heard some one coming upstairs. Alive to the consequences of being found in that room at that time, I cast the lighters into the grate and started for the door. But in the quick move I made, the key flew from my hand and slid under a chair. Aghast at the mischance, I paused, but the sound of approaching steps increasing, I lost all control over myself and fled from the room. And indeed I had no time to lose; I had barely reached my own door when Eleanore Leavenworth, followed by two servants, appeared at the top of the staircase and proceeded towards the room I had just left. The sight reassured me; she would see the key and take some means of disposing of it; and indeed I always supposed that she did, for no further word of key or letter ever came to my ears.

This may explain why the questionable position in which Eleanore soon found herself awakened in me no greater anxiety. I thought the suspicions of the police rested upon nothing more tangible than the peculiarity of her manner at the inquest, and the discovery of her handkerchief on the scene of the tragedy. I did not know they possessed what they might call absolute proof of her connection with the crime. But if I had, I doubt if I should have pursued a much different course. Mary's peril was the one thing capable of turning me, and she did not appear to be in peril. On the contrary, every one by common consent seemed to ignore all appearance of guilt on her part. If Mr. Gryce, whom I soon learned to fear, had given one sign of suspicion, or Mr. Raymond, whom I speedily recognized as my most persistent though unconscious foe, had betrayed the least distrust of her, I should have taken warning. But they did not, and lulled into a false security by their manner, I let the days go by without suffering any fears on her account. But not without many anxieties for myself. Hannah's existence precluded all sense of personal security. Knowing the determination of the police to find her, I trod the verge of an awful suspense continually.

Meantime the wretched certainty was forcing itself upon me that I had lost, instead of gained, a hold on Mary Leavenworth. Not only did she evince the utmost horror of the deed which had made her the mistress of her uncle's wealth, but, owing as I believed to the influence of Mr. Raymond, soon gave evidence that she was losing to a certain extent the characteristics of

mind and heart which had made me hopeful of winning her regard by my action. This revelation drove me almost insane. Under the terrible restraint forced upon me, I walked my weary round in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. Many and many a time have I stopped in my work, wiped my pen and laid it down with the idea that I could not repress myself another moment, but I have always taken it up again and gone on with my task. Mr. Raymond has sometimes shown his wonder at my sitting in my dead employer's chair. Great heaven! it was my only safeguard. By keeping the murder constantly before my mind, I was enabled to restrain my disappointment at its failure to bring me the reward I anticipated.

At last there came a time when my agony could be no longer suppressed. Going down the stairs one evening with Mr. Raymond, I saw a strange gentlemen standing in the reception-room, looking at Mary Leavenworth in a way that would have made my blood boil, even if I had not heard him whisper these words, — "But you are my wife and know it, whatever you may say or do!"

It was the lightning-stroke of my life. After what I had done to make her mine, to hear another claim her as already his own, was stunning, maddening. It forced a demonstration from me. I had either to yell in my fury or deal the man beneath some tremendous blow in my hatred. I did not dare to shriek, so I struck the blow. Demanding his name from Mr. Raymond, and hearing that it was, as I expected, Clavering, I flung caution, reason, common sense, all to the winds, and in a moment of fury denounced him as the murderer of Mr. Leavenworth.

The next instant I would have given worlds to recall my words. What had I done but drawn attention to myself in thus accusing a man against whom nothing could of course be proved! But recall now was impossible. So after a night of thought I did the next best thing, gave a superstitious reason for my action, and so restored myself to my former position without eradicating from the mind of Mr. Raymond that vague doubt of the man, which my own safety demanded. But I had no intention of going any further, nor should I have done so if I had not observed that for some reason Mr. Raymond was willing to suspect Mr. Clavering. But that once seen, revenge took possession of me, and I asked myself if the burden of this crime could be thrown on this man. Still I do not believe that any

results would have followed if I had not overheard a whispered conversation between two of the servants, in which I learned that Mr. Clavering had been seen to enter the house on the night of the murder, but was not seen to leave it. That determined me. With a fact like this for a starting-point, what might I not hope to accomplish? Hannah alone stood in my way. While she remained alive I saw nothing but ruin before me. I made up my mind to destroy her and satisfy my hatred of Mr. Clavering at one blow. But how? By what means could I reach her without deserting my post, or make away with her without exciting fresh suspicion? The problem seemed insolvable; but Trueman Harwell had not played the part of a machine so long without result. Before I had studied the question a day, light broke upon it, and I saw that the only way to accomplish my plans was to inveigle her into destroying herself.

No sooner had the thought matured than I hastened to act upon it. Knowing the tremendous risk I ran, I took every precaution. Locking myself up in my room, I wrote her a letter in printed characters — she having distinctly told me she could not read writing — in which I played upon her ignorance, foolish fondness and Irish superstition, by telling her I dreamed of her every night and wondered if she did of me, was afraid she didn't, so enclosed her a little charm which if she would use according to directions (which were that she should first destroy my letter by burning it, next take in her hand the packet I was careful to enclose, swallow the powder accompanying it, and go to bed) would give her the most beautiful visions. — The powder was a deadly dose of poison and the packet was as you know a forged confession falsely criminating Henry Clavering. Enclosing all these in an envelope in the corner of which I had marked a cross, I directed it, according to agreement, to Mrs. Belden and sent it.

Then followed the greatest period of suspense I had yet endured. Though I had purposely refrained from putting my name to the letter, I felt that the chances of detection were very great. The least departure from the course I had marked out for her would prove fatal. If she opened the enclosed packet, or mistrusted the powder, or took Mrs. Belden into her confidence, or even failed to burn my letter, all would be lost. I could not be sure of her or know the result of my scheme except through the newspapers. Do you think I kept watch of the countenances about me? devoured the telegraphic news, or started when the

bell rang? And when a few days since I read that short paragraph in the paper which assured me that my efforts had at least produced the death of the woman I feared, do you think I experienced any sense of relief?

But of that why speak? In six hours had come the summons from Mr. Gryce, and — Let these prison walls, this confession itself, tell the rest. I am no longer capable of speech or action.

CHARLES ROLLIN.

ROLLIN, CHARLES, an eminent French historian and professor of belles-lettres; born at Paris, January 30, 1661; died September 14, 1741. He became Professor of Rhetoric in the College of Plessis in 1687; Professor of Eloquence in the Royal College of France in 1688; Principal of the University of Paris in 1694. He revived the study of Greek and made reforms in the system of education. His chief works are "On the Study of Belles-Lettres" (1726); "Ancient History" (12 vols., 1730–1738); "History of Rome" (1738).

THE CARTHAGINIANS.

(From the "Ancient History.")

CARTHAGE FORMED AFTER THE MODEL OF TYRE, OF WHICH THAT CITY WAS A COLONY.

THE Carthaginians were indebted to the Tyrians, not only for their origin, but their manners, language, customs, laws, religion, and the great application to commerce, as will appear from every part of the sequel. They spoke the same language with the Tyrians, and these the same with the Canaanites and Israelites, that is the Hebrew tongue, or at least a language which was entirely derived from it. Their names had commonly some particular meaning: thus Hanno signified *gracious, bountiful;* Dido, *amiable,* or *well beloved;* Sophonisba, *one who keeps faithfully her husband's secrets.* From a spirit of religion, they likewise joined the name of God to their own, conformably to the genius of the Hebrews. Hannibal, which answers to Ananias, signifies *Baal* (or *the Lord*) *has been gracious to me.* Asdrubal, answering to Azarias, implies *the Lord will be our succor.* It is the same with other names, Adherbal, Maharbal, Mastanabal, etc. The word Pœni, from which Punic is derived, is the same with Phœni or Phœnicians, because they came originally from Phœnicia. In the Pœnulus of Plautus is

a scene written in the Punic tongue, which has very much exercised the learned.

But the strict union which always subsisted between the Phœnicians and Carthaginians is still more remarkable.

When Cambyses had resolved to make war upon the latter, the Phœnicians, who formed the chief strength of his fleet, told him plainly, that they could not serve him against their countrymen; and this declaration obliged that prince to lay aside his design. The Carthaginians, on their side, were never forgetful of the country from whence they came, and to which they owed their origin. They sent regularly every year to Tyre a ship freighted with presents, as a quit-rent or acknowledgment paid to their ancient country; and its tutelar gods had an annual sacrifice offered to them by the Carthaginians, who considered them as their protectors. They never failed to send thither the first fruits of their revenues, nor the tithe of the spoils taken from their enemies, as offerings to Hercules, one of the principal gods of Tyre and Carthage. The Tyrians, to secure from Alexander, who was then besieging their city, what they valued above all things, I mean their wives and children, sent them to Carthage, where, at a time that the inhabitants of the latter were involved in a furious war, they were received and entertained with such a kindness and generosity as might be expected from the most tender and opulent parents. Such uninterrupted testimonies of a warm and sincere gratitude do a nation more honor than the greatest conquests and the most glorious victories.

THE RELIGION OF THE CARTHAGINIANS.

It appears from several passages of the history of Carthage, that its generals looked upon it as an indispensable duty to begin and end all their enterprises with the worship of the gods. Hamilcar, father of the great Hannibal, before he entered Spain in a hostile manner, offered up a sacrifice to the gods. And his son, treading in his steps, before he left Spain, and marched against Rome, went to Cadiz in order to pay the vows he made to Hercules, and to offer up new ones, in case that god should be propitious to him. After the battle of Cannæ, when he acquainted the Carthaginians with the joyful news, he recommended to them, above all things, the offering up a solemn thanksgiving to the immortal gods, for the several victories he had obtained.

Nor was this religious honoring of the deity on all occasions the ambition of particular persons only, but it was the genius and disposition of the whole nation.

Polybius has transmitted to us a treaty of peace concluded between Philip, son of Demetrius, king of Macedon, and the Carthaginians, in which the great respect and veneration of the latter for the deity, and their inherent persuasion that the gods assist and preside over human affairs, and particularly over the solemn treaties made in their name and presence, are strongly displayed. Mention is therein made of five or six different orders of deities; and this enumeration appears very extraordinary in a public instrument, such as a treaty of peace concluded between two nations. I will here present my readers with the very words of the historian, as it will give some idea of the Carthaginian theology. *This treaty was concluded in the presence of Jupiter, Juno, and Apollo; in the presence of the demon or genius of the Carthaginians, of Hercules and Iolaus; in the presence of Mars, Triton, and Neptune; in the presence of all the confederate gods of the Carthaginians, and of the sun, the moon, and the earth; in the presence of the rivers, meads, and waters; in the presence of all those gods who possess Carthage.* What would we now say to an instrument of this kind, in which the tutelar angels and saints of a kingdom should be introduced!

The Carthaginians had two deities, to whom they paid a more particular worship, and who deserve to have some mention made of them in this place.

The first was the goddess Cœlestis, called likewise Urania, or the moon, who was invoked in great calamities, and particularly in droughts, in order to obtain rain: that very virgin Cœlestis, says Tertullian, the promiser of rain, — *Isto ipsa virgo Cœlestis, pluviarum pollicitatrix.* Tertullian, speaking of this goddess, and of Æsculapius, gives the heathens of that age a challenge, which is bold indeed, but at the same time very glorious to the cause of Christianity: and declares, that any Christian, who first comes, shall oblige these false gods to confess publicly that they are but devils; and consents that this Christian shall be immediately killed, if he does not extort such a confession from the mouth of these gods. *Nisi se dæmones confessi fuerint Christiano mentiri non audentes, ibidem illius Christiani procacissimi sanguinem fundite.* St. Austin likewise makes frequent mention of this deity. *What is now,*

says he, *become of Cœlestis, whose empire was once so great in Carthage?* This *was doubtless the same deity whom* Jeremiah calls *the queen of heaven;* and who was held in so much reverence by the Jewish women, that they addressed their vows, burnt incense, poured out drink-offerings, and made cakes for her with their own hands, *ut faciant placentas reginæ cœli:* and from whom they boasted their having received all manner of blessings, while they paid her a regular worship; whereas, since they had failed in it, they had been oppressed with misfortunes of every kind.

The second deity particularly adored by the Carthaginians, and in whose honor human sacrifices were offered, was Saturn, known in Scripture by the name of Moloch; and this worship passed from Tyre to Carthage. Philo quotes a passage from Sanchoniathon, which shows that the kings of Tyre, in great dangers, used to sacrifice their sons to appease the anger of the gods; and that one of them, by this action, procured himself divine honors, and was worshipped as a god, under the name of the planet Saturn: to this doubtless was owing the fable of Saturn devouring his own children. Private persons, when they were desirous of averting any great calamity, took the same method; and, in imitation of their princes, were so very superstitious, that such as had no children purchased those of the poor, in order that they might not be deprived of the merit of such a sacrifice. This custom prevailed long among the Phœnicians and Canaanites, from whom the Israelites borrowed it, though forbidden expressly by Heaven. At first children were inhumanly burned, either in a fiery furnace, like those in the valley of Hinnom, so often mentioned in Scripture, or enclosed in a flaming statue of Saturn. The cries of these unhappy victims were drowned by the uninterrupted noise of drums and trumpets. Mothers made it a merit, and a part of their religion, to view this barbarous spectacle with dry eyes, and without so much as a groan; and if a tear or a sigh stole from them, the sacrifice was less acceptable to the deity, and all the effects of it were entirely lost. This strength of mind, or rather savage barbarity, was carried to such excess, that even mothers would endeavor, with embraces and kisses, to hush the cries of their children; lest, had the victim been offered with an unbecoming grace, and in the midst of tears, it should anger the god; *blanditiis et osculis comprimebant vagitum, ne flebilis hostia immolaretur.* They afterwards contented them-

selves with making their children pass through the fire, in which they frequently perished, as appears from several passages of Scripture.

The Carthaginians retained the barbarous custom of offering human sacrifices to their gods, till the ruin of their city: an action which ought to have been called a sacrilege rather than a sacrifice, — *Sacrilegium verius quam sacrum.* It was suspended only for some years, from the fear they were under of drawing upon themselves the indignation and arms of Darius I., king of Persia, who forbade them the offering up of human sacrifices, and the eating the flesh of dogs; but they soon resumed this horrid practice, since, in the reign of Xerxes, the successor to Darius, Gelon, the tyrant of Syracuse, having gained a considerable victory over the Carthaginians in Sicily, ordered, among other conditions of peace, *That no more human sacrifices should be offered to Saturn.* And, doubtless, the practice of the Carthaginians, on this very occasion, made Gelon use this precaution. For during the whole engagement, which lasted from morning till night, Hamilcar, the son of Hanno, their general, was perpetually offering up to the gods sacrifices of living men, who were thrown in great numbers on a flaming pile; and seeing his troops routed and put to flight, he himself rushed into it, in order that he might not survive his own disgrace; and to extinguish, says St. Ambrose, speaking of this action, with his own blood, this sacrilegious fire, when he found that it had not proved of service to him.

In times of pestilence they used to sacrifice a great number of children to their gods, unmoved with pity for a tender age, which excites compassion in the most cruel enemies; thus seeking a remedy for their evils in guilt itself, and endeavoring to appease the gods by the most shocking barbarity.

Diodorus relates an instance of this cruelty, which strikes the reader with horror. At the time that Agathocles was just going to besiege Carthage, its inhabitants, seeing the extremity to which they were reduced, imputed all their misfortunes to the just anger of Saturn, because that, instead of offering up children nobly born, who were usually sacrificed to him, he had been fraudulently put off with the children of slaves and foreigners. To atone for this crime, two hundred children of the best families in Carthage were sacrificed to Saturn; besides which, upwards of three hundred citizens, from a sense of their guilt of this pretended crime, voluntarily sacrificed themselves.

Diodorus adds, that there was a brazen statue of Saturn, the hands of which were turned downwards, so that, when a child was laid on them, it dropped immediately into a hollow, where was a fiery furnace.

Can this, says Plutarch, be called worshipping the gods? Can we be said to entertain an honorable idea of them, if we supposed that they are pleased with slaughter, thirsty of human blood, and capable of requiring or accepting such offerings? Religion, says this judicious author, is placed between two rocks, that are equally dangerous to man and injurious to the Deity, I mean impiety and superstition. The one, from an affectation of free-thinking, believes nothing; and the other, from a blind weakness, believes all things. Impiety, to rid itself of a terror which galls it, denies the very existence of the gods; while superstition, to calm its fears, capriciously forges gods, which it makes not only the friends, but protectors and models of crimes. Had it not been better, says he farther, for the Carthaginians to have had a Critias, a Diagoras, and such like open and undisguised atheists for their lawgivers, than to have established so frantic and wicked a religion? Could the Typhons and the giants (the avowed enemies of the gods), had they gained a victory over them, have established more abominable sacrifices?

Such were the sentiments which a heathen entertained of this part of the Carthaginian worship. But one would hardly believe that mankind were capable of such madness and frenzy. Men do not generally entertain ideas so destructive of all those things which nature considers as most sacred, as to sacrifice, to murder their children with their own hands, and to throw them in cool blood into fiery furnaces! Sentiments, so unnatural and barbarous and yet adopted by whole nations, and even by the most civilized, as the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Gauls, Scythians, and even the Greeks and Romans, and consecrated by custom during a long series of ages, can have been inspired by him only, who was a murderer from the beginning, and who delights in nothing but the humiliation, misery, and perdition of man.

TRADE OF CARTHAGE, THE FIRST SOURCE OF ITS WEALTH AND POWER.

Commerce, strictly speaking, was the occupation of Carthage, the particular object of its industry, and its peculiar and

predominant characteristic. It formed the greatest strength and the chief support of that commonwealth. In a word, we may affirm that the power, the conquests, the credit, and the glory of the Carthaginians, all flowed from their commerce. Situated in the centre of the Mediterranean, and stretching out their arms eastward and westward, the extent of their commerce took in all the known world; and wafted it to the coast of Spain, of Mauritania, of Gaul, and beyond the strait and pillars of Hercules. They sailed to all countries, in order to buy, at a cheap rate, the superfluities of every nation, which, by the wants of others, became necessaries; and these they sold to them at the dearest rate. From Egypt the Carthaginians brought fine flax, paper, corn, sails, and cables for ships; from the coast of the Red Sea, spices, frankincense, perfumes, gold, pearl, and precious stones; from Tyre and Phœnicia, purple and scarlet, rich stuffs, tapestry, costly furniture, and divers curious and exquisite works of art; in a word, they brought from various countries all things that can supply the necessities, or are capable of contributing to the comfort, luxury, and the delights of life. They brought back from the western parts of the world, in return for the commodities carried thither, iron, tin, lead, and copper; by the sale of which articles they enriched themselves at the expense of all nations; and put them under a kind of contribution, which was so much the surer, as it was spontaneous.

In thus becoming the factors and agents of all nations, they had made themselves lords of the sea; the band which held the east, the west, and south together, and the necessary channel of their communication; so that Carthage rose to be the common city, and the centre of the trade of all those nations which the sea separated from one another.

The most considerable personages of the city were not ashamed of engaging in trade. They applied themselves to it as industriously as the meanest citizens; and their great wealth did not make them less in love with the diligence, patience, and labor, which are necessary for the acquisition of it. To this they owed their empire of the sea; the splendor of their republic; their being able to dispute for superiority with Rome itself; and their elevation of power, which forced the Romans to carry on a bloody and doubtful war for upwards of forty years, in order to humble and subdue this haughty rival. In short, Rome, even in its triumphant state, thought Carthage

was not to be entirely reduced any other way than by depriving that city of the benefits of its commerce, by which it had been so long enabled to resist the whole strength of that mighty republic.

However, it is no wonder that, as Carthage came in a manner out of the greatest school of traffic in the world, I mean Tyre, she should have been crowned with such rapid and uninterrupted success. The very vessels in which its founders had been conveyed into Africa, were afterwards employed by them in their trade. They began to make settlements upon the coasts of Spain, in those ports where they unloaded their goods. The ease with which they had founded these settlements, and the conveniences they met with, inspired them with the design of conquering those vast regions; and some time after, *Nova Carthago*, or New Carthage, gave the Carthaginians an empire in that country, almost equal to that which they enjoyed in Africa.

THE MINES OF SPAIN, THE SECOND SOURCE OF THE RICHES AND POWER OF CARTHAGE.

Diodorus justly remarks that the gold and silver mines found by the Carthaginians in Spain were an inexhaustible fund of wealth, that enabled them to sustain such long wars against the Romans. The natives had long been ignorant of these treasures that lay concealed in the bowels of the earth, at least of their use and value. The Phœnicians took advantage of this ignorance, and by bartering some wares of little value for this precious metal, which the natives suffered them to dig up, they amassed infinite wealth. When the Carthaginians had made themselves masters of the country, they dug much deeper into the earth than the old inhabitants of Spain had done, who probably were content with what they could collect on the surface; and the Romans, when they had dispossessed the Carthaginians of Spain, profited by their example, and drew an immense revenue from these mines of gold and silver.

The labor employed to come at these mines, and to dig the gold and silver out of them, was incredible, for the veins of these metals rarely appeared on the surface; they were to be sought for and traced through frightful depths, where very often floods of water stopped the miners, and seemed to defeat all future pursuits. But avarice is as patient in undergoing

fatigues, as ingenious in finding expedients. By pumps, which Archimedes had invented when in Egypt, the Romans afterwards threw up the water out of these pits, and quite drained them. Numberless multitudes of slaves perished in these mines, which were dug to enrich their masters, who treated them with the utmost barbarity, forced them by heavy stripes to labor, and gave them no respite either day or night. Polybius, as quoted by Strabo, says, that in his time, upwards of forty thousand men were employed in the mines near *Nova Carthago*, and furnished the Romans every day with twenty-five thousand drachms, or three thousand eight hundred and fifteen dollars and sixty-three cents.

We must not be surprised to see the Carthaginians, soon after the greatest defeats, sending fresh and numerous armies again into the field; fitting out mighty fleets, and supporting, at a great expense, for many years, wars carried on by them in far distant countries. But it must surprise us to hear of the Romans doing the same; they whose revenues were very inconsiderable before those great conquests, which subjected to them the most powerful nations; and who had no resources, either from trade, to which they were absolute strangers, or from gold or silver mines, which were very rarely found in Italy, in case there were any; and consequently, the expenses of which must have swallowed up all the profit. The Romans, in the frugal and simple life they led, in their zeal for the public welfare and love for their country, possessed funds which were not less ready or secure than those of Carthage, but at the same time were far more honorable to their nation.

THE FOUNDATION OF CARTHAGE, AND ITS PROGRESS TILL THE TIME OF THE FIRST PUNIC WAR.

Carthage, in Africa, was a colony from Tyre, the most renowned city at that time for commerce in the world. Tyre had long before transplanted another colony into that country, which built Utica, made famous by the death of the second Cato, who for this reason is generally called Cato Uticensis.

Authors disagree very much with regard to the era of the foundation of Carthage. It is a difficult matter, and not very material, to reconcile them; at least agreeably to the plan laid down by me, it is sufficient to know, within a few years, the time in which that city was built.

Carthage existed a little above seven hundred years. It was destroyed under the consulate of Cn. Lentulus and L. Mummius, the 603d year of Rome, 3859th of the world, and 145 before Christ. The foundation of it may therefore be fixed at the year of the world 3158, when Joash was king of Judah, 98 years before the building of Rome, and 846 before our Saviour.

The foundation of Carthage is ascribed to Elisa, a Tyrian princess, better known by the name of Dido. Ithobal, king of Tyre, and father of the famous Jezebel, called in Scripture Ethbaal, was her great-grandfather. She married her near relation Acerbas, called otherwise Sicharbas and Sichæus, an extremely rich prince, and Pygmalion, king of Tyre, was her brother. This prince having put Sichæus to death, in order that he might have an opportunity of seizing his immense treasures, Dido eluded the cruel avarice of her brother, by withdrawing secretly with all her dead husband's possessions. After having long wandered, she at last landed on the coast of the Mediterranean, in the gulf where Utica stood, and in the country of Africa, properly so called, distant almost fifteen miles from Tunis, so famous, at this time, for its corsairs; and there settled with her few followers, after having purchased some lands from the inhabitants of the country.[1]

Many of the neighboring people, invited by the prospect of lucre, repaired thither to sell to these foreigners the necessaries of life, and shortly after incorporated themselves with them. These inhabitants, who had been thus gathered from different places, soon grew very numerous. The citizens of Utica, considering them as their countrymen, and as descended from the same common stock, deputed envoys with very considerable presents, and exhorted them to build a city in the place where they had first settled. The natives of the country, from the esteem and respect frequently shown to strangers, made them the like offers. Thus all things conspiring with Dido's views, she built her city, which was appointed to pay an annual tribute

[1] Some authors say, that Dido put a trick on the natives, by desiring to purchase of them, for her intended settlement, only so much land as an ox's hide would encompass. The request was thought too moderate to be denied. She then cut the hide into the smallest thongs; and with them encompassed a large tract of ground, on which she built a citadel, called Byrsa, from the hide. But this tale of the hide is generally exploded by the learned; who observe, that the Hebrew word Bosra, which signifies a fortification, gave rise to the Greek word Byrsa, which is the name of the citadel of Carthage.

DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE

From a Painting by J. M. W. Turner

to the Africans for the ground it stood upon, and called it Carthada, or Carthage, a name that in the Phœnician and Hebrew tongues, which have a great affinity, signifies the New City. It is said that, when the foundations were dug, a horse's head was found, which was thought a good omen, and a presage of the future warlike genius of that people.

This princess was afterwards courted by Iarbas, king of Getulia, and threatened with a war in case of refusal. Dido, who had bound herself by an oath not to consent to a second marriage, being incapable of violating the faith she had sworn to Sichæus, desired time for deliberation, and for appeasing the manes of her first husband by sacrifice. Having, therefore, ordered a pile to be raised, she ascended it; and drawing out a dagger she had concealed under her robe, stabbed herself with it.

Virgil has made a great alteration in this history, by supposing that Æneas, his hero, was contemporary with Dido, though there was an interval of near three centuries between the one and the other: the era of the building of Carthage being fixed three hundred years later than the destruction of Troy. This liberty is very excusable in a poet, who is not tied to the scrupulous accuracy of a historian; we admire, with great reason, the judgment he has shown in his plan, when, to interest the Romans for whom he wrote, he has the art of introducing the implacable hatred which subsisted between Carthage and Rome, and ingeniously deduces the original of it from the very remote foundation of those two rival cities.

Carthage, whose beginnings, as we have observed, were very weak, grew larger by insensible degrees, in the country where it was founded. But its dominion was not long confined to Africa. The inhabitants of this ambitious city extended their conquests into Europe, by invading Sardinia, seizing a great part of Sicily, and reducing almost all Spain; and having sent powerful colonies everywhere, they enjoyed the empire of the seas for more than six hundred years; and formed a state which was able to dispute pre-eminence with the greatest empires of the world, by their wealth, their commerce, their numerous armies, their formidable fleets, and above all, by the courage and ability of their captains.

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

Ronsard, Pierre de, a noted French poet; born near Couture, in the province of Vendômois, September 11, 1524; died at the priory of Saint-Côme, Touraine, December 27, 1585. On the marriage of Marie of Lorraine to James V. of Scotland, he accompanied the bride to Scotland, and remained for more than three years in Great Britain. He then returned to France, re-entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, and was sent on courtly errands to Flanders and elsewhere. His career was checked by a serious illness. Ronsard quitted Court, and for several years applied himself to study at the Collège de Coqueret, Paris. In 1550 appeared Ronsard's "Amours" and "Quatre Livres d'Odes." Ronsard was appl uded as the "prince of poets." He published two volumes of "Hymnes" (1555–56), and in 1572 four books of an epic entitled "La Franciade." He did not complete the epic, which was to have consisted of twenty-four books. In 1584 he published his works collectively, in one volume.

Sonnet.

To Angelette.

Here through this wood my saintly Angelette
  Goes, making springtime blither with her song;
  Here lost in smiling thought she strays along,
While on these flowers her little feet are set.
Here is the meadow and the gentle stream
  That laughs in ripples by her hand caressed,
  As loitering still, she gathers to her breast
The enamelled flowers that o'er its wavelets dream.
  Here, singing I behold her, there, in tears;
  And here she smiles, and there my fancy hears
Her sweet discourse, with boundless blessings rife.
  Here sits she down, and there I see her dance;
  So with the shuttle of a vague romance,
Love weaves the warp and woof of all my life.

His Lady's Tomb.

As in the gardens, all through May, the rose
  Lovely and young and rich apparellèd,
  Makes sunrise jealous of her rosy red,
When dawn upon the dew of dawning glows;

Graces and Loves within her breast repose,
  The woods are faint with the sweet odor shed,
  Till rains and heavy suns have smitten dead
The languid flower, and the loose leaves unclose:

So this, the perfect beauty of our days,
When heaven and earth were vocal of her praise,
  The fates have slain, and her sweet soul reposes
And tears I bring, and sighs, and on her tomb
Pour milk, and scatter buds of many a bloom,
  That, dead as living, Rose may be with roses.

Roses.

I send you here a wreath of blossoms blown,
  And woven flowers at sunset gatherèd.
  Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this, their sure example, be it known
  That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
  Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
Flower-like, and brief of days, as the flower sown.

Ah, time is flying, lady — time is flying;
  Nay, 't is not time that flies but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
  And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were:
Be therefore kind, my love, whilst thou art fair.

To Cassandra.

"Darling! look if that blushing rose,
  That but this morning did unclose
    Her crimson vestments to the sun,
  Hath not quite lost in evening's air
  The fine folds of that vestment rare,
    And that bright tinting like your own.

"Alas! even in this little space,
  Dearest, we see o'er all the place
    Her scattered beauties strown!
  O stepdame Nature! stern and hard,
  That could not such a flower have spared
    From morn till eve along!

"Then, darling, hear me while I sing!
Enjoy the verdure of your spring,
The sweets of youth's short hour;
Gather the blossoms while ye may,
For youth is gone like yesterday,
And beauty like that flower!"

Song.

To Marie.

The spring hath not so many flowers;
The autumn, grapes within its bowers;
The summer, heats that make men pale;
The winter, stores of icy hail;
Nor fishes hath the boundless sea,
Nor harvests in fair Beau there be;
Nor Brittany, unnumbered sands,
Nor fountains have Auvergne's broad lands;
Nor hath so many stars the night,
Nor the wide woodland branches light, —
As hath my heart of heavy pains,
Born of my mistress's disdains.

A Madrigal.

To Astræa.

Why those engraven agates dost thou wear,
Rich rubies, and the flash of diamonds bright?
Thy beauty is enough to make thee fair, —
Beauty that love endows with its own light.
Then hide that pearl, born of the Orient sea:
Thy grace alone should ornament thy hand;
Thy gems but serve to make us understand
They take their splendor and their worth from thee.
'Tis thy bright eyes that make thy diamonds shine,
And not the gems that make thee more divine.
Thou work'st thy miracles, my lady fair,
With or without thy jewels; all the same,
I own thy sovranty: now ice, now flame, —
As love and hatred drive me to despair, —
I die with rapture, or I writhe in shame,
Faint with my grief, or seem to tread on air.

Good Counsel.

Not to rejoice too much at Fortune's smile
Nor at her frown despair, —
This makes man happy, and he lives meanwhile
Without or fear or care.

Like Time himself, borne by his sweeping wings,
All things else pass away;
And fifty sudden summers and sweet springs
Flit by us like a day.

Cities and forts and kingdoms perish all
Before Time's mighty breath;
And new ones spring to life, like them to fall,
And crumble into death.

Therefore let no man cherish the vain thought
Of an immortal name,
Seeing how Time itself doth come to naught,
And he shall fare the same.

Arm thyself then with proud philosophy
Against the blows of fate;
And with a soul courageous, firm, and free
The storms of life await.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ROOSEVELT, THEODORE, an American author, statesman, and soldier; born in New York city, October 27, 1858. He early allied himself with the civil-service reform movement, and with other reforms in the government of his native city. He was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897, which office he resigned to take the position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the "Rough Riders" regiment in the Spanish-American war. Returning after the war he was elected Governor of the state of New York. He has written "The Naval War of 1812" (1882); "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" (1885); "Life of Thomas Hart Benton" (1887); "Gouverneur Morris" (1888); "Essays on Practical Politics" (1888); "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" (1888); "Winning of the West" (1889); "History of New York City" (1891); "The Wilderness Hunter" (1893); "American Ideals, and other Essays" (1897).

THE BACKWOODSMEN OF THE ALLEGHANIES.[1]

(From "The Winning of the West.")

THE backwoodsmen as a class neither built towns nor loved to dwell therein. They were to be seen at their best in the vast, interminable forests that formed their chosen home. They won and kept their lands by force, and ever lived either at war or in dread of war. Hence they settled always in groups of several families each, all banded together for mutual protection. Their red foes were strong and terrible, cunning in council, dreadful in battle, merciless beyond belief in victory. The men of the border did not overcome and dispossess cowards and weaklings; they marched forth to spoil the stout-hearted and to take for a prey the possessions of the men of might. Every acre, every rood of ground which they claimed had to be cleared by the axe and held with the rifle. Not only was the chopping down of the forest the first preliminary to cultivation, but it was also the surest means of subduing the In-

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HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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By G. G. Rockwood, N. Y.

dians, to whom the unending stretches of choked woodland were an impenetrable cover behind which to move unseen, a shield in making assaults, and a strong tower of defence in repelling counter-attacks. In the conquest of the west the backwoods axe, shapely, well-poised, with long haft and light head, was a servant hardly standing second even to the rifle; the two were the national weapons of the American backwoodsman, and in their use he has never been excelled.

When a group of families moved out into the wilderness they built themselves a station or stockade fort; a square palisade of upright logs, loop-holed, with strong blockhouses as bastions at the corners. One side at least was generally formed by the backs of the cabins themselves, all standing in a row; and there was a great door or gate, that could be strongly barred in case of need. Often no iron whatever was employed in any of the buildings. The square inside contained the provision sheds and frequently a strong central blockhouse as well. These forts, of course, could not stand against cannon, and they were always in danger when attacked with fire; but save for this risk of burning they were very effectual defences against men without artillery, and were rarely taken, whether by whites or Indians, except by surprise. Few other buildings have played so important a part in our history as the rough stockade fort of the backwoods.

The families only lived in the fort when there was war with the Indians, and even then not in the winter. At other times they all separated out to their own farms, universally called clearings, as they were always made by first cutting off the timber. The stumps were left to dot the fields of grain and Indian corn. The corn in especial was the stand-by and invariable resource of the western settler; it was the crop on which he relied to feed his family, and when hunting or on a war trail the parched grains were carried in his leather wallet to serve often as his only food. But he planted orchards and raised melons, potatoes, and many other fruits and vegetables as well; and he had usually a horse or two, cows, and perhaps hogs and sheep, if the wolves and bears did not interfere. If he was poor his cabin was made of unhewn logs, and held but a single room; if well-to-do, the logs were neatly hewed, and besides the large living and eating room with its huge stone fireplace, there was also a small bedroom and a kitchen, while a ladder led to the loft above, in which the boys slept. The

floor was made of puncheons, great slabs of wood hewed carefully out, and the roof of clapboards. Pegs of wood were thrust into the sides of the house, to serve instead of a wardrobe; and buck antlers, thrust into joists, held the ever-ready rifles. The table was a great clapboard set on four wooden legs; there were three-legged stools, and in the better sort of houses old-fashioned rocking-chairs. The couch or bed was warmly covered with blankets, bear-skins, and deer-hides.

These clearings lay far apart from one another in the wilderness. Up to the door-sills of the log-huts stretched the solemn and mysterious forest. There were no openings to break its continuity; nothing but endless leagues on leagues of shadowy, wolf-haunted woodland. The great trees towered aloft till their separate heads were lost in the mass of foliage above, and the rank underbrush choked the spaces between the trunks. On the higher peaks and ridge-crests of the mountains there were straggling birches and pines, hemlocks and balsam firs; elsewhere, oaks, chestnuts, hickories, maples, beeches, walnuts, and great tulip trees grew side by side with many other kinds. The sunlight could not penetrate the roofed archway of murmuring leaves; through the gray aisles of the forest men walked always in a kind of midday gloaming. Those who had lived in the open plains felt when they came to the backwoods as if their heads were hooded. Save on the border of a lake, from a cliff top, or on a bald knob — that is, a bare hill-shoulder, — they could not anywhere look out for any distance.

All the land was shrouded in one vast forest. It covered the mountains from crest to river-bed, filled the plains, and stretched in sombre and melancholy wastes towards the Mississippi. All that it contained, all that lay hid within it and beyond it, none could tell; men only knew that their boldest hunters, however deeply they had penetrated, had not yet gone through it, that it was the home of the game they followed and the wild beasts that preyed on their flocks, and that deep in its tangled depths lurked their red foes, hawk-eyed and wolf-hearted.

Backwoods society was simple, and the duties and rights of each member of the family were plain and clear. The man was the armed protector and provider, the bread-winner; the woman was the housewife and child-bearer. They married young and their families were large, for they were strong and

healthy, and their success in life depended on their own stout arms and willing hearts. There was everywhere great equality of conditions. Land was plenty and all else scarce; so courage, thrift, and industry were sure of their reward. All had small farms, with the few stock necessary to cultivate them; the farms being generally placed in the hollows, the division lines between them, if they were close together, being the tops of the ridges and the water-courses, especially the former. The buildings of each farm were usually at its lowest point, as if in the centre of an amphitheatre. Each was on an average of about 400 acres, but sometimes more. Tracts of low, swampy grounds, possibly some miles from the cabin, were cleared for meadows, the fodder being stacked, and hauled home in winter.

Each backwoodsman was not only a small farmer but also a hunter; for his wife and children depended for their meat upon the venison and bear's flesh procured by his rifle. The people were restless and always on the move. After being a little while in a place, some of the men would settle down permanently, while others would again drift off, farming and hunting alternately to support their families. The backwoodsman's dress was in great part borrowed from his Indian foes. He wore a fur cap or felt hat, moccasins, and either loose, thin trousers, or else simply leggings of buckskin or elk-hide, and the Indian breech-clout. He was always clad in the fringed hunting-shirt, of homespun or buckskin, the most picturesque and distinctively national dress ever worn in America. It was a loose smock or tunic, reaching nearly to the knees, and held in at the waist by a broad belt, from which hung the tomahawk and scalping-knife. His weapon was the long, small-bore, flint-lock rifle, clumsy and ill-balanced, but exceedingly accurate. It was very heavy, and when upright, reached to the chin of a tall man; for the barrel of thick, soft iron, was four feet in length, while the stock was short, and the butt scooped out. Sometimes it was plain, sometimes ornamented. It was generally bored out — or, as the expression then was, "sawed out" — to carry a ball of seventy, more rarely of thirty or forty, to the pound; and was usually of backwoods manufacture. The marksman almost always fired from a rest, and rarely at a very long range; and the shooting was marvellously accurate.

In the backwoods there was very little money; barter was

the common form of exchange, and peltries were often used as a circulating medium, a beaver, otter, fisher, dressed buckskin or large bearskin being reckoned as equal to two foxes or wild-cats, four coons, or eight minks. A young man inherited nothing from his father but his strong frame and eager heart; but before him lay a whole continent wherein to pitch his farm, and he felt ready to marry as soon as he became of age, even though he had nothing but his clothes, his horses, his axe, and his rifle. If a girl was well off, and had been careful and industrious, she might herself bring a dowry, of a cow and a calf, a brood mare, a bed well stocked with blankets, and a chest containing her clothes — the latter not very elaborate, for a woman's dress consisted of a hat or poke bonnet, a "bed gown," perhaps a jacket, and a linsey petticoat, while her feet were thrust into coarse shoepacks or moccasins. Fine clothes were rare; a suit of such cost more than 200 acres of good land.

The first lesson the backwoodsmen learnt was the necessity of self-help; the next, that such a community could only thrive if all joined in helping one another. Log-rollings, house-raisings, house-warmings, corn-shuckings, quiltings, and the like were occasions when all the neighbors came together to do what the family itself could hardly accomplish alone. Every such meeting was the occasion of a frolic and dance for the young people, whisky and rum being plentiful, and the host exerting his utmost power to spread the table with backwoods delicacies — bear-meat and venison, vegetables from the "truck patch," where squashes, melons, beans, and the like were grown, wild fruits, bowls of milk, and apple pies, which were the acknowledged standard of luxury. At the better houses there was metheglin or small beer, cider, cheese, and biscuits. Tea was so little known that many of the backwoods people were not aware it was a beverage and at first attempted to eat the leaves with salt or butter.

The young men prided themselves on their bodily strength, and were always eager to contend against one another in athletic games, such as wrestling, racing, jumping, and lifting flour-barrels; and they also sought distinction in vieing with one another at their work. Sometimes they strove against one another singly, sometimes they divided into parties, each bending all its energies to be first in shucking a given heap of corn or cutting (with sickles) an allotted patch of wheat.

Among the men the bravos or bullies often were dandies also in the backwoods fashions, wearing their hair long and delighting in the rude finery of hunting-shirts embroidered with porcupine quills; they were loud, boastful, and profane, given to coarsely bantering one another. Brutally savage fights were frequent; the combatants, who were surrounded by rings of interested spectators, striking, kicking, biting, and gouging. The fall of one of them did not stop the fight, for the man who was down was maltreated without mercy until he called "enough." The victor always bragged savagely of his prowess, often leaping on a stump, crowing and flapping his arms. This last was a thoroughly American touch; but otherwise one of these contests was less a boxing match than a kind of backwoods *pankrátion*, no less revolting than its ancient prototype of Olympic fame. Yet, if the uncouth borderers were as brutal as the highly polished Greeks, they were more manly; defeat was not necessarily considered disgrace, a man often fighting when he was certain to be beaten, while the onlookers neither hooted nor pelted the conquered. We first hear of the noted scout and Indian fighter, Simon Kenton, as leaving a rival for dead after one of these ferocious duels, and fleeing from his home in terror of the punishment that might follow the deed. Such fights were specially frequent when the backwoodsmen went into the little frontier towns to see horse races or fairs.

A wedding was always a time of festival. If there was a church anywhere near, the bride rode thither on horseback behind her father, and after the service her pillion was shifted to the bridegroom's steed. If, as generally happened, there was no church, the groom and his friends, all armed, rode to the house of the bride's father, plenty of whisky being drunk, and the men racing recklessly along the narrow bridle-paths, for there were few roads or wheeled vehicles in the backwoods. At the bride's house the ceremony was performed, and then a huge dinner was eaten; after which the fiddling and dancing began, and were continued all the afternoon, and most of the night as well. A party of girls stole off the bride and put her to bed in the loft above; and a party of young men then performed the like service for the groom. The fun was hearty and coarse, and the toasts always included one to the young couple, with the wish that they might have many big children; for as long as they could remember the backwoodsmen had lived at war, while looking ahead they saw no chance of its ever stop-

ping, and so each son was regarded as a future warrior, a help to the whole community. The neighbors all joined again in chopping and rolling the logs for the young couple's future house, then in raising the house itself, and finally in feasting and dancing at the house-warming.

Funerals were simple, the dead body being carried to the grave in a coffin slung on poles and borne by four men.

There was not much schooling, and few boys or girls learnt much more than reading, writing, and ciphering up to the rule of three. Where the school-houses existed they were only dark, mean log-huts, and if in the southern colonies, were generally placed in the so-called "old fields," or abandoned farms grown up with pines. The schoolmaster boarded about with the families; his learning was rarely great, nor was his discipline good, in spite of the frequency and severity of the canings. The price for such tuition was at the rate of twenty shillings a year, in Pennsylvania currency.

Each family did everything that could be done for itself. The father and sons worked with axe, hoe, and sickle. Almost every house contained a loom, and almost every woman was a weaver. Linsey-woolsey, made from flax grown near the cabin, and of wool from the backs of the few sheep, was the warmest and most substantial cloth; and when the flax crop failed and the flocks were destroyed by wolves, the children had but scanty covering to hide their nakedness. The man tanned the buckskin, the woman was tailor and shoemaker, and made the deer-skin sifters to be used instead of bolting-cloths. There were a few pewter spoons in use; but the table furniture consisted mainly of hand-made trenchers, platters, noggins, and bowls. The cradle was of peeled hickory bark. Ploughshares had to be imported, but harrows and sleds were made without difficulty; and the cooper work was well done. Chaff beds were thrown on the floor of the loft, if the house-owner was well off. Each cabin had a hand-mill and a hominy block; the last was borrowed from the Indians, and was only a large block of wood, with a hole burned in the top, as a mortar, where the pestle was worked. If there were any sugar maples accessible, they were tapped every year.

But some articles, especially salt and iron, could not be produced in the backwoods. In order to get them each family collected during the year all the furs possible, these being valuable and yet easily carried on pack-horses, the sole means

of transport. Then, after seeding time, in the fall, the people of a neighborhood ordinarily joined in sending down a train of peltry-laden pack-horses to some large sea-coast or tidal-river trading town, where their burdens were bartered for the needed iron and salt. The unshod horses all had bells hung round their necks; the clappers were stopped during the day, but when the train was halted for the night, and the horses were hobbled and turned loose, the bells were once more unstopped. Several men accompanied each little caravan, and sometimes they drove with them steers and hogs to sell on the sea-coast. A bushel of alum salt was worth a good cow and calf, and as each of the poorly fed, undersized pack animals could carry but two bushels, the mountaineers prized it greatly, and instead of salting or pickling their venison, they jerked it, by drying it in the sun or smoking it over a fire.

The life of the backwoodsmen was one long struggle. The forest had to be felled, droughts, deep snows, freshets, cloud-bursts, forest fires, and all the other dangers of a wilderness life faced. Swarms of deer-flies, mosquitoes, and midges rendered life a torment in the weeks of hot weather. Rattle-snakes and copperheads were very plentiful, and, the former especially, constant sources of danger and death. Wolves and bears were incessant and inveterate foes of the live stock, and the cougar or panther occasionally attacked man as well. More terrible still, the wolves sometimes went mad, and the men who then encountered them were almost certain to be bitten and to die of hydrophobia.

Every true backwoodsman was a hunter. Wild turkeys were plentiful. The pigeons at times filled the woods with clouds that hid the sun and broke down the branches on their roosting grounds as if a whirlwind had passed. The black and gray squirrels swarmed, devastating the corn-fields, and at times gathering in immense companies and migrating across mountain and river. The hunter's ordinary game was the deer, and after that the bear; the elk was already growing uncommon. No form of labor is harder than the chase, and none is so fascinating nor so excellent as a training-school for war. The successful still-hunter of necessity possessed skill in hiding and in creeping noiselessly upon the wary quarry, as well as in imitating the notes and calls of the different beasts and birds; skill in the use of the rifle and in throwing the tomahawk he already had; and he perforce acquired keenness of eye, thorough

acquaintance with woodcraft, and the power of standing the severest strains of fatigue, hardship, and exposure. He lived out in the woods for many months with no food but meat, and no shelter whatever, unless he made a lean-to of brush or crawled into a hollow sycamore.

Such training stood the frontier folk in good stead when they were pitted against the Indians; without it they could not even have held their own, and the white advance would have been absolutely checked. Our frontiers were pushed westward by the warlike skill and adventurous personal prowess of the individual settlers; regular armies by themselves could have done little. For one square mile the regular armies added to our domain, the settlers added ten, — a hundred would probably be nearer the truth. A race of peaceful, unwarlike farmers would have been helpless before such foes as the red Indians, and no auxiliary military force could have protected them or enabled them to move westward. Colonists fresh from the old world, no matter how thrifty, steady-going, and industrious, could not hold their own on the frontier; they had to settle where they were protected from the Indians by a living barrier of bold and self-reliant American borderers. The west would never have been settled save for the fierce courage and the eager desire to brave danger so characteristic of the stalwart backwoodsmen.

These armed hunters, woodchoppers, and farmers were their own soldiers. They built and manned their own forts; they did their own fighting under their own commanders. There were no regiments of regular troops along the frontier. In the event of an Indian inroad each borderer had to defend himself until there was time for them all to gather together to repel or avenge it. Every man was accustomed to the use of arms from his childhood; when a boy was twelve years old he was given a rifle and made a fort-soldier, with a loophole where he was to stand if the station was attacked. The war was never-ending, for even the times of so-called peace were broken by forays and murders; a man might grow from babyhood to middle age on the border, and yet never remember a year in which some one of his neighbors did not fall a victim to the Indians.

There was everywhere a rude military organization, which included all the able-bodied men of the community. Every settlement had its colonels and captains; but these officers, both in their training and in the authority they exercised, corresponded much more nearly to Indian chiefs than to the regular

army men whose titles they bore. They had no means whatever of enforcing their orders, and their tumultuous and disorderly levies of sinewy riflemen were hardly as well disciplined as the Indians themselves. The superior officer could advise, entreat, lead, and influence his men, but he could not command them, or, if he did, the men obeyed him only just so far as it suited them. If an officer planned a scout or campaign, those who thought proper accompanied him, and the others stayed at home, and even those who went out came back if the fit seized them, or perchance followed the lead of an insubordinate junior officer whom they liked better than they did his superior. There was no compulsion to perform military duties beyond dread of being disgraced in the eyes of the neighbors, and there was no pecuniary reward for performing them; nevertheless the moral sentiment of a backwoods community was too robust to tolerate habitual remissness in military affairs, and the coward and laggard were treated with utter scorn, and were generally in the end either laughed out, or "hated out," of the neighborhood, or else got rid of in a still more summary manner. Among a people naturally brave and reckless, this public opinion acted fairly effectively, and there was generally but little shrinking from military service.

A backwoods levy was formidable because of the high average courage and prowess of the individuals composing it; it was on its own ground much more effective than a like force of regular soldiers, but of course it could not be trusted on a long campaign. The backswoodsmen used their rifles better than the Indians, and also stood punishment better, but they never matched them in surprises nor in skill in taking advantage of cover, and very rarely equalled their discipline in the battle itself. After all, the pioneer was primarily a husbandman; the time spent in chopping trees and tilling the soil his foe spent in preparing for or practising forest warfare, and so the former, thanks to the exercise of the very qualities which in the end gave him the possession of the soil, could not, as a rule, hope to rival his antagonist in the actual conflict itself. When large bodies of the red men and white borderers were pitted against each other, the former were if anything the more likely to have the advantage. But the whites soon copied from the Indians their system of individual and private warfare, and they probably caused their foes far more damage and loss in this way than in the large expeditions. Many noted border scouts and Indian fighters, — such men as Boone, Kenton, Wetzel, Brady, McCul-

loch, Mansker, — grew to overmatch their Indian foes at their own game, and held themselves above the most renowned warriors. But these men carried the spirit of defiant self-reliance to such an extreme that their best work was always done when they were alone or in small parties of but four or five. They made long forays after scalps and horses, going a wonderful distance, enduring extreme hardship, risking the most terrible of deaths, and harrying the hostile tribes into a madness of terror and revengeful hatred.

As it was in military matters, so it was with the administration of justice by the frontiersmen; they had few courts, and knew but little law, and yet they contrived to preserve order and morality with rough effectiveness, by combining to frown down on the grosser misdeeds, and to punish the more flagrant misdoers. Perhaps the spirit in which they acted can be best shown by the recital of an incident in the career of the three McAfee brothers, who were among the pioneer hunters of Kentucky. Previous to trying to move their families out to the new country, they made a cache of clothing, implements, and provisions, which in their absence was broken into and plundered. They caught the thief, "a little, diminutive, red-headed white man," a runaway convict servant from one of the tide-water counties of Virginia. In the first impulse of anger at finding that he was the criminal, one of the McAfees rushed at him to kill him with his tomahawk; but the weapon turned, the man was only knocked down, and his assailant's gusty anger subsided as quickly as it had risen, giving way to a desire to do stern but fair justice. So the three captors formed themselves into a court, examined into the case, heard the man in his own defence, and after due consultation decided that "according to their opinion of the laws he had forfeited his life, and ought to be hung;" but none of them were willing to execute the sentence in cold blood, and they ended by taking their prisoner back to his master.

The incident was characteristic in more than one way. The prompt desire of the backwoodsman to avenge his own wrong; his momentary furious anger, speedily quelled and replaced by a dogged determination to be fair but to exact full retribution; the acting entirely without regard to legal forms or legal officials, but yet in a spirit which spoke well for the doer's determination to uphold the essentials that make honest men law-abiding; together with the good faith of the whole proceed-

ing, and the amusing ignorance that it would have been in the least unlawful to execute their own rather harsh sentence, — all these were typical frontier traits. Some of the same traits appear in the treatment commonly adopted in the backwoods to meet the case — of painfully frequent occurrence in the times of Indian wars — where a man taken prisoner by the savages, and supposed to be murdered, returned after two or three years' captivity, only to find his wife married again. In the wilderness a husband was almost a necessity to a woman; her surroundings made the loss of the protector and provider an appalling calamity; and the widow, no matter how sincere her sorrow, soon remarried, — for there were many suitors where women were not over-plenty. If in such a case the one thought dead returned, the neighbors and the parties interested seem frequently to have held a sort of informal court, and to have decided that the woman should choose either of the two men she wished to be her husband, the other being pledged to submit to the decision and leave the settlement. Evidently no one had the least idea that there was any legal irregularity in such proceedings.

The McAfees themselves and the escaped convict servant whom they captured typify the two prominent classes of the backwoods people. The frontier, in spite of the outward uniformity of means and manners, is preëminently the place of sharp contrasts. The two extremes of society, the strongest, best, and most adventurous, and the weakest, most shiftless, and vicious, are those which seem naturally to drift to the border. Most of the men who came to the backwoods to hew out homes and rear families were stern, manly, and honest; but there was also a large influx of people drawn from the worst immigrants that perhaps ever were brought to America — the mass of convict servants, redemptioners, and the like, who formed such an excessively undesirable substratum to the otherwise excellent population of the tidewater regions in Virginia and the Carolinas. Many of the southern crackers or poor whites spring from this class, which also in the backwoods gave birth to generations of violent and hardened criminals, and to an even greater number of shiftless, lazy, cowardly cumberers of the earth's surface. They had in many places a permanently bad effect upon the tone of the whole community.

Moreover, the influence of heredity was no more plainly perceptible than was the extent of individual variation. If a

member of a bad family wished to reform, he had every opportunity to do so; if a member of a good family had vicious propensities, there was nothing to check them. All qualities, good and bad, are intensified and accentuated in the life of the wilderness. The man who in civilization is merely sullen and bad-tempered becomes a murderous, treacherous ruffian when transplanted to the wilds; while, on the other hand, his cheery, quiet neighbor develops into a hero, ready uncomplainingly to lay down his life for his friend. One who in an eastern city is merely a backbiter and slanderer, in the western woods lies in wait for his foe with a rifle; sharp practice in the east becomes highway robbery in the west; but at the same time negative good-nature becomes active self-sacrifice, and a general belief in virtue is translated into a prompt and determined war upon vice. The ne'er-do-well of a family who in one place has his debts paid a couple of times and is then forced to resign from his clubs and lead a cloudy but innocuous existence on a small pension, in the other abruptly finishes his career by being hung for horse-stealing.

In the backwoods the lawless led lives of abandoned wickedness; they hated good for good's sake, and did their utmost to destroy it. Where the bad element was large, gangs of horse thieves, highwaymen, and other criminals often united with the uncontrollable young men of vicious tastes who were given to gambling, fighting, and the like. They then formed half-secret organizations, often of great extent and with wide ramifications; and if they could control a community they established a reign of terror, driving out both ministers and magistrates, and killing without scruple those who interfered with them. The good men in such a case banded themselves together as regulators and put down the wicked with ruthless severity, by the exercise of lynch law, shooting and hanging the worst off-hand.

Jails were scarce in the wilderness, and often were entirely wanting in a district, which, indeed, was quite likely to lack legal officers also. If punishment was inflicted at all it was apt to be severe, and took the form of death or whipping. An impromptu jury of neighbors decided with a rough and ready sense of fair play and justice what punishment the crime demanded, and then saw to the execution of their own decree. Whipping was the usual reward of theft. Occasionally torture was resorted to, but not often; and to their honor be it said,

the backwoodsmen were horrified at the treatment accorded both to black slaves and to white convict servants in the lowlands.

They were superstitious, of course, believing in witchcraft, and signs and omens; and it may be noted that their superstition showed a singular mixture of old-world survivals and of practices borrowed from the savages or evolved by the very force of their strange surroundings. At the bottom they were deeply religious in their tendencies; and although ministers and meeting-houses were rare, yet the backwoods cabins often contained Bibles, and the mothers used to instil into the minds of their children reverence for Sunday, while many even of the hunters refused to hunt on that day. Those of them who knew the right honestly tried to live up to it, in spite of the manifold temptations to backsliding offered by their lives of hard and fierce contention. But Calvinism, though more congenial to them than Episcopacy, and infinitely more so than Catholicism, was too cold for the fiery hearts of the borderers; they were not stirred to the depths of their natures till other creeds, and, above all, Methodism, worked their way to the wilderness.

Thus the backwoodsmen lived on the clearings they had hewed out of the everlasting forest; a grim, stern people, strong and simple, powerful for good and evil, swayed by gusts of stormy passion, the love of freedom rooted in their very heart's core. Their lives were harsh and narrow; they gained their bread by their blood and sweat, in the unending struggle with the wild ruggedness of nature. They suffered terrible injuries at the hands of the red men, and on their foes they waged a terrible warfare in return. They were relentless, revengeful, suspicious, knowing neither ruth nor pity; they were also upright, resolute, and fearless, loyal to their friends, and devoted to their country. In spite of their many failings, they were of all men the best fitted to conquer the wilderness and hold it against all comers.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA, an English poet, sister of Dante Gabriel, was born at London, December 5, 1830; died there, December 30, 1894. She wrote many charming verses, chiefly lyrical, together with some of a grave and simple devotional order. Her volumes include "Goblin Market," her highest effort (1862); "The Prince's Progress" (1866); "Commonplace, and Other Short Stories" (in prose; 1870); "Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book" (1872); "Annus Domini: A Prayer for Each Day in the Year" (1874); "Speaking Likenesses" (1874); "Seek and Find" (1879); "Called to be Saints" (1881); "A Pageant, and Other Poems" (1881); "Letter and Spirit" (1883); "Time Flies" (1885); "The Face of the Deep" (1892); "Verses" (1893); "New Poems" (1896). Her life has been written by Ellen A. Proctor (1896) and by Mr. Mackenzie Bell (1898).

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Consider.

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief: —
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount, —
He guards us too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair: —
What profits all this care
And all this coil?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food: —
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

De Profundis.

Oh, why is heaven built so far,
Oh, why is earth set so remote?
I cannot reach the nearest star
That hangs afloat.

I would not care to reach the moon,
One round monotonous of change;
Yet even she repeats her tune
Beyond my range.

I never watch the scattered fire
Of stars, or sun's far-trailing train,
But all my heart is one desire,
And all in vain:

For I am bound with fleshly bands,
Joy, beauty, lie beyond my scope;
I strain my heart, I stretch my hands,
And catch at hope.

The Milking-Maid.

The year stood at its equinox,
And bluff the North was blowing,
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
Green, hardy things were growing;
I met a maid with shining locks
Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,
Her bare arm showed its dimple,
Her apron spread without a speck,
Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
And sang a country ditty,
An innocent, fond lover's tale,
That was not wise nor witty,
Pathetically rustical,
Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,
As true as church-bell ringers,
Unless she tapped time with her feet,
Or squeezed it with her fingers;
Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet
As many a practised singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,
Stood silent for a minute,
To eye the pail, and creamy white
The frothing milk within it —
To eye the comely milking-maid,
Herself so fresh and creamy.
"Good-day to you!" at last I said;
She turned her head to see me.
"Good-day!" she said, with lifted head:
Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
The grave cow heavy-laden:
I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,
But not a sweeter maiden.

But not a sweeter, fresher maid
Than this in homely cotton,
Whose pleasant face and silky braid
I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I
Count with a sober sorrow;
Seven springs have come and passed me by,
And spring sets in to-morrow.

I've half a mind to shake myself
Free, just for once, from London,
To set my work upon the shelf,
And leave it done or undone;

To run down by the early train,
Whirl down with shriek and whistle,
And feel the bluff North blow again,
And mark the sprouting thistle
Set up on waste patch of the lane
Its green and tender bristle;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
Crisp primrose-leaves and others,
And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,
And butt their patient mothers.

Alas! one point in all my plan
My serious thoughts demur to:
Seven years have passed for maid and man,
Seven years have passed for her, too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,
Not rosy, or too rosy;
Perhaps in farm-house of her own
Some husband keeps her cosey,
Where I should show a face unknown —
Good-by, my wayside posy!

Song.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Sonnets.

Beyond the seas we know stretch seas unknown,
Blue and bright-colored for our dim and green;
Beyond the lands we see, stretch lands unseen
With many-tinted tangle overgrown;
And icebound seas there are like seas of stone,
Serenely stormless as death lies serene;
And lifeless tracks of sand, which intervene
Betwixt the lands where living flowers are blown.
This dead and living world befits our case
Who live and die: we live in wearied hope,
We die in hope not dead; we run a race
To-day, and find no present halting-place;
All things we see lie far within our scope,
And still we peer beyond with craving face.

Shame is a shadow cast by sin: yet shame
Itself may be a glory and a grace,
Refashioning the sin-disfashioned face;
A nobler bruit than hollow-sounded fame,
A new-lit lustre on a tarnished name,
One virtue pent within an evil place,
Strength for the fight, and swiftness for the race,
A stinging salve, a life-requickening flame.

A salve so searching we may scarcely live,
  A flame so fierce it seems that we must die,
    An actual cautery thrust into the heart:
    Nevertheless, men die not of such smart;
And shame gives back what nothing else can give,
  Man to himself, — then sets him up on high.

In life our absent friend is far away:
  But death may bring our friend exceeding near,
  Show him familiar faces long so dear
And lead him back in reach of words we say.
He only cannot utter yea or nay
  In any voice accustomed to our ear;
  He only cannot make his face appear
And turn the sun back on our shadowed day.
The dead may be around us, dear and dead;
  The unforgotten dearest dead may be
    Watching us, with unslumbering eyes and heart,
Brimful of words which cannot yet be said,
    Brimful of knowledge they may not impart,
  Brimful of love for you and love for me.

Touching "Never."

Because you never yet have loved me, dear,
  Think you you never can nor ever will?
  Surely while life remains hope lingers still,
Hope, the last blossom of life's dying year.
Because the season and my age grow sere,
  Shall never Spring bring forth her daffodil,
  Shall never sweeter Summer feast her fill
Of roses with the nightingales they hear?
If you had loved me, I not loving you,
  If you had urged me with the tender plea
Of what our unknown years to come might do
(Eternal years, if time should count too few),
  I would have owned the point you pressed on me
Was possible, or probable, or true.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, a celebrated English painter and poet; born at London, May 12, 1828; died at Birchington-on-Sea, on Easter Day, April 9, 1882. He studied art, and became one of the founders of the "Pre-Raphaelite" school of painting, and was noted for the imaginative character of his designs, and for the beauty of his coloring. Among his paintings are illustrations of Tennyson's poems: "The Girlhood of the Virgin" (1849); "Dante's Dream on the Day of the Death of Beatrice" (1858); "Fair Rosamond" (1860). He published "The Early Italian Poets," being translations from Dante and his predecessors (1861); "The Blessed Damozel" (1870); "Dante and His Circle" (1874); and two volumes of "Ballads and Sonnets," including his series of one hundred sonnets called "The House of Life," the last about a year before his death.

The Blessed Damozel.

The blessed damozel leaned out
  From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
  Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
  And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem.
  No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
  For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
  Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
  One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
  From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
  Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this Earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like their flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm.
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.

Her voice was like the voice the stars
  Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
  Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
  Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side,
  Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
  For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on earth,
  Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
  And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
  And he is clothed in white,
I 'll take his hand and go with him
  To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
  And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
  Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
  With prayer sent up to God:
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
  Each like a little cloud.

"We two will be i' the shadow of
  That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
  Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
  Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
  I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
  Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
  Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two!" she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear haply, and be dumb:
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged, unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled through her, fill'd
With angels in strong, level flight,
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

The Double Betrayal.

(From "Rose Mary.")

She signed all folk from the threshold stone,
And gazed in the dead man's face alone.

The fight for life found record yet
In the clenchèd lips and the teeth hard-set;
The wrath from the bent brow was not gone,
And stark in the eyes the hate still shone
Of that they last had looked upon.

The blazoned coat was rent on his breast
Where the golden field was goodliest;
But the shivered sword, close-gripped, could tell
That the blood shed round him where he fell
Was not all his in the distant dell.

The lady recked of the corpse no whit,
But saw the soul and spoke to it:
A light there was in her steadfast eyes, —
The fire of mortal tears and sighs
That pity and love immortalize.

"By thy death have I learnt to-day
Thy deed, O James of Heronhaye!
Great wrong thou hast done to me and mine;
And haply God hath wrought for a sign
By our blind deed this doom of thine.

"Thy shrift, alas! thou wast not to win;
But may death shrive thy soul herein!
Full well do I know thy love should be
Even yet — had life but stayed with thee —
Our honor's strong security."

She stooped, and said with a sob's low stir,
"Peace be thine — but what peace for her?"
But ere to the brow her lips were pressed,
She marked, half hid in the riven vest,
A packet close to the dead man's breast.

'Neath surcoat pierced and broken mail
It lay on the blood-stained bosom pale.
The clot clung round it, dull and dense,
And a faintness seized her mortal sense
As she reached her hand and drew it thence.

'T was steeped in the heart's flood welling high
From the heart it there had rested by;
'T was glued to a broidered fragment gay, —
A shred by spear thrust rent away
From the heron wings of Heronhaye.

She gazed on the thing with piteous eyne: —
"Alas, poor child, some pledge of thine!
Ah me! in this troth the hearts were twain,
And one hath ebbed to this crimson stain,
And when shall the other throb again?"

The Second-Sight.

(From "The King's Tragedy.")

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his throne
Did we reach the Scotish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen:
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side,
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea-wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were rung;
And as soon as the King was close to her
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'T was then the moon sailed clear of the rack,
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes: —
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scotish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet had passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth, —
Except thou turn again on this shore,
The winding-sheet will have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"O King whom poor men bless for their king,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!"

While the woman spoke, the King's horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
But the King gazed on her yet;
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said: — "God's ways are his own;
Man is but shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by his altar-stone;
To-night I wend to the Feast of his Son:
And in him I set my trust.

"I have held my people in sacred charge,
And have not feared the sting
Of proud men's hate, — to His will resigned
Who has but one same death for a hind
And one same death for a king.

"And if God in his wisdom have brought close
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie.

"What man can say but the Fiend hath set
Thy sorcery on my path,
My heart with the fear of death to fill,
And turn me against God's very will
To sink in his burning wrath?"

The woman stood as the train rode past,
  And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her there
  Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
  Sank low in her rising pall;
And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
  And I said, "The Heavens know all."

Sudden Light.

I have been here before,
  But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
  The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,—
  How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
  Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
  And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
  In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

The Woodspurge.

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walked on at the wind's will,—
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one,

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom, or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me. —
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

The Sea-Limits.

Consider the sea's listless chime:
  Time's self it is, made audible, —
  The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
  Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
  No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's, — it hath
  The mournfulness of ancient life,
  Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
  Its painful pulse is in the sands
  Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
  Listen alone among the woods;
  Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
  Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
  Surge and sink back and surge again, —
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
  And listen at its lips: they sigh
  The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
  And all mankind is thus at heart
  Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

EDMOND ROSTAND.

ROSTAND, EDMOND, a celebrated French dramatist, is the son of Eugène Rostand, an eminent journalist of Marseilles, and was born in 1869. His first work, a volume of verse, "Les Musardises," was issued when the author was but twenty years old. On December 28, 1897, his great drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," was produced for the first time at the Porte Saint Martin, in Paris, and immediately made him famous. Besides this he has also written the plays "Les Romanesques," "La Princesse Lointaine," and "La Samaritaine."

CYRANO FOILS DE GUICHE.[1]

(From "Cyrano de Bergerac.")

CYRANO, DE GUICHE.

DE GUICHE (*entering, masked, feeling his way in the night*). What is this cursed Capuchin about?

CYRANO. The deuce, my voice? — If he should recognize it? (*Letting go with one hand, he pretends to turn an invisible key.*) Cric, crac!

(*Solemnly*). Speak like a Gascon, Cyrano.

DE GUICHE (*looking at the house*). 'T is there! I cannot see. This mask annoys me.

(*Starts to go in. Cyrano leaps from the balcony, holding on to the branch, which bends, and lands him between De Guiche and the door; he pretends to fall heavily, as if from a great distance, and flattens out on the ground, where he remains motionless, as if stunned. De Guiche jumps backward.*) Hah! What!

(*When he lifts his eyes, the branch has swung back; he sees only the sky; he does not understand*). Whence falls this man here?

CYRANO (*sitting up, and speaking with a Gascon accent*). From the moon.

DE GUICHE. From the —?

CYRANO (*in a dreamy voice*). What time is it?

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DE GUICHE. He 's lost his mind.
CYRANO. What country? What o'clock? What day? What season?
DE GUICHE. But —
CYRANO. I am dazed.
DE GUICHE. Monsieur —
CYRANO. For like a bomb
I 've fallen from the moon.
DE GUICHE (*impatient*). Yes, but Monsieur! —
CYRANO (*getting up, with a terrible voice*).
Thence have I fallen!
DE GUICHE (*drawing back*). Yes, yes, thence you fell!
— Perhaps he is a madman.
CYRANO (*advancing towards him*). And my fall, —
It is no metaphor!
DE GUICHE. But —
CYRANO. A century since,
Or else a moment — in my fall I lost
All track of time, — I was in that yellow ball!
DE GUICHE (*shrugging his shoulders*).
Yes, let me pass.
CYRANO (*standing in his way*). Where am I? Tell me frankly.
Keep nothing hid! In what place, in what spot,
Monsieur, have I just fallen like a meteor?
DE GUICHE. The Devil!
CYRANO. As I fell I could not choose
My landing-place — I know not where I fell! —
And is it to a moon or to a world,
Whither my weight has just now drawn me down?
DE GUICHE. But, sir, I tell you —
CYRANO (*with a cry of terror which makes De Guiche draw back*). Ha! Ye gods! Meseems
That in this country folk have faces black!
DE GUICHE (*raising his hand to his face*). What?
CYRANO (*with a distinct show of fear*). Am I in Algiers? Are you a native?
DE GUICHE (*who has felt his mask*).
This mask —
CYRANO (*pretending to be somewhat reassured.*)
I 'm then in Genoa or Venice?
DE GUICHE (*trying to pass*).
A lady waits me —
CYRANO (*wholly reassured*). Then I am in Paris!
DE GUICHE (*smiling in spite of himself*).
He 's an amusing fellow.
CYRANO. Ah! You laugh?

DE GUICHE. I laugh, but wish to pass.
CYRANO (*beaming*). Indeed, 't is Paris!
(*Entirely at his ease, smiling, brushing himself, and bowing.*)
I came — excuse me — by the latest whirlwind.
The ether clings to me. I 've travelled far!
My eyes are filled with star-dust. On my spurs
I still have shreds torn from a planet's hide!
(*Picking something from his sleeve.*)
See, on my doublet, there 's a comet's hair!
(*Puffs as if to blow it away.*)
DE GUICHE (*beside himself*).
Monsieur! —
CYRANO (*just as he starts to pass, holds out his leg as if to show him something, and stops him*).
And in my leg I bring a tooth
From the Great Bear, — and as I passed the Trident,
Trying to dodge one of its three sharp prongs,
I fell, and landed seated on the Scales,
Whose needle at this moment marks my weight.
(*Quickly preventing De Guiche from passing, and taking him by the button of his doublet.*)
If you should press my nose between your fingers,
It would spurt milk! —
DE GUICHE. What? Milk!
CYRANO. From the Milky Way!
DE GUICHE. Oh, by the lords of Hell! —
CYRANO. 'T is Heaven that sends me!
(*Folding his arms.*) Now would you think — I saw it as I fell —
That Sirius, at night, puts on a cap?
(*Confidentially.*) The other bear is still too small to bite.
(*Smiling.*) And as I crossed the Lyre, I broke a string.
(*Proudly.*) But I shall write a book about it all,
And the golden stars, that in my scorchèd cloak
I brought away at my own risk and peril,
Will serve as asterisks when it is printed.
DE GUICHE. Finally, I insist —
CYRANO. I catch your meaning!
DE GUICHE. Monsieur!
CYRANO. You wish to hear from my own mouth
Of what the moon is made, and if folk dwell
Within the roundness of this strange alembic?
DE GUICHE. No! No! I wish —
CYRANO. To know how I ascended?
'T was by a means that I devised myself.
DE GUICHE (*discouraged*). He 's mad!

CYRANO (*scornfully*). I did not use the stupid eagle
Of Regiomontanus, nor the pigeon
Archytas used —

DE GUICHE. Mad! — but a learnèd madman!

CYRANO. I followed naught that had been done before.

(*De Guiche has succeeded in passing, and is striding towards Roxane's door. Cyrano follows him, ready to lay hold of him.*)

Six ways did I devise to violate
The virgin Azure!

DE GUICHE (*turning*). Six?

CYRANO (*volubly*). I deck my body,
Naked as on the day that I was born,
With crystal phials filled up to the brim,
With tears dropped from the morning sky, and then
Expose me to the full blaze of the sun,
Which draws me up the while it drinks the dew.

DE GUICHE (*surprised, and taking a step towards Cyrano*). Yes, that makes one.

CYRANO (*drawing back to get him on the other side*). And this too I could do:
Produce a whirlwind, and so take my flight, —
By rarefying air in a cedar chest
With burning mirrors in an icosahedron.

DE GUICHE (*taking another step*). Two!

CYRANO (*still drawing back*).
Or, having skill of hand as well as brain,
On a grasshopper made with springs of steel,
Dart, with successive blasts of powder fired,
Through the blue pastures where the stars are grazing.

DE GUICHE (*following him without suspecting it, and counting on his fingers.*) Three!

CYRANO. And since all smoke must surely rise aloft,
Blow in a globe enough to bear me up.

DE GUICHE (*same action, more and more amazed*). Four!

CYRANO. Since Diana, when her bow is smallest,
Loves, oh, ye oxen, to suck out your marrow! —
To anoint myself withal!

DE GUICHE (*in stupefaction*). Five!

CYRANO (*who, while talking to him, has led him to the other side of the street near a bench*). Finally,
Placing myself upon a plate of iron,
I take a magnet, and throw it in the air!
'T is a good way — the iron rushes on
Fast as the magnet flies, and follows after.
Again I throw the magnet — there you are!
In this way I ascend without a limit.

DE GUICHE. Six! These be six good ways. What systen, sir,
Of the six did you choose?
CYRANO. I chose a seventh.
DE GUICHE. Really, what is it?
CYRANO. You could never guess!
DE GUICHE. The rascal 's growing interesting now.
CYRANO (*making the noise of the waves, with great mysterious gestures*).
Hooüh! Hooüh!
DE GUICHE. Well?
CYRANO. You guess?
DE GUICHE. No.
CYRANO. The tide!
At the hour when the moon doth draw the wave
I lay upon the sand, — after a bath, —
And the head led the way, my friend, because
The hair keeps so much water in its locks,
I rose in air, up, straight up, like an angel,
I ascended gently, softly, with no effort,
When suddenly I felt a shock, — then —
DE GUICHE (*carried away by curiosity, sitting down on the bench*). Then?
CYRANO. Then (*resuming his natural voice*),
The quarter hour has passed. I let you go.
The marriage is made.
DE GUICHE (*getting up with a bound*). What! Come! Am I then drunk?
This voice?

(*The door of the house opens, and lackeys appear, carrying lighted candelabra. Light. Cyrano takes off his hat with its lowered brim.*)

This nose! Cyrano?
CYRANO (*bowing*). Cyrano.
This very moment they 've exchanged the rings.
DE GUICHE. Who are they?
(*He turns — Tableau. Behind the lackeys, Roxane and Christian hold hands. The Capuchin follows them, smiling. Ragueneau also holds a torch. The duenna closes the line, in great confusion, dressed in a wrapper.*) Heavens!

ROXANE, CHRISTIAN, the CAPUCHIN, RAGUENEAU, LACKEYS, the DUENNA.

DE GUICHE (*to Roxane*). You!
(*Recognizing Christian with stupefaction.*) He?

(*Bowing to Roxane with admiration.*) A clever stroke!
(*To Cyrano.*) My compliments, inventor of machines!
Your story would have made a saint stop short
At heaven's gate. Remember the details,
For it might well be turned into a book.

CYRANO (*bowing*). Sir, that 's advice that I engage to follow.

THE CAPUCHIN (*showing the lovers to De Guiche, and wagging his great white beard with satisfaction*).
A handsome pair, my son, joined there by you!

DE GUICHE (*giving him a frigid glance*). Yes.
(*To Roxane.*) Be kind enough, Madame, to bid your husband
Farewell.

ROXANE. Why so?

DE GUICHE (*to Christian*). The troops are on the march.
Go join your regiment!

ROXANE. To go to war?

DE GUICHE. Of course.

ROXANE. But the Cadets, sir, do not go.

DE GUICHE. They 'll go.
(*Drawing out the paper he had in his pocket.*)
Here is the order.
(*To Christian.*) Take it, Baron!

ROXANE (*throwing herself into Christian's arms*).
Christian!

DE GUICHE (*sneeringly to Cyrano*).
The wedding night is still far off!

CYRANO (*aside*). To think that he believes that greatly pains me!

CHRISTIAN (*to Roxane*). Your lips again!

CYRANO. Come, come, that is enough!

CHRISTIAN (*continuing to embrace Roxane*).
'T is hard to leave her. You know not —

CYRANO (*trying to draw him away*). Yes, I know.
(*Drums beating a march are heard in the distance.*)

DE GUICHE (*who has retired to the background*).
The regiment is off!

ROXANE (*to Cyrano, holding back Christian, whom Cyrano still tries to draw away*). I trust him to you!
O promise me that naught shall put his life
In danger.

CYRANO. I shall try — but cannot promise.

ROXANE (*same action*). And promise that he shall be very careful!

CYRANO. Yes, I shall try, but —

ROXANE. In this fearful siege,
That he shall ne'er be cold.

CYRANO. I 'll do my best,
But —
ROXANE (*same action*). That he shall be faithful —
CYRANO. Yes, of course,
But —
ROXANE (*same action*). That he shall write often!
CYRANO (*stopping himself*). Ah! I promise!

THE DEATH OF CYRANO.

(From "Cyrano de Bergerac.")

ROXANE, CYRANO; and, a moment later, SISTER MARTHA.

ROXANE (*without turning*).
What was I saying?
(*She sews. Cyrano appears, very pale, with his hat pulled down over his eyes. A Sister ushers him in and retires. He starts to walk slowly down the steps, making a visible effort to hold himself erect, and leaning on his stick. Roxane works at her embroidery.*)
Ah, these faded shades!
Into what pattern shall I fashion them?
(*To Cyrano, in tones of friendly scolding.*)
Late — for the first time in full fourteen years!
CYRANO (*reaching the arm-chair, and sitting down; speaking with a cheerful voice, in contrast to his expression*).
Yes, 't is absurd, I am beside myself.
I was detained.
ROXANE. By what?
CYRANO. Oh, by a most
Untimely visitation!
ROXANE. By a man
Seeking to fill your ears with petty plaints?
CYRANO. No, 't was a woman of the same ill sort.
ROXANE. You bade her go?
CYRANO. Yes. "This is Saturday,"
I said: "a day when surely, rain or shine,
I must betake me to a certain house
And pay a visit there. So come again
Within an hour."
ROXANE (*lightly*). Well, this friend of yours
Will have to wait for you a longer time —
I shall not let you go till evening falls.
CYRANO. But I may be constrained to go away
A little sooner.

(*He closes his eyes, and is silent for a moment. Sister Martha crosses the park, from the chapel to the steps. Roxane sees her, and signals to her with a little nod of her head.*)

ROXANE (*to Cyrano*). Oh! You will not tease
Poor Sister Martha?

CYRANO (*smartly opening his eyes*). Yes, I think I shall.
(*With a big, comical voice.*) Sister, come here!
(*The Sister glides towards him.*) Ha, ha!
You carry still
Your bright eyes always lowered!

SISTER MARTHA (*lifting her eyes with a smile*). But — (*sees his appearance, and makes a movement of surprise*). Oh!

CYRANO (*aside, indicating Roxane*). Hush!
'T is nothing. (*In a voice of burlesque boasting.*) Yesterday I made a feast!

SISTER MARTHA. I understand. (*Aside.*) That 's why he is so pale.
(*In a quick aside to Cyrano.*)
Come to the dining-hall, and you shall take
A fine great bowl of broth. You will come, now?

CYRANO. Yes, yes; of course.

SISTER MARTHA. Now I am glad to see
That for once you can be reasonable.

ROXANE (*hearing them whispering*).
She 's trying to convert you?

SISTER MARTHA. No, not I!

CYRANO. Yes, that is true! And yet the pious words
Fall from your lips in such a plenteous flow
I am amazed you do not preach to me.
(*With mock anger.*)
Thunder and Mars! I shall amaze you, too,
For I shall suffer you this very night —
(*Pretends to be looking for a subject of raillery and to find it.*)
— To pray for me at chapel!

ROXANE. Oh, oh, oh!

CYRANO (*laughing*). The Sister 's stricken dumb.

SISTER MARTHA (*gently*). I waited not
For your permission. (*Retires.*)

CYRANO (*turning to Roxane, who bends over her work*). When shall I see the end
Of this interminable needlework?

ROXANE. I waited for that jest.
(*At this moment a puff of wind starts the leaves falling.*)

CYRANO. Look at the leaves.

ROXANE (*raising her head and looking far off through the vista*).
They are Venetian yellow. Watch them fall.

CYRANO. Yes, watch them well — how gracefully they fall!
And in their journey short, from branch to earth,
How they put on a final fleeting charm!
And, although loath to molder on the ground,
They strive to give their fall the grace of flight!

ROXANE. What, are you sad?

CYRANO (*remembering himself*). No, not at all, Roxane.

ROXANE. Let the leaves fall, and tell me all the news, —
My journal!

CYRANO. Here it is.

ROXANE. Ah!

CYRANO (*growing paler and paler, and struggling against his pain*). Saturday,
The nineteenth of the month, His Majesty,
Having partaken of too many sweets,
Suffered a touch of fever, and was bled.
His illness was found guilty of high treason;
And now his august pulse is calm again!
At the Queen's ball, on Sunday, there were burned
Wax candles seven hundred sixty-three!
They say our troops beat John of Austria!
Four witches have been hanged! The little dog
Of Madame Athis needed medicine —

ROXANE. Monsieur de Bergerac, will you be still!

CYRANO. Nothing on Monday, but Lygdamire's new lover; —

ROXANE. Oh!

CYRANO. Tuesday the whole Court went to Fontainebleau; —
Wednesday De Fiesque had "No" from La Montglat; —
Thursday Mancini is Queen of France — almost!
Friday La Montglat to De Fiesque said "Yes;"
And on the twenty-sixth, on Saturday —
(*Closes his eyes; his head drops. Silence.*)

ROXANE (*surprised at hearing nothing more, turns, looks at him; and getting up in fright*).
He 's fainted? (*Rushes towards him, exclaiming.*) Cyrano!

CYRANO (*opening his eyes; with muffled voice*). What is it? What?
(*Sees Roxane leaning over him; quicky settles his hat on his head, and draws back in alarm in his chair.*)
No, no! 'T is nothing, nothing! Let me be!

ROXANE. Yet —

CYRANO. 'T is my wound — from Arras — which at times —
You know —

ROXANE. Poor friend —

CYRANO. 'T is naught. 'T will pass. (*Smiles, with an effort.*)
It has passed!

ROXANE. Each of us has his wound; and I have mine,—
An ancient wound that never heals, — just here.
(*Lays her hand on her breast.*)
Here! — 'neath this letter, with its yellowing folds!
Where still you see commingled blood and tears.
(*Twilight begins to fall.*)

CYRANO. His letter! Once I think you promised me
That I might some day read it —

ROXANE. Do you wish? —

CYRANO. Yes, 't is my wish, to-day —

ROXANE (*giving him the little bag which hangs about her neck*).
Here —

CYRANO (*taking it*). I may open?

ROXANE. Open and read.
(*She returns to her work, folds it, and arranges her worsteds.*)

CYRANO (*reading*) —

"Farewell, Roxane, my death is very near!"

ROXANE (*stopping in astonishment*). Aloud?

CYRANO.

"This very night, my best-beloved,
My soul is heavy with unuttered love;
And now I die; and never, nevermore,
Shall my eyes feast on you their yearning gaze!"

ROXANE. But how you read his letter — with what voice!

CYRANO.

"Drunk with your beauty; kissing as they flit
Each little graceful movement that you make;
And one familiar gesture still I see —
The way you touched your forehead!"

ROXANE. How you read
This letter!
(*Night falls imperceptibly.*)

CYRANO.

"And I fain would cry aloud
'Farewell!'"

ROXANE. You read —

CYRANO. "My dearest! Oh, my love!
My treasure" —

ROXANE. With a voice —

CYRANO. "My best-beloved" —

ROXANE. A voice that I have somewhere heard before.
(*Approaches softly, without his noticing it; goes behind his chair, leans over quietly, and looks at the letter. The darkness deepens.*)

CYRANO.

"My heart has never left you for a breath;
And here, and in the world beyond the grave,
I am he whose love for you passed every bound."

ROXANE (*laying her hand on his shoulder*).

But how can you read now? The night has come.

(*He starts, turns; sees her close to him; makes a startled gesture, lowers his head. A long silence. Then, after it has become quite dark, she says slowly, clasping her hands.*)

And for these fourteen years he 's played this part
Of the old friend who comes to cheer me up.

CYRANO. Roxane!

ROXANE. 'T was you! —

CYRANO. Ah, no, Roxane; not I!

ROXANE. I should have guessed it, when he spoke my name.

CYRANO. Ah, no! It was not I.

ROXANE. 'T was you.

CYRANO. I swear —

ROXANE. At last I see it all — the generous cheat!
You wrote the letters —

CYRANO. No!

ROXANE. The dear mad words
Were yours —

CYRANO. No!

ROXANE. The voice that night was yours.

CYRANO. I swear it was not!

ROXANE. And the soul was yours.

CYRANO. I loved you not!

ROXANE. You loved me —

CYRANO. It was he —

ROXANE. You loved me!

CYRANO. No.

ROXANE. But now you speak more soft.

CYRANO. No, no; my best-beloved, I loved you not.

ROXANE. How many things since then have come and gone!
Why have you held your peace for fourteen years?
Since on this letter, which was naught to him,
These tears were yours?

CYRANO. But the blood was his!

ROXANE. Then why to-day should you decide to break
This noble silence?

CYRANO. Why?

(*Enter* LE BRET *and* RAGUENEAU, *running.*)

LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.

LE BRET. What madness! I was sure — There he is!
CYRANO (*smiling and straightening up*).
Why, yes; of course!
LE BRET. Madame, he 's killed himself
By rising.
ROXANE. But just now, this weakness —
CYRANO. True,
My news was not yet finished: Saturday,
The twenty-sixth, an hour before he dined,
Monsieur de Bergerac was foully murdered.
(*Uncovers. His head is seen to be bandaged.*)
ROXANE. What says he? Cyrano! Look at his head,
Wrapped in a bandage! Oh! what have they done
To you! Why?
CYRANO. "*By the good sword's thrust,*
Struck by a hero, fall with point in heart!" —
Yes, I said that. But Destiny 's a mocker.
And here I am, caught by a coward's trick;
Struck from behind; felled by a fagot's blow
Wielded by hireling hand, — indeed t 'is well:
I shall have failed in all things — e'en in death.
RAGUENEAU. Oh, sir.
CYRANO. What are you doing now, my colleague?
RAGUENEAU. I now am candle-snuffer — for Molière.
CYRANO. Molière.
RAGUENEAU. But I shall surely leave to-morrow!
Yes, I am angry with him. Yesterday
"Scapin" was acted; and I plainly saw
He 'd stolen a scene from you —
LE BRET. A scene entire!
RAGUENEAU. The famous — "How the devil came he there?"
LE BRET. Molière stole it from you!
CYRANO. Tush! He 's done well!
The scene went off, I trust, with good effect?
RAGUENEAU (*sobbing*).
Oh, sir, they laughed, they laughed!
CYRANO. Yes, all my life
My heart has been to prompt — and be forgot.
(*To Roxane.*)
Rememberest thou the night when Christian wooed,
Under the balcony? — All my life is there!
While I remained below, hid in the dark,
Others have climbed to kisses and to fame!

'T is just; and on the threshold of my tomb,
I own Molière a genius — Christian fair.
(*At this moment the chapel-bell rings, and the nuns are seen passing through the avenue in the background, going to mass.*)
Their bell has sounded; let them go to prayers.
ROXANE (*rising to call for help*).
Come! Sister, Sister!
CYRANO. No, no! Go for no one!
When you return, I shall have gone away.
(*The nuns have entered the chapel. The organ plays.*)
Music was all I needed — there it is!
ROXANE. I love you! Live!
CYRANO. No, in the fairy-tale
'T is plainly written that when the humbled Prince
Had heard the words — "I love you," his disguise
Of horror fled like snow before the sun:
But you will see that I remain the same.
ROXANE. And I have wrought your sorrow — even I!
CYRANO. You? No, not you! 'T is quite the opposite.
I ne'er knew woman's kindness. E'en my mother
Thought me not fair. I never had a sister.
Then I feared sweethearts with their mocking eyes!
But, thanks to you, I 've had at least a friend;
And through my life a woman's robe has passed.
LE BRET (*pointing out the moonbeams falling through the branches*).
There comes your other friend to see you.
CYRANO (*smiling at the moon*). Yes!
ROXANE. I loved but one — and now I lose him twice.
CYRANO. Le Bret, I 'm going, — up to the shining moon,
And need devise no engine for this flight!
ROXANE. What did you say?
CYRANO. Yes, it is there, on high,
There am I sent to make my paradise.
More than one soul I love is exiled there:
Socrates — Galileo. I 'll find them all.
LE BRET (*rebelliously*).
No, no! 'T is too absurd! 'T is too unjust!
So great a poet! Such a noble heart!
To die this way! To die —
CYRANO. Hear Le Bret scold!
LE BRET (*bursting into tears*). Dear friend!
CYRANO (*rising, his eyes wandering*).
"*These be Cadets of Gascony*" —
The elemental substance — Yes — the "*hic.*"

LE BRET. List to his science, even in his ravings.
CYRANO. Copernicus said —
ROXANE. Oh!
CYRANO. "How came he there?
And how the devil fell he in such plight?"
Philosopher, physician,
Poet, swordsman, and musician,
And a traveller through the heavens to the moon!
His sword-point always ready,
His sword-arm always steady,
And a lover to whom love was not a boon!

Here lies Hercule-Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac;
All things in turn he tried; and all things did he lack!

But pardon — I must go, I may not wait:
You see the moonbeams come to take me hence!
(*Falls back into his seat. Roxane's tears bring him back to realities. He looks at her, and caresses her veil.*)
I would not have you shed one tear the less
For Christian — fair and noble. All I ask
Is, when my body shall lie cold in death,
You give a double meaning to these weeds —
And let his mourning be my mourning too!
ROXANE. I swear it!
CYRANO (*shaken with a great tremor, rises quickly*). No, not there! Not in a chair!
(*They rush towards him.*)
Let no one hold me up. (*Leans against the tree.*) Only the tree — (*Silence.*)
He comes! I feel already shod with stone,
And gloved with lead. (*Stiffens himself.*) But since he's on his way,
I'll meet him standing upright — (*draws his sword*) — sword in hand —
LE BRET. Cyrano!
ROXANE (*fainting*). Cyrano!
(*All draw back in terror.*)
CYRANO. He sees my nose!
Well! Let the flat-nose look me in the face!
(*Raises his sword.*)
You say 't is useless? That I know full well!
But I have never fought with hope to win.
No, — it is finer when 't is all in vain.
Now, who are these — a thousand thronged about me?
I know you well — You are all ancient foes:

Falsehood! (*Strikes with his sword in the air.*) There, there!
Ha, ha! And Compromise!
Bigotry! Cowardice! (*Strikes*) Shall I make terms?
No, never! never! There is Folly, too!
I knew that in the end you 'd lay me low.
No matter. Let me fight! and fight! and fight!
(*Swings his sword in circles, and stops, panting.*)
You snatch them all away — laurel and rose!
Snatch on! One thing is left in spite of you,
Which I take with me: and this very night,
When I shall cross the threshold of God's house,
And enter, bowing low, this I shall take
Despite you, without wrinkle, without spot —
(*Rushes forward with brandished sword.*)
And that is —
(*The sword falls from his hands. He staggers, and falls into the arms of Le Bret and Ragueneau.*)

ROXANE (*leaning over him and kissing his forehead*). What?

CYRANO (*opens his eyes, recognizes her, and says with a smile*).
My stainless soldier's crest!

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE.

ROUGET DE LISLE, CLAUDE JOSEPH, a French soldier and composer of songs; born at Montaigu, Lons-le-Saulnier, France, May 10, 1760; died at Choisy-le-Roi, June 27, 1836. His father was a Royalist, and the son refused to take the oath of allegiance to the constitution abolishing the crown, and was stripped of his rank as first lieutenant and imprisoned. He escaped after the death of Robespierre, was wounded in battle, and retired to Montaigu, where his life was one continual battle against death by starvation. He wrote a number of songs, but is best known by "La Marseillaise," first called "Chant de Guerre pour l'Armée du Rhin." When broken by age Rouget de Lisle was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

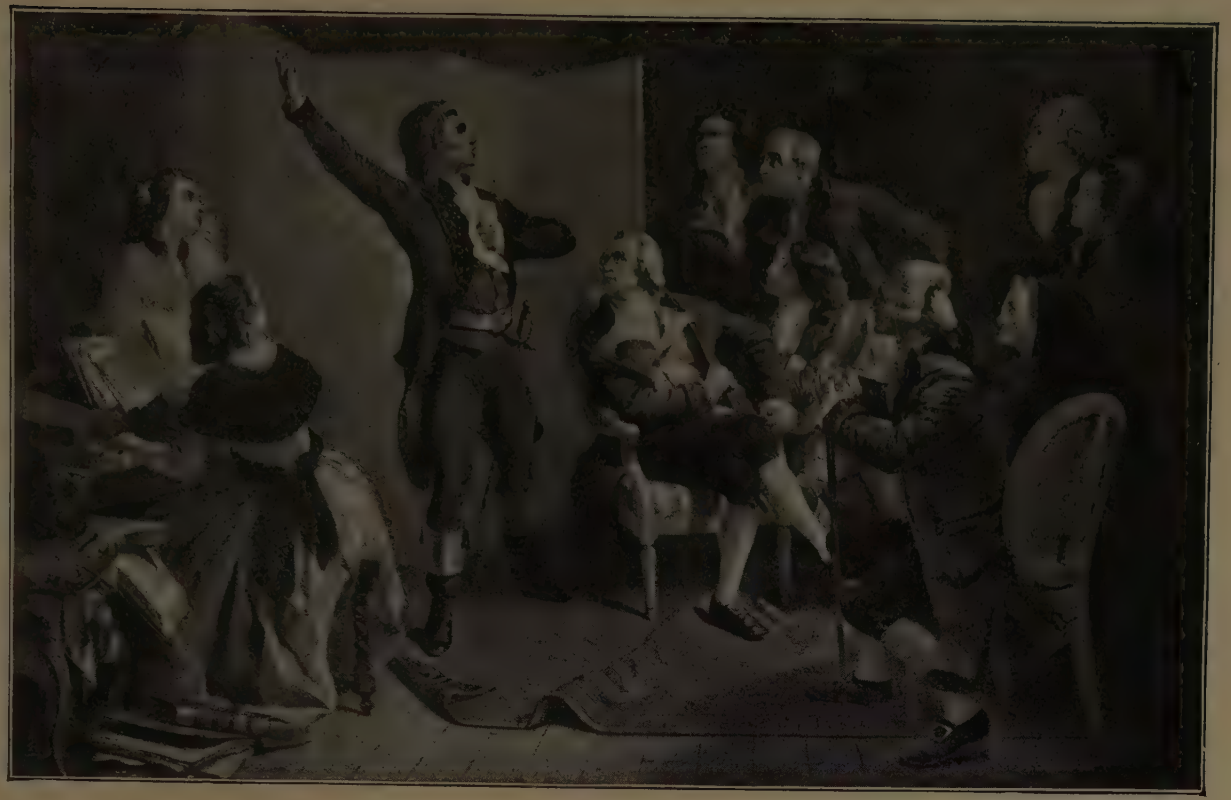
Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded
The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.



ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE

From a Painting by F. Pils

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques, a famous French philosopher and educator; born at Geneva, June 28, 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. Left motherless in infancy, he was reared by an aunt until his eleventh year, when he was placed with a Protestant pastor at Bossey. Here he remained for two years. It was then decided that he should study law, but the attorney to whom he was sent soon reported him unfit for the profession, and he was apprenticed to an engraver, from whom, after three years of ill-treatment, he ran away. Henceforth he led an unsettled life, making many friends who provided him with homes, and many enemies who, he conceived, drove him from every refuge. He was a sentimentalist who could talk of the sacredness of love, and pass from one unworthy amour to another; who could plead with parents the right of children to happiness and love and "the sweetness of living," and send his own five offspring to the foundling hospital; who talked of despising the world, while writhing at the world's neglect; yet was he a man of genius whose eloquence took captive those whom it could not convince, and whose flaming darts of invective, cast against the fabric of society, helped to kindle the flame of the French Revolution. In his "Discours sur l'Origine et les Fondements de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes" (1753), he declaims against the rights of property. "Julie, ou la Nouvelle Héloise," a novel, appeared in 1760; "Du Contrat Social, ou Principes du Droit Politique," in 1762; "Émile, ou de l'Éducation," in 1762; and "Les Confessions, suivies des Rêveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire," in 1782. Besides these are a "Lettre à d'Alembert sur les Spectacles," "Lettre à l'Archevêque de Paris," and Rousseau's "Correspondence." "Émile," whatever may be thought of the logical outcome of its system, deserves the attention of every teacher.

Yielding to Temptation.

(From "Confessions.")

Good sentiments, ill directed, frequently lead children into vice. Notwithstanding my continual wants and temptations,

it was more than a year before I could resolve to take even eatables. My first theft was occasioned by complaisance, but it was productive of others which had not so plausible an excuse.

My master had a journeyman named Verrat, whose residence in the neighborhood had a garden at a considerable distance from the house, which produced excellent asparagus. This Verrat, who had no great plenty of money, took it in his head to rob his mother of the most early production of her garden, and by the sale of it procure those indulgences he could not otherwise afford himself; but, not being very nimble, he did not care to run the hazard of a surprise. After some preliminary flattery, of which I did not comprehend the meaning, he proposed this expedition to me, as an idea which had that moment struck him. At first I would not listen to the proposal; but he persisted in his solicitations, and, as I could never resist the attacks of flattery, at length prevailed. Accordingly, I every morning repaired to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to the Molard, where some good old women, who guessed how I came by it, wishing to diminish the price, made no secret of their suspicions. This produced the desired effect, for, being alarmed, I took whatever they offered, which being taken to Monsieur Verrat, was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast, and shared with a companion of his; for, though I had procured it, I never partook of their good cheer, being fully satisfied with an inconsiderable bribe.

I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity, seeking only to please my employer; and several days passed before it came into my head to rob the robber, and tithe Monsieur Verrat's harvest. I never considered the hazard I ran in these expeditions, not only of a torrent of abuse, but — what I should have been still more sensible of — a hearty beating; for the miscreant who received the whole benefit would certainly have denied all knowledge of the fact, and I should only have received a double portion of punishment for daring to accuse him, since, being only an apprentice, I stood no chance of being believed in opposition to a journeyman. Thus, in every situation powerful rogues know how to save themselves at the expense of the feeble.

This practice taught me that it was not so terrible to thieve as I had imagined. I took care to make this discovery

turn to some account, helping myself to everything within my reach that I conceived an inclination for. I was not absolutely ill-fed at my master's, and temperance was only painful to me by comparing it with the luxury he enjoyed. The custom of sending young people from table precisely when those things are served up which seem most tempting seems well calculated to make them greedy as well as roguish. Erelong I became both, and generally came off very well — very ill when I was caught. I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances that make me smile and shudder even at this instant. The fruit was standing in a pantry, which, by a lattice at a considerable height, received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed upon the bread chest to see these precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made this pantry appear the Garden of the Hesperides. I fetched the spit — tried if it would reach them — it was too short — I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game, my master being very fond of hunting — darted at them several times without success, but at length was transported to find that I was bringing up an apple. I drew it gently to the lattice — was going to seize it, when (who can express my grief and astonishment?) I found it would not pass through — it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a lath to hold it with; at length I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through; but it was scarcely separated — compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction — when both pieces fell into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage; but, dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two indiscreet witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me.

The next day, a fine opportunity offering, I renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; mount up; take aim; am just going to dart at my prey — unfortunately the dragon did not sleep. The pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and looking up, exclaims "Bravo!" The pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous;

it seemed a kind of composition for my crimes, which authorized me to continue them, and, instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beaten like a slave, I judged I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and be punished were inseparable, and constituted, if I may so express myself, a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be deficient in his. That preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever this interrogatory occurred to my mind, "What will be the consequence?" the reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beaten; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating; am sensuous, but not greedy; I have such a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this can never predominate; and, unless my heart be unoccupied, which very rarely happens, I pay but little attention to my appetite. For this reason I did not long confine myself to purloining eatables, but extended this propensity to everything I wished to possess, and, if I did not become a robber in form, it was only because money never tempted me greatly. My master had a closet in the workshop, which he kept locked; this I contrived to open and shut as often as I pleased, and laid his best tools, fine drawings, impressions, in a word, everything he wished to keep from me, under contribution. These thefts were so far innocent that they were always employed in his service; but I was transported at having the trifles in my possession, and imagined I stole the art with its productions. Besides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained threads of gold and silver, small jewels, valuable coins, and other money; yet, though I seldom had five sous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having cast a wishful look at them; on the contrary, I beheld these valuables rather with terror than delight. I am convinced that this dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and the gallows. Had I even felt the temptation, these objects would have made me tremble; whereas my failings appeared a species of waggery, and in truth they were little else; they could but occasion a good trimming, and this I was already prepared for.

In the Isle of St. Peter.

(From the Fifth of the "Rêveries.")

I found my existence so charming, and led a life so agreeable to my humor, that I resolved here to end my days. My only source of disquiet was whether I should be allowed to carry my project out. In the midst of the presentiments that disturbed me, I would fain have had them make a perpetual prison of my refuge, to confine me in it for all the rest of my life. I longed for them to cut off all chance and all hope of leaving it; to forbid my holding any communication with the mainland, so that knowing nothing of what was going on in the world, I might have forgotten the world's existence, and people might have forgotten mine too. They suffered me to pass only two months in the island, but I could have passed two years, two centuries, and all eternity, without a moment's weariness; though I had not, with my companion, any other society than that of the steward, his wife, and their servants. They were in truth honest souls and nothing more, but that was just what I wanted. . . . Carried thither in a violent hurry, alone and without a thing, I afterwards sent for my housekeeper, my books, and my scanty possessions, — of which I had the delight of unpacking nothing, — leaving my boxes and chests just as they had come, and dwelling in the house where I counted on ending my days exactly as if it were an inn whence I must set forth on the morrow. All things went so well, just as they were, that to think of ordering them better were to spoil them. One of my greatest joys was to leave my books fastened up in their boxes, and to be without even a case for writing. When any luckless letter forced me to take up a pen for an answer, I grumblingly borrowed the steward's inkstand, and hurried to give it back to him with all the haste I could, in the vain hope that I should never have need of the loan any more. Instead of meddling with those weary quires and reams and piles of old books, I filled my chamber with flowers and grasses; for I was then in my first fervor for botany. Having given up employment that would be a task to me, I needed one that would be an amusement, nor cause me more pains than a sluggard might choose to take.

I undertook to make the "Flora Petrinsularis;" and to describe every single plant on the island, in detail enough to

occupy me for the rest of my days. In consequence of this fine scheme, every morning after breakfast, which we all took in company, I used to go with a magnifying-glass in my hand, and my "Systema Naturæ" under my arm, to visit some district of the island. I had divided it for that purpose into small squares, meaning to go through them one after another in each season of the year. At the end of two or three hours I used to return laden with an ample harvest, — a provision for amusing myself after dinner indoors, in case of rain. I spent the rest of the morning in going with the steward, his wife, and Theresa, to see the laborers and the harvesting, and I generally set to work along with them: many a time when people from Berne came to see me they found me perched on a high tree, with a bag fastened round my waist; I kept filling it with fruit, and then let it down to the ground with a rope. The exercise I had taken in the morning, and the good-humor that always comes from exercise, made the repose of dinner vastly pleasant to me. But if dinner was kept up too long, and fine weather invited me forth, I could not wait; but was speedily off to throw myself all alone into a boat, which, when the water was smooth enough, I used to pull out to the middle of the lake. There, stretched at full length in the boat's bottom, with my eyes turned up to the sky, I let myself float slowly hither and thither as the water listed, sometimes for hours together; plunged in a thousand confused delicious musings, which, though they had no fixed nor constant object, were not the less on that account a hundred times dearer to me than all that I had found sweetest in what they call the pleasures of life. Often warned by the going down of the sun that it was time to return, I found myself so far from the island that I was forced to row with all my might to get in before it was pitch dark. At other times, instead of losing myself in the midst of the waters, I had a fancy to coast along the green shores of the island, where the clear waters and cool shadows tempted me to bathe.

But one of my most frequent expeditions was from the larger island to the less: there I disembarked and spent my afternoon, — sometimes in mimic rambles among wild elders, persicaries, willows, and shrubs of every species; sometimes settling myself on the top of a sandy knoll, covered with turf, wild thyme, flowers, even sainfoin and trefoil that had most likely been sown there in old days, making excellent quarters

for rabbits. They might multiply in peace without either fearing anything or harming anything. I spoke of this to the steward. He at once had male and female rabbits brought from Neuchâtel, and we went in high state — his wife, one of his sisters, Theresa, and I — to settle them in the little islet. The foundation of our colony was a feast-day. The pilot of the Argonauts was not prouder than I, as I bore my company and the rabbits in triumph from our island to the smaller one. . . .

When the lake was too rough for me to sail, I spent my afternoon in going up and down the island, gathering plants to right and left; seating myself now in smiling lonely nooks to dream at my ease, now on little terraces and knolls, to follow with my eyes the superb and ravishing prospect of the lake and its shores, crowned on one side by the neighboring hills, and on the other melting into rich and fertile plains up to the feet of the pale-blue mountains on their far-off edge.

As evening drew on, I used to come down from the high ground, and sit on the beach at the water's brink in some hidden sheltering-place. There the murmur of the waves and their agitation charmed all my senses, and drove every other movement away from my soul: they plunged it into delicious dreamings, in which I was often surprised by night. The flux and reflux of the water, its ceaseless stir, swelling and falling at intervals, striking on ear and sight, made up for the internal movements which my musings extinguished; they were enough to give me delight in mere existence, without taking any trouble of thinking. From time to time arose some passing thought of the instability of the things of this world, of which the face of the waters offered an image: but such light impressions were swiftly effaced in the uniformity of the ceaseless motion, which rocked me as in a cradle; it held me with such fascination that even when called at the hour and by the signal appointed, I could not tear myself away without summoning all my force.

After supper, when the evening was fine, we used to go all together for a saunter on the terrace, to breathe the freshness of the air from the lake. We sat down in the arbor, — laughing, chatting, or singing some old song, — and then we went home to bed, well pleased with the day, and only craving another that should be exactly like it on the morrow. . . .

All is a continual flux upon the earth. Nothing in it keeps a form constant and determinate; our affections — fastening on

external things — necessarily change and pass just as they do. Ever in front of us or behind us, they recall the past that is gone, or anticipate a future that in many a case is destined never to be. There is nothing solid to which the heart can fix itself. Here we have little more than a pleasure that comes and passes away; as for the happiness that endures, I cannot tell if it be so much as known among men. There is hardly in the midst of our liveliest delights a single instant when the heart could tell us with real truth, "*I would this instant might last forever.*" And how can we give the name of happiness to a fleeting state that all the time leaves the heart unquiet and void, — that makes us regret something gone, or still long for something to come?

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

Rückert, Friedrich, a distinguished German poet and orientalist, born at Schweinfurt, May 16, 1788; died at Neuses, near Coburg, January 31, 1866. He was educated at the University of Jena, edited the "Morgenblatt" in Stuttgart from 1815 to 1817, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Erlangen, which post he held until 1841, when he was called to the University of Berlin. He frequently wrote under the pen-name of Freimund Raimar. His works include translations and original poems. They are "Liebesfrühling" (1822); "Die Weisheit der Brahmanen," a didactic poem (1836–39); "Die Verwandlungen des Abu Seid von Sarug, oder die Makamen des Hariri" (1826); "Nal und Damajanti," from the "Mahábhárata" (1828); "Rostem und Suhrab," from Firdausi's "Shah-Nameh;" and several posthumous works, including one on the Coptic language 1875. He published many translations from the Arabic, and wrote many original poems dealing with Oriental subjects; among them being "Oriental Roses" (1822); "Songs and Legends of the Orient" (1837); "Rostem and Suhrab: A Heroic Tale" (1838); and "Brahman Tales" (1839). The most elaborate of all his works is "The Wisdom of the Brahmans." His life has been written by Fortlage (1867), Beyer (1868), Boxberger (1878), Konrad Fischer (1889), and F. Reuter (1891).

Greediness Punished.

It was the cloister Grabow, in the land of Usédom;
For years had God's free goodness to fill its larder come:
They might have been contented!

Along the shore came swimming, to give the monks good cheer
Who dwelt within the cloister, two fishes every year:
They might have been contented!

Two sturgeons — two great fat ones — and then this law was set,
That one of them should yearly be taken in a net:
They might have been contented!

The other swam away then until next year came round,
Then with a new companion he punctually was found:
They might have been contented!

So then again they caught one, and served him in the dish,
And regularly caught they, year in, year out, a fish:
They might have been contented!

One year, the time appointed *two* such great fishes brought,
The question was a hard one, which of them should be caught:
They might have been contented!

They caught them both together, but every greedy wight
Just spoiled his stomach by it; it served the gluttons right:
They might have been contented!

This was the least of sorrows: hear how the cup ran o'er!
Henceforward to the cloister no fish came swimming more:
They might have been contented!

So long had God supplied them of his free grace alone,
That now it is denied them, the fault is all their own:
They might have been contented!

The Patriot's Lament.

"What forgest, smith?" — "We 're forging chains; ay, chains!" —
"Alas! to chains yourselves degraded are!" —
"What plowest, farmer?" — "Fields their fruit must bear." —
"Yes, seed for foes: the burr for thee remains!"

"What aim'st at, sportsman?" — "Yonder stag, so fat." —
"To hunt you down, like stag and roe, they 'll try." —
"What snarest, fisher?" — "Yonder fish so shy." —
"Who 's there to save you from your fatal net?"

"What art thou rocking, sleepless mother?" — "Boys." —
"Yes: let them grow, and wound their country's fame,
Slaves to her foes, with parricidal arm!" —
"What art thou writing, poet?" — "Words of flame:
I mark my own, record my country's harm,
Whom thought of freedom never more employs."

I blame them not, who with the foreign steel
Tear out our vitals, pierce our inmost heart;
For they are foes created for our smart,
And when they slay us, why they do it, feel.

But in these paths, ye seek what recompense?
For you what brilliant toys of fame are here,
Ye mongrel foes, who lift the sword and spear
Against your country, not for her defence?

Ye Franks, Bavarians, and ye Swabians, say —
Ye aliens, sold to bear the slavish name —
What wages for your servitude they pay.
Your eagle may perchance redeem your fame;
More sure his robber train, ye birds of prey,
To coming ages shall prolong your shame!

Barbarossa.

The ancient Barbarossa
By magic spell is bound, —
Old Frederic the kaiser,
In castle underground.

The kaiser hath not perished, —
He sleeps an iron sleep;
For in the castle hidden,
He 's slunk in slumber deep.

With him the chiefest treasures
Of empire hath he ta'en,
Wherewith in fitting season
He shall appear again.

The kaiser he is sitting
Upon an ivory throne;
Of marble is the table
His head he resteth on.

His beard it is not flaxen:
Like living fire it shines,
And groweth through the table
Whereon his chin reclines.

As in a dream he noddeth;
Then wakes he, heavy-eyed,
And calls, with lifted finger,
A stripling to his side: —

"Dwarf, get thee to the gateway,
And tidings bring, if still
Their course the ancient ravens
Are wheeling round the hill.

"For if the ancient ravens
Are flying still around,
A hundred years to slumber
By magic spell I 'm bound."

The Drum.

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
When it calls me with its rattle
To the battle — to the battle —
Sounds that once so charmed my ear
I no longer now can hear;
They are all an empty hum,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
At the door with tearful eye,
Father, mother, to me cry;—
Father! mother! shut the door!
I can hear you now no more!
Ye might as well be dumb,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
At the corner of the street,
Where so oft we used to meet,
Stands my bride, and cries, "Ah, woe!
My bridegroom, wilt thou go?"
Dearest bride, the hour is come!
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
My brother in the fight
Bids a last, a long good-night;
And the guns, with knell on knell,
Their tale of warning tell; —
But my ear to that is numb,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
There's no such stirring sound
Is heard the wide world round
As the drum that with its rattle
Echoes Freedom's call to battle!
I fear no martyrdom
While the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Gone in the Wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of noon, like the dreams of the blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined.
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind.
Honor and affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined.
Woe to the miners for truth — where the lampless have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for — what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

GIOVANNI RUFFINI.

Ruffini, Giovanni, an Italian political reformer and novelist; born at Genoa in 1807; died at Taggia, Riviera, November 3, 1881. He studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1830. He became interested in the society known as Young Italy, took an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1833, and was obliged to leave his country. Beginning in 1836, he was for many years in England, and composed many successful English works. In 1842 he went to Paris, and wrote much, giving interesting details of the manners of Italy. His "Lorenzo Benoni," recollections of an Italian refugee (1853), is to some extent an autobiography; "Doctor Antonio" appeared in 1855; "The Paragreens on a Visit to the Paris Exhibition" (1856); "Lavinia" (1861); "Vincenzo" (1863); "A Quiet Nook in the Jura" (1867); "Carlino" (1870). In the first, besides an interesting fiction, there are details of the outrageous trials of political prisoners at Naples, in 1850, and their inhuman treatment before the sitting of the Court.

Speranza.

(From "Doctor Antonio.")

What with reading, watching the sea, lessons in botany, lessons on the guitar, and chatting with Doctor Antonio, Lucy had reached the twentieth day of her stay in bed in tolerable spirits, and without complaining of time hanging heavily on her hands. The necessity of this tedious confinement was, in fact, the only serious inconvenience still entailed on Miss Davenne by her late accident. The fits of pain that would now and then shoot through her injured limb, especially the foot, during the first days, had gradually subsided, and then completely vanished; so had that sense of restlessness which interfered with her sleep; and, on the whole, Lucy's health was rather improved than otherwise from what it had been for some time previous to the unlucky casualty that had brought her to the Osteria.

On that twentieth morning, then, Antonio paid his visit earlier than usual, and said, "I have come to wish you good-bye till to-morrow; I am called away to a place some hours distant, and I shall have to sleep there."

This piece of news made Lucy's heart contract painfully. "It will be a long day for me," she answered, and could not resist adding, "But you will be sure to be back to-morrow?"

"Without fail," replied Antonio; "I shall bid Speranza come and keep you company. Her stories may amuse you. Now, tell me, do not you think I had better see Sir John Davenne, to let him know that I shall be absent for the next four-and-twenty hours?"

"Yes, pray do so," said Lucy, thankfully; for Lucy had not been without remarking that there existed a certain restraint in the manner of the gentlemen towards each other, and hailed anything in the shape of an advance from the Doctor, as possibly conducive to a better understanding. So Hutchins was sent, as usual, to see where Sir John was, and Antonio taking leave of Lucy followed Iris to the presence of the British Jupiter.

Lucy did her best to beguile the hours, but with little success. Everything which had so lively an interest for her so long as Antonio was there had none now that he was absent. The very sky was not so brilliant, the sea not so blue. She put aside her books and flowers, and fell to musing. Never had such a feeling of loneliness fallen on her before, and as it is the privilege of a present sadness to awaken those of the past, so did there come to her, strangely distinct from out a mass of confused thoughts and images, the recollection of her mother, making the girl clasp her hands, while a pang of sorrow stung her to the quick, as if for the first time she had known that never more had she a mother's heart to lean on. Then memory carried her back to her childhood. Her old nurse, her playthings, the lawn, the garden, all old familiar faces and scenes came before her, and hot tears rolled over her cheeks. Lucy was very sad, and wondered why it was that she was so sad, and why it was that she felt so lonely; why there was such a blank around her. Her eyes drooped, and she began to wish that Speranza would come to keep her company, as Antonio had said she would. Speranza was the only society that would have suited Lucy this morning, — Speranza, who seemed to her, and really was, so very different from Hutchins, to whom Miss Davenne never could have looked as a resource.

Speranza at last made her appearance, and went quietly to take her usual seat by the foot of the bed. Lucy, on looking at her, saw traces of tears in her eyes, and said, "You have been crying, Speranza — tell me what is the matter." Speranza attempted a faint denial with her hand, — her heart, poor thing, was so full, that any effort at speaking would have made it overflow — and bent her head lower over her distaff. "Come and speak to me," said Lucy, and drawing her gently down towards herself, she asked in her sweetest tone, "What ails you, my poor girl?" Lucy's tender voice went straight to the poor peasant's heart, who, unable to control herself any longer, hid her face in Lucy's bosom, and burst into a passion of tears and sobs. "Pray, tell me what is the matter, perhaps I can help you," insisted Lucy, kissing Speranza's head, and crying herself by way of comforting her.

"Thank you, madam," sobbed the girl, "God will reward you for your pity — for me — but my sorrow — is past help;" and saying so she drew a letter out of her pocket, put it into Lucy's hand, then seating herself again on her stool, covered her head with her apron, and began rocking herself to and fro, with little moans expressive of intense anguish. The letter, written in a neat clear hand, was dated "Genoa," and signed "Battista," in huge, rather primitive characters. It ran thus: —

"My good Speranza, — My case was brought yesterday before the Council of Revision, and I gave in my certificates, I mean the Mayor of Bordighera's letter, and the one you sent me from the Curé. The officer who read the letters, and had the talk all to himself, said they were stuff and nonsense, and that I might thank the Council for not declaring me contumacious — I think that's the word — and punishing me as such. Then they wrote down my name in what is called the Roll-book. So it is all over with me now, I am regularly entered for four years as a sailor in the king's service. If I had come fairly by it I should not mind. I might say to you, 'You are young, and so am I. Four years come to an end some day; — wait for me.' But I have been hardly used, and not a bit of justice in it, and so they shall find me a bad bargain, I can tell them. I'll give his Majesty the slip the very first opportunity, and try my fortune in some better country, where there is justice for the poor as well as rich; so you need not think of me any more, unless you choose to think of me as a departed friend, for such I am and shall be to the last. If I were to tell you that my heart is fairly broken, it would serve no purpose but to make your sorrow greater, so I

shan't say anything of the kind, only good-bye on this side of the grave. I have tried hard to be a good son, and live in the fear of God and of the Madonna Santissima. What good has it done me? I have more than a mind to take to swearing, and drinking, and fighting, like most of my messmates, who seem never the worse for it, but rather the better. It's of no use writing any more, — so God bless you, as I do from my innermost heart; and do not forget me in your prayers, and think sometimes of your unfortunate — BATTISTA.

"*P. S.* — My duty to dear, dear mother Rosa, and to kind Doctor Antonio. I meant to have sent you the lock of hair you gave me on the evening before my first voyage to Marseilles, and the ring we exchanged in the chapel of the Madonna of Lampedusa. But I can't part with them, — really I can't."

Lucy wiped her eyes as she gave back the letter to Speranza, who had never ceased her moans, and swaying to and fro.

Now, though explicit enough in the main, Battista's epistle left many minor points obscure, which the warm-hearted English girl, with a true woman's interest in a love-story, wished to have explained. This desire led to a string of questions from the one and answers from the other, these last interspersed by sobs and tears, which, though adding to their pathos, rather interfered with their clearness. It is out of these answers, only put in some better order, that we are going to extract Speranza's little story, leaving it, however, entirely in her own mouth, lest by telling it ourselves we should do what Antonio was afraid of doing, and would not do — that is, spoil its simplicity.

"Battista," began Speranza, "was the only son of a poor woman, who was always called 'Widow Susan,' though her man was still alive; but he had deserted her when Battista was only two years old, and had gone to France, and settled there. As Widow Susan lived next door to us — that was long before we kept this Osteria — Battista and I were almost as much together as if we had been brother and sister, and when we were neither of us as high as that" — and the girl pointed to a table — "he never called me by any name but 'little wife,' and I always called him 'my little man.' Every Sunday, after vespers, Battista would wait for me at the church door to go home with me, and never spoke to any girl but me, though he was spoken to often enough — for, though I say it, it is true, madam, he was the handsomest boy in the parish. When I grew older, and began to go to the wood, Battista was sure to come and

meet me half way, and carry my bundle for me. And so it came about that it was as good as settled, and everybody in Bordighera, and we most of all, took it for granted, that, as soon as we were old enough, we should be married; though neither father, nor mother, nor Widow Susan, had ever said a word about the matter. Battista had a great liking to the sea, and would fain have gone to see the world, and make some money for me, but he was too good a son to think of leaving his poor dear mother, who had no support but him, and so he stayed at home, and turned fisherman; and it was a real pride, madam," — and Speranza's cheek flushed, — "to see how he managed his boat. He was the smartest and best of all our boatmen, and everybody said so.

"Year after year passed, bringing no change, till this house was set up for sale, and my father, who had long taken a fancy to it, agreed for the purchase, and we came to live here. My father, whose health was failing fast, had it in his mind that the air of this place, not so sharp as at Bordighera, would do him a deal of good. So we settled here, and father one evening — I remember it as if it was yesterday — said to Battista, 'As this house is to be yours one day, I mean when you and Speranza are man and wife, I expect you to lend a hand towards paying the price of it; for I must tell you that all my little savings have gone at once in the first instalment, and there are three more of them owing, one each year for three years running, and we cannot expect to get the money for these payments, and enough to keep us too, out of the produce of the land and the custom of the house. So, my lad, go to work, with God's blessing, as hard as you can, and make money. Widow Susan shall come and live with us while you are away; so your mind may be at rest about her.'

"Battista was quite overjoyed at this arrangement, and at my father's talking to him in this way, because it made him quite sure of being one day his son. He made no delay, but set off at once to Nice, where he engaged himself on board a trading-vessel bound to Genoa, went from thence to Leghorn and then to Marseilles, and as far away as Cette, and to many other places; and whenever he came home, which he did three or four times in the first two years that he spent at sea, he always brought some little comfort for his mother, and something curious or fine for me, and a little money for father; but it was very litle, because Battista's wages were very scanty.

"One day my father said to Battista, 'At this rate it will take us ten years to pay for this place. I had to borrow money for the second payment, and now the third is almost due. How am I to manage?' Battista said, that if it had n't been for the Conscription, which bound a man hand and foot, he knew of a place where he could go and be sure of getting money, and he named it, — a far, far-off place, in a country called Tipodes, that the schoolmaster said was on the other side of the earth, below out feet. But Battista, who has been there since, says it is all nonsense; for if it was so, how could people stand on their feet? and yet they do." And Speranza looked up at Lucy as if she had uttered an unanswerable argument.

"That is not quite a proof," said Lucy, smiling; "but we will talk of that another time. Go on with your story now."

"Well, then," pursued Speranza — "'But,' said father to Battista, 'you can't be taken, you know, because you are all the same as the only son of a widow.'

"'So I am,' said Battista; 'still I must attend and draw out a number, as it seems, at least I was told that such was the law when I went for my papers at Genoa.'

"'Ah!' says father, 'they are always plaguing poor folks with their law. Well, never mind, it 's only three months to wait; who knows, you may draw a good number, and that will set it all right.'

"'Please God it be so,' said Battista.

"God was good to us, madam, for, when the time came, Battista's number was one of the highest, and he had not to be marched away. He was not present at the drawing, which took place at Nice; but that did not signify, the gentlemen of the board drew for the young men who were absent. As soon as his good luck was known at Bordighera, the mayor wrote him a letter to Genoa, where Battista had gone a trip, — a beautiful letter it was, — to give him the happy news; and with this letter in hand, Battista got leave to go where he pleased, and all the papers he wanted, and he sailed away for that far, far-off place.

"From that day we had nothing but misfortunes. Widow Susan fell ill of a fever, and, in spite of Doctor Antonio's care, died within a month. I was so broken-hearted at this unexpected loss, and at having to break the sad news to Battista, — he had made me promise to let him know anything, good or bad, that might happen to his mother, — and withal so worn

out with sitting up night after night with Widow Susan, that I fell ill myself next, and was in bed for six weeks, and should never have got up again but for Doctor Antonio. I was just beginning to crawl about when, one morning, the mayor called here, and said that Battista's case was not so clear as he had thought at first, and that Battista must go and pass before that Council of Revision which has taken him now, and that if he did not go he would be breaking the law. In a few days more a paper was posted up at the town-hall, and another at our house, where Battista's poor mother had lived last, summoning him to appear at a short notice. Now, there was no sense in this, for had not the mayor himself put it as plain as pen, ink, and paper could make it, that Battista could not be taken? And then how could he answer the summons, when he was a three-months' voyage off, as everybody knew?

"Oh, no!" continued Speranza, in a voice full of indignation, "all this was done to throw the blame of having disobeyed the law upon the poor lad; and who could have an interest in making him appear in the wrong, but the Commandant of San Remo?"

"How the Commandant of San Remo?" asked Lucy in surprise.

"You must know," went on Speranza, "that this Commandant had an old spite at Battista, and this is how it was. Once the Commandant sent to desire Battista to get him some fine fish, as he was going to give a grand dinner to the Governor of Nice. Battista caught a beautiful San Pietro (John Dory), and took it to the Commandant's palazzo, expecting to be praised, and to have a good price for it. But he was offered just half its worth, and that put him in a passion after all the trouble he had taken, and he said he would rather throw it back into the sea than give it for less than its value; and so he did, and the grand dinner turned out all wrong, because of there being no fish. When the Commandant heard the reason, he was terribly angry, and swore that sooner or later he would make Battista pay for it. We could not help feeling for Battista, but all the same we scolded him well for getting into such a scrape. Just fancy a poor fisherman presuming to stand against the greatest man in the province — a military man, too, used to have his own way and to make everybody tremble. Every one said that the Commandant would be as good as his word, and so it proved.

"Time went by, and a very hard time it was, and we had no tidings of Battista. What we earned by keeping the inn was very little indeed. Father was going fast, and his temper waxed sourer every day, and he never ceased moaning and complaining about his health, and at no news from Battista, and worrying about his debts, and this and that, till the customers grew weary of him, and fell off one by one. The little we made went in soup, and good meat, and wine for the poor old man, who was ill of a bird in the stomach — "

"Of what?" exclaimed Lucy.

"A bird, madam, which ate everything he swallowed; ask Doctor Antonio, madam, he will tell you what I mean. We were so poor now, that often I had to go twice a day to the wood, and after all, I earned only enough to pay for a bit of meat, or a bottle of wine for father. If it had not been for Doctor Antonio, who helped us in many a way, and was like a guardian angel hovering over us, I don't think we could have got on at all. At last, after sixteen months of this life, a letter came from Battista. It was sad, for, poor fellow! he knew, by the time it was written, of his mother's death, but to us it came like a message from heaven, to bid us keep up our courage. This letter was the first that reached us, but not the first that he had sent. He said that he was well, and had put by already a good round sum of money, and was sure of doubling it in six months more; but after that he should come home, and we should all be happy together. We wept for joy as we read it. Father, who was in bed in a very low way, joined his hands and said, 'Now, my God, take me when it is thy will; I am ready to go, for my child will not be left destitute.' A week after," continued Speranza, wiping her eyes, "we carried the dear old man to the burying-ground.

"Ah! madam, we reckoned the days as a man condemned to death counts the hours he has to live. Six months went by, then seven, eight, nine, ten, and no Battista. It was one stormy evening last March; mother and I were sitting sorrowfully in the dark, to spare oil — our little provision was almost gone, and we had no money to buy any — the wind was howling, and the sea roaring like a wild beast, and I was thinking of poor sailors at sea, when all at once I heard a step crossing the garden — my heart jumped up to my throat, and I rushed half crazy to the door. It was he — I knew his step, I was in his arms once more. Oh! the blessed moment! All my troubles were forgotten, all my misery was gone, for he had come back,

he was there, — he, Battista. Oh! why did God give me this little look of heaven to make me feel the loss of it more bitterly? Mother and I were mad with joy, but it did not last long. As soon as the lamp was lighted we saw a world of sorrow in poor Battista's face, he was so worn and pale; his eyes were sunken, his cheeks quite hollow. He had his right arm tied up in a handkerchief. 'What is the matter?' asked I, all in a shake. 'We have been shipwrecked,' he said, 'all hands drowned, poor fellows, except another and myself, and everything I had on earth gone!' and as he spoke these words, he fell a-crying. I thought, I did indeed, that my heart was going to split in two. I undid the handkerchief; there was a great gash across the hand. Mother went to fetch Doctor Antonio — I was too sick to move — and brought him back with her. As soon as I heard the Doctor's voice I felt comforted, for I said to myself, He will help us. The voice of a friend is very sweet in sorrow, dear lady," said the poor creature, trying hard to keep down her tears. "Doctor Antonio dressed the wound, and began at once to cheer us by saying that we ought to be thankful for the good left us — what if Battista had been drowned with the others? — that money, after all, was not happiness; that Battista and I were young and strong; and that, as he had lost his money, we must work the harder, and bless God that we were spared to one another. And as I listened to these good words the sickness left my heart. The Doctor sat down with us, and then Battista told us all about the shipwreck; how the vessel had struck on a sunken rock close in to the coast of Corsica — almost in sight of home! — and gone down in a minute; how he and one of his shipmates had been picked up by a French ship going to Marseilles, and he had made his way on foot from thence to Bordighera. We sat long, and talked and talked over the past, and of poor dear father, and poor dear Widow Susan, and made plans for the future; and when we separated, we did so with light hearts — for, after all, was he not spared to me, and I to him? As it was now long after midnight, and Battista would find no house open at that hour, Doctor Antonio took him home to his lodgings for that night.

"Next morning, I made sure that Battista would be down with us early, so that I wondered very much when eight o'clock came, and still no Battista. But I never supposed that anything was wrong until I saw Doctor Antonio coming alone. As soon as ever he was near enough, I knew by his face that

he had bad news for me. The Doctor told me at once that Battista had been summoned to San Remo on that business of the Conscription, and that I must not distress myself, but make ready and go with him and mother to San Remo. He would, he said, see the Commandant, and do his best to right Battista. The Doctor did not tell us then, what we knew very soon afterwards, that two carabineers had been sent from San Remo to fetch Battista; that they had arrested him in the street, put handcuffs on him, and thus paraded him about the town as if he had been a thief or a murderer, and then taken him away in a boat. They said it was law. I don't think there's much justice in such laws," said Speranza very sharply.

"So the Doctor and mother and I went as fast as we could to San Remo, and made first of all for the jail, but as we had no pass, were refused admittance. We next went to the Commandant's, who was busy, we were told, and could see no one. Doctor Antonio insisting, however, he was introduced, but he could obtain nothing — not even the permission for us to see Battista — only the answer that it was the law, and that the law must be obeyed. After being kept a week in the jail at San Remo — God knows for what reason! — Battista was marched off, under an escort of carabineers, to Genoa, and taken to the dockyard there, out of which he was never allowed to go. Doctor Antonio wrote in his behalf to all his friends at Genoa, even to the British Consul there. The Curé gave us a letter, saying how Battista was all the same as fatherless, for his father had deserted him when only two years of age; but nothing availed."

"And what difference," asked Lucy, "would it have made if his father had really been dead?"

"O madam, he would not have been taken in the Conscription. The only son of a widow is exempted from the service. So far the law is merciful to one whose father is dead; and why should it not be so to one whose father is all the same to him as if he was in the churchyard? But what's the use of reasoning about it? the law is too strong for the poor — Battista, as you know, is condemned, and (Speranza made a desperate attempt to conquer her emotion, and continued slowly and composedly) — "Well, let it be so; I can bear it all without complaining. Everybody is not born to be happy. I am willing to offer up my hopes in this world as a sacrifice to the Blessed Virgin, holy mother of sorrows. If it

is ordained that I am not to be —Battista's wife, well. I can give him — up on this side of the grave. But I cannot, no" — (she went on with a burst of passion, that made her eyes actually rain tears), — "I cannot bear that he should turn to wickedness; that he who has been such a pattern of goodness should take to breaking God's commandments, and that we should be separated in all eternity. That is what wrings my heart and drives me mad. Oh, no, no! that is what God will not let come to pass."

This was the first view that Lucy had ever had into an aching heart — this was the first time that such things as want, hardship, and anguish, hitherto vague abstractions with her rather than stern realities, had stood up in a living shape, and told their sad tale, and moaned and writhed within her sight and hearing. We leave the reader to imagine how all the holy springs of sympathy and pity heaved in Lucy's gentle bosom, and gushed forth in soothing words and caresses, and earnest promises of assistance.

"Perhaps you know the king?" said Speranza, all at once raising her head with a flash of hope in her eyes.

"No," said Lucy, "why do you ask?"

"Because," said Speranza, "if you could have told him Battista's story, I am sure he would be merciful to us. Oh! if the king could only know, he would be sorry for us. Why should he, so great on his throne, wish poor folks to be wretched?"

"If we cannot speak to the king," said Lucy, "we can write to him, — I mean, we can send him a memorial on behalf of Battista."

"That would be of no use," replied the girl dejectedly. "Memorials sent by poor people never reach the king; the bad counsellors stop them."

"But, perhaps," insisted Lucy, "we can find somebody who will promise to put the memorial into the king's own hands."

Speranza shook her head despondingly. It was plain that she had as bad an opinion of memorials as Doctor Antonio.

"We shall find some way, depend upon it," continued Lucy; "I will ask Doctor Antonio what to do." Both girls brightened up at this. Evidently Speranza's faith was greater in Doctor Antonio than in the memorial.

Lucy thought long over Speranza's story, wishing that the morrow were come, that she might ask the Doctor how best to

help her *protégée;* and then she fell to musing with particular complacency on the part he had played in the little drama. Nor, it must be confessed, did she consider the Italian girl's enthusiastic expression of his having been like a guardian angel either exaggerated or misplaced. The man seemed born to do good. For, had she not heard, did she not know from her own experience, that wherever there was sickness or sorrow, tears to dry, or sinking hearts to raise, *there* he was to be found, cheering, sustaining, ministering in many a way? And now a glimmering light dawned on Lucy's understanding, by which she began to perceive how a superior man like Doctor Antonio might be reconciled to his present lot; nay, she even felt disposed to think highly of that humble sphere into which fate had jostled him, — a sphere, she saw, teeming with misery, oppression, and injustice, and therefore calculated to draw forth all the energy and chivalrous kindness of his nature.

Lucy very soon lost herself in an inextricable labyrinth of speculation and argument, into which we need not follow her, but which interested her far more than Manzoni or the guitar, and brought her on to the end of the day less disagreeably than she had expected. Sir John, also, when he came to see her in the evening, looked more serene and cheerful than he had done since they had taken up their abode in the Osteria — a serenity and cheerfulness partly attributed by Lucy to the Doctor's considerate step in the morning; but as Sir John was very loud in his praises of the Bishop of Albenga's former cook, we are inclined to believe that the dinner he had eaten had more to do with his present optimism than Doctor Antonio.

JOHANN LUDVIG RUNEBERG.

Runeberg, Johann Ludvig, a Swedish poet and educator; born at Jacobstad, Finland, February 5, 1804; died at Borgå, May 6, 1877. His schooling was at Wasa and the university at Abo. A residence in the interior of the country led to the writing of a notable poem, the "Elk Hunters" (1832), and other productions that pertain to Finnish scenery and peasant life. In 1830 he became docent of Roman literature in the university and published his first poems. The next year he wrote an historical poem, "The Grave in Perrho." From 1832 to 1837 he edited the "Helsingfors Morgonblad," and produced largely in nearly every field of literature. He then became professor in the Borgå Gymnasium. Among his greater poems are "Nadeschda" (1841), and "King Fjalar" (1844). His most celebrated work, "Ensign Stal's Stories," appeared in 1848. Visiting Stockholm and Upsala in 1851, he was highly honored by eminent Swedes. Two years later he contributed much to a psalm-book for Finnish Lutherans. In his latter years he was a paralytic. He received decorations and degrees from Sweden and Russia, and the most of his works have been translated into the languages of Northern Europe.

The Peasant Princess.

(From "Nadeschda.")

A moment's pause, and then
The door was opened boldly by Miljutin;
The patriarch stepped in,
The lackeys vainly trying to deter him;
But, when the prince's glance
He met, stopped instantly in silent homage,
And bent his knee, and bowed
His lofty forehead to the floor, not speaking.

From Woldmar's countenance
Soon fled the angry glimpse at first revealed there,
And kindly to the serf,
With years weighed down, he then his hand extended:

"Miljutin," were his words,
"Why dost thou storm thy prince in this strange fashion?
Arise, what is thy wish?
To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

The old man heaved a sigh:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble;
A lark I once possessed;
Thy hawk hath robbed me of her in my cottage."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace:
"Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrows;
I have a nightingale,
That will I give thee for thy lark regretted."

Miljutin sighed again:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By pleasant sounds and nightingales' sweet trilling.
An image-saint I had,
A frail and perishable one of elm-wood,
The treasure of my cot;
A robber, some one from thy castle, stole it."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace:
"Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrow;
For one of gold have I
To give to thee in place of thy elm-image."

The old man only sighed:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By promises and golden treasure's glitter.
A daughter did I have;
She was my lark, she was my saintly image;
She was a serf, alas!
Thy hand hath taken her from my affections."

Prince Woldmar then looked up,
His brow was radiant, his cheeks were glowing:
"Miljutin," he exclaimed,
"To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

A sigh, a sound, a tone,
A word, a name, from Woldmar's lips escaping,
And lo! the door that led
Into the state-apartments flew open,

And, but more lovely now,
A brightened face its mind refulgence shedding,
Like rosy morning sky,
Before the old man's gaze stood his Nadeschda.

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace,
He placed her hand in his, and to Miljutin,
Still standing there amazed,
He straightway led his charming foster-daughter:
"Miljutin, faithful slave,
A nightingale for the poor lark I offered;
An image wrought of gold
For that of elm, once taken from thy cottage.
My presents thus disdained,
A daughter thou didst mourn, a feeble serf-girl;
But see, this princess here,
I give her to thee as thy compensation."

A tear, as clear as pearly dew,
In crimson on Nadeschda's flushed cheeks sparkled.
And mute, without a word,
She kissed, in smiling joy, the old man's forehead.

Do not Roil a Maiden's Soul.

By the streamlet sat a maid,
Leaving in its tide her foot;
And above her sang a bird:
"Maiden, do not roil the brook!
'T will no longer mirror heaven."
Then the maid looked up and said,
With a tearful countenance:
"Trouble not about the brook;
It will soon be clear again.
But, when you behold me here
With a youth beside me, say
Unto him what you have said:
'Do not roil a maiden's soul!
It will never clear again,
Nevermore will mirror heaven.'"